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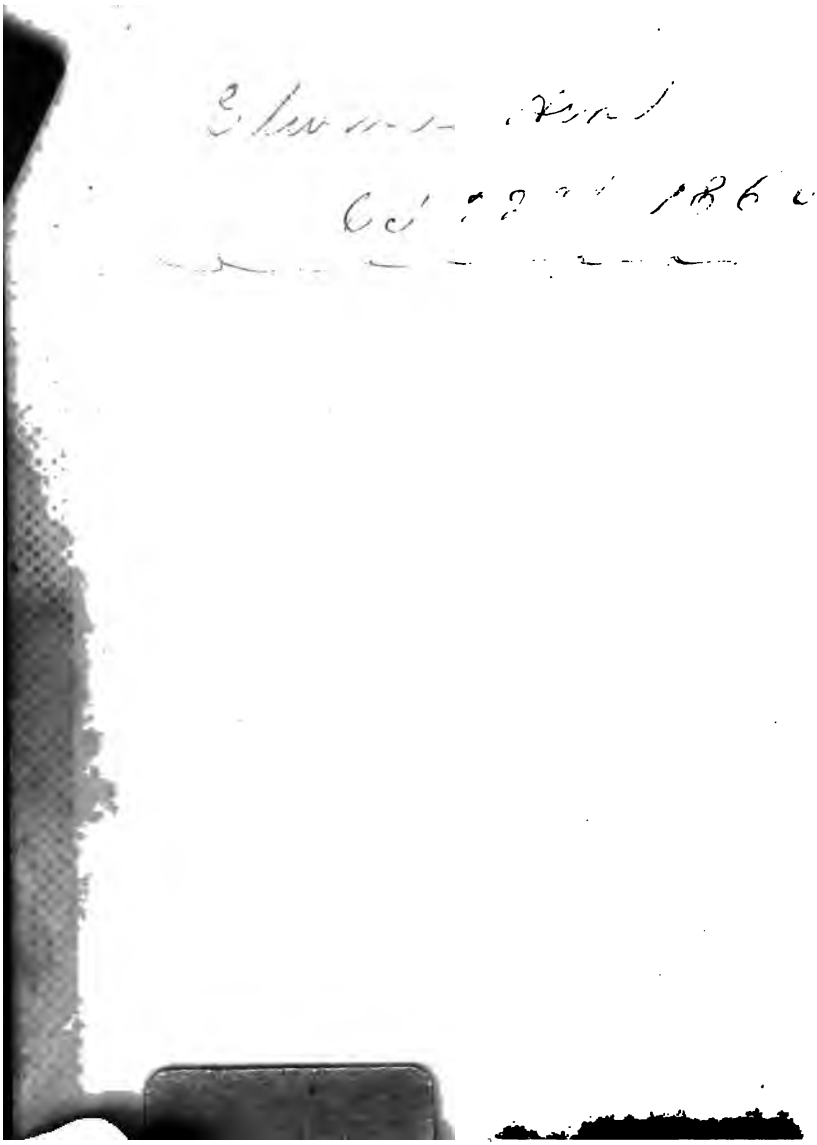

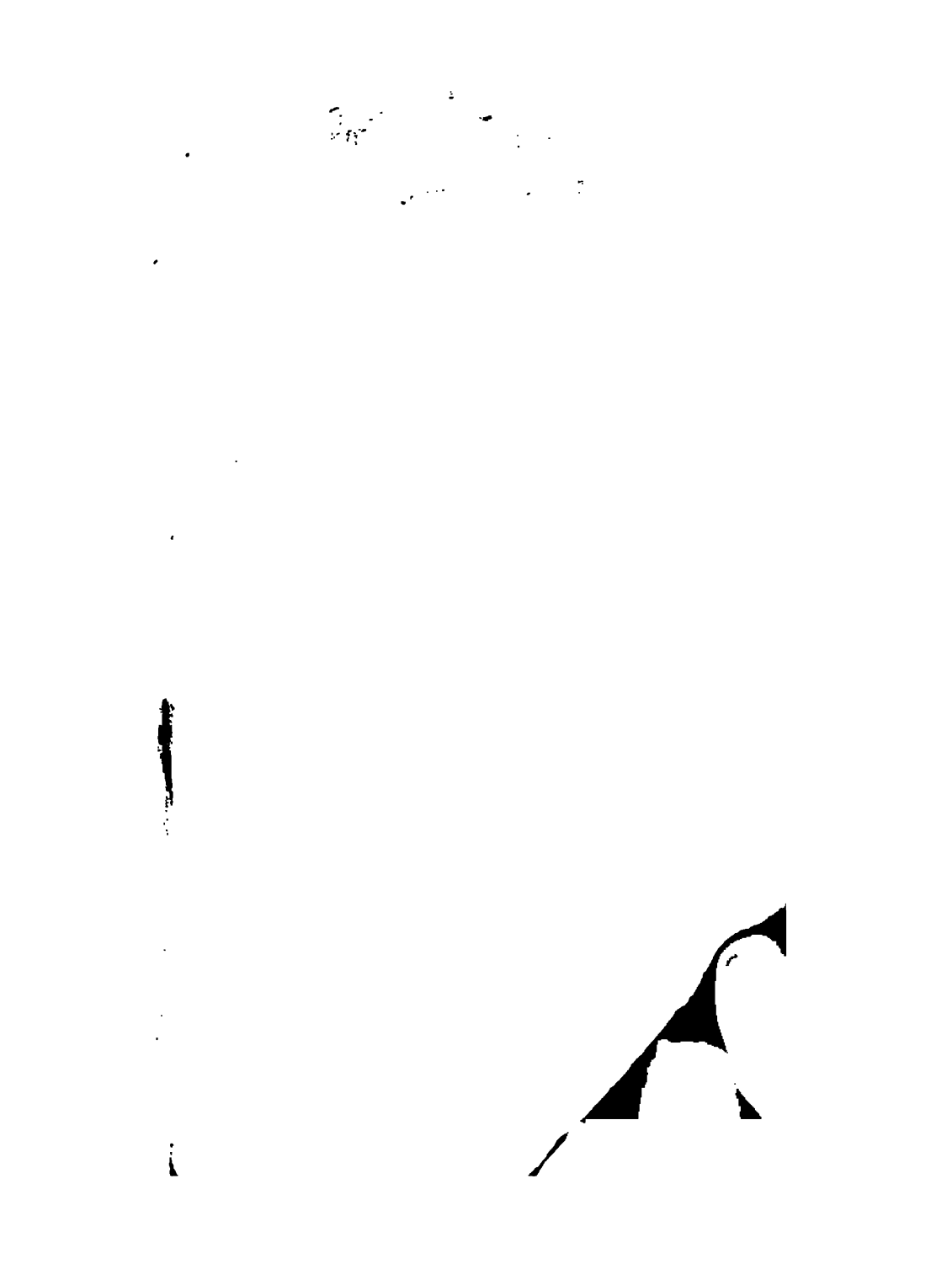

Yours truly
Edward Hird

MY MAGAZINE:

BEING

A SERIES

OF

Poems, Tales, Sketches, Essays, Orations, Etc.,

BY

EDWARD HIND,

AUTHOR OF

"Reason's Remonstrance," "The English Home and Other Poems," "If a Man Die, Shall he Live Again?" "Ethel's Hope," "Exiles of Nineveh." "Little Essay on a Great Subject," etc., etc.

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PREFACE

I SHALL not say much by way of preface. With regard to the orations in this book, I wish to state, that they have rather been composed in the fashion of Isocrates, than delivered in the style of Demosthenes. I beg to tender my best thanks to the Subscribers to this book, who have so kindly encouraged me, and hope that they will regard its no doubt many imperfections with the same spirit as that in which they favoured me with their friendly encouragement, It has not been in my power, as it is in the power of many, to withdraw into the recesses of a study, and, in its unbroken and uninterrupted retirement, produce something more worthy of public approbation: I have had many demands upon my time, and many other affairs to attend to, during the composition of this book, beside writing it. This must be my best apology for all sins of omission and commission. I have touched upon several controversial subjects; and, with regard to all the faults contained in this book, I desire simply to state—that the demonstration of any errors, in whatever spirit made, will be met, on my part, with only the desire of correcting them. A second edition is, indeed, almost necessary to finish a work as it should be finished; a second edition to a book is like imparting a second life to a man, who, in that case, would be enabled to avoid or correct the errors of the first.—But blessed are those who expect little,—and I am one of those who never expected much, and therefore shall not at all be disappointed if such an honour is denied me.

With regard to the controversial points of this volume,—I beg to claim the liberty to act—in regard to any assault upon them, rude or gentle—in any manner which I may deem most suitable to my individuality and my circumstances—not insensible to the teachings of previous experience. To the best of my knowledge, certainly of my endeavour, I have respected the rights of others in expressing my ideas upon subjects of which many may form a different conception to that under which I have treated them; and on this consideration, and the circumscribing circumstances of my position, I respectfully beg to claim the right of acting in my own way, in reference to any opposition which any of the ideas contained in this volume may possibly awaken: it will only be through failure of means, or strength, or ability, if I do not give to everything sooner or later the answer which may be its due. Society and the majority have their rights, which the minority and the individual are bound to hold sacred; and, on the other hand, the minority and the individual have their rights, which the majority and society are equally bound to respect, in this country at least, whose greatness is based upon the supremacy of the individual conscience and the right of private judgment. Numbers may vote majorities, but cannot by them alone vote truth. I do not know that I have more to say, except to bid my friends farewell, and again thank them for their kind encouragement;—May peace abide within their walls, and prosperity within their habitations! I do not think we shall soon meet (in print, at least) again.

Wightman Terrace, St. Ann's Well-Road,
(Bottom of Robin Hood's Chase,)
Nottingham.

March 1*st*, 1860.

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MY MAGAZINE.

TO MY SISTER KATE.

A SUNBEAM of joy on my bosom doth fall,
Whenever, sweet Sister! I think upon thee;
And fain would my spirit from absence recall
The grace of thy presence to gladden mine e'e:
Contracted the fane of remembrance would be,
If thine image were not in its temple enshrined—
A spirit of love ever smiling on me,
That nothing can ever efface from my mind.

Oh! fair as the Spring as she comes from her bower,
And pure as the heaven her beauty enspheres;
Thy remembrance, sweet Sister! comes to me this hour,
And the love that surrounds it, that memory endears:
Reflecting the daybeam of vanishing years,
When thine innocent being first dawned upon mine,
And evoking the song from my spirit, which bears
The music that now is awakened by thine.

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

BENEATH the shadows of the polar sky,
Reclining in the winter's icy hall,
His long-lost followers with Franklin lie,
Wrapped in the snows that wind about them all
Who there repose, within the sunless grave
From which their country's efforts could not save.

They wistfully, but vainly, looked around,
To find an outlet from that awful shore,
As on they struggled o'er the frozen ground,
And one by one they fell to rise no more:
Gazing around, with dim, despairing eye
The howling waste, where they had come to die.

Amid the ice-rocks of the polar strand,
  Their last remembrance flew o'er ocean's foam,
To England's smiling fields and vernal land,
  And firesides of many a far-off home,
Where sate the friends, for them might vainly mourn,
For to their friends they never should return.

They saw, afar beyond the polar gloom,
  The souls beloved for them must vainly pine;
And as they sank into their sunless tomb,
  Beheld the far-off sun of England shine
On careless cities, basking in its light,
As they were sinking in their sunless night.

On them no more that glorious orb should rise,
  To pour his warming beams upon their breast;
Beneath the snow-seas of the frozen skies,
  Their forms were destined evermore to rest—
Away from all that their last prayer deplored—
Afar from all whom their last sigh adored.

For them no more should Britain's distant isle
  Spread out its arms with joy to greet the brave;
And on her daring sons the welcome smile—
  Saved by a wonder from their polar grave:
No! they must sink into the snows around,
Where no memento of them could be found.

And memory spread her mirage round the scene,
  And mocked their senses in that frozen clime:
They saw before them spread the village-green,
  And heard the Sabbath-bells' melodious chime,
And starting—by the aurora's fitful glow,
Saw nothing but the silent waste of snow.

And so they perished, as they vainly tried
  To pass the barriers of the icy tomb;
Of all their strength, their courage, and their pride,
  Which could not overleap those walls of doom—
Wherein shall lie each wan and wasted form,
Till earth shall shake with judgment's thunderstorm.

NOTTINGHAM CASTLE—A SKETCH.

At summer's still and starry midnight hour, I stood upon that storm-worn rock, upon whose summit the ruins of a once brave Castle stand, an enduring monument of the logic of a many and the wisdom of a few. Beneath, the town lay hushed in still repose; indistinctly glimmered the dusky plains below; brightly gleamed the silver Trent afar, as he rolled his shining waters down the vale; darkly beyond the river loomed the faint outline of the distant hills. I looked up to heaven, and beheld the far off stars, slow floating round the vast serene of nature, and I sat down and mused on the revolutions of empires, and the mutations of time; whilst the night breeze blandly breathed upon my cheek, and sighed mournfully along the deserted halls of that ruin, where grandeur once abode, and where beauty once smiled! And methought in my reverie, as the music of the breeze murmured in my ear, I heard a *voice* articulating amid its sighing, and this is what it uttered, and this was the tenor of its song:—Shall I sing you the history of the past? shall I tell you of the unrecorded days when I first began to blow around the world, when my blast first ruffled the waters of the primal deep? when this rock was buried with Britain deep beneath the heaving seas, with oceans piled upon its head; when the stars of heaven drew aside the curtains of the skies, and beheld their pale faces reflected in the waters which enwrapped a world?

Ages elapsed—The waters slowly retreating as the lands upheaved, then arose this ponderous rock, lifting its broad shoulders to the morn.

Ages elapsed—Forests covered the naked rocks,—with teeming life and exuberant vegetation; along the island of the green hills roamed rude savage tribes of wild untutored Britons, who, after extirpating the primitive race of hunters, wandered through the woods, seeking subsistence in the waters and the waste, slaying the wild beasts, and men as wild as they. Then came the Druid, here on this rock, in wicker altars, were sacrificed the lives and souls of men as an offering to the infernal gods: fiercely curled the flames around the devoted victims of superstition, like hungry serpents twining round their trembling prey; I bore along this now peaceful vale the shrieks of men in unutterable torture, whilst the day grew darker as the smoke of the sacrifice ascended to heaven, and nature seemed to shudder as she listened to its cry.

Ages elapsed—The Briton became the slave of the stranger.

From the Thames to the Tyne, the broad land of Britain was claimed as an appanage of their power, by the emperors of the world ; I watched down the valley the march of the resistless Roman, whilst the trumpets of the legions sounded along the plains, and the flash of their brazen armour, and the glitter of their spears glanced across the Trent, from the bosom of yonder hills.

Ages elapsed—The Roman departed from the island. The Britons too were slowly expelled from its soil, by a more martial race than they, and the Saxon strode along the land, the lord of all it grew. Hither came the Mercian kings in the days of the seven kingdoms. Hither did they bring their flocks and herds to pasture on these plains of plenty, down which rolls England's brightest stream. Seven little kingdoms were merged into a great nation—England became one. Then came the sea kings to ravage and destroy. Around this rock encamped the armies of the Danes, till beaten back to the north, and finally ejected from a land they could pillage, but were unable permanently to subdue: they retired to the snow-covered hills of Scandinavia once more.

Ages elapsed—The race of Alfred became the serf of the race of Rollo. The island, which their fathers had won after years of incessant conflict, was lost in a battle and a day, and cruelties unexampled in the history of human suffering, and atrocities without parallel in the history of its crimes, terribly avenged upon the posterity of the "Long Knives," the injuries which they had inflicted upon Vortigern and his race. Hither came the great Norman Captain, and upon this rock the fortress of feudalism arose, and floating along the breeze waved the banner of its pride. High and massive arose its towers, strong and lofty its battlemented walls, along which the armed sentinel slowly paced, and whose rude but spacious halls resounded with the revelry of mail-sheathed warriors, and the clash of arms; heavily sunk the ponderous draw-bridge, slowly swung open the massive war gates, through which issued the plumed knight, with a band of followers, equipped for the chase or the fight,—for a feast or for a fray.

Ages elapsed—The stronghold of the Bastard was converted into a bower of beauty, and into a palace of royalty, where parliament enacted laws and monarchs confirmed them, where noble dames and stately lords, and gallant knights and maidens gay, sported, and jousted, and feasted, and loved, and lived.

Ages elapsed—An unhappy prince hoisted here the standard

of that contention he had challenged, and by which he was to fall. He perished amidst the storm he had provoked, and Cromwell triumphed over the tempest Charles had excited, but could not sway. With royalty fell also the fortress which had often been an instrument of its tyranny, and the long famous stronghold of the Norman warrior was levelled to the dust, by the hand of the world-renowned castle-destroying Saxon soldier.

Years elapsed—The age of barbarism had passed away: the age of chivalry had vanished too. In the milder atmosphere of a more refined era, William of Newcastle erected that edifice, now a ruin, a residence once not unworthy the occupation of a king. These walls, now so bare, once enclosed the mistress of Marlborough; and the witty Montagu, the benefactress of her race.

Years elapsed—When fiercely arose the flames on that night of destruction, and sublime though awful was the blaze of that immense illumination, whose burning ascended like a roaring volcano to heaven, lighting up both earth and skies with one red tremendous glare, till every blade of grass in the plain below was visible, and the firmament above glowed like a molten copper sky! Lordly Belvior shuddered as he looked from his lofty height across the vale, and beheld the destruction, and gazed upon the flaming funeral pyre of his brother. How changed is all around since nature first poured into my bosom an electric soul! A great town now spreads its arms around the place where forests once grew, where the bold outlaw ranged, and the wild deer ran; and I hear the breathings of a populous city where once I blew over naked rocks and a lifeless wild,—and the voice suddenly ceased, and died away in inarticulate musical murmurs along the roofless grass-paved halls, and the hollow winding caves,—and sighing heavily, I stretched forth my arms, and they came in contact with the rock—and I opened my eyes, and behold it was a dream! The soft, sweet dawn of summer was breaking in the cloudless sky—and the broad fragrant meadows below lay brightening at my feet.

THE BROKEN HEART.—A TALE.

The following is the brief record of but too common an event, the destruction of a sensitive heart, by the cruelty of a callous one.

Ida V——— was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant, who, having lost his wife a few years subsequent to marriage,

centered all his hopes and affections in his motherless child. He bestowed upon her the most careful education which the ablest tuition could impart, and she repaid his solicitude with the accomplishments of a refined—the amiability of an ingenuous mind. The child of fortune could not lack suitors, and accordingly, at the age of eighteen, Ida was surrounded with a troop of adorers, whom the beauty of her person, or her father's purse, or both combined, had attracted round her. Among the number, one more successful than the rest, was fortunate enough to please her fancy, and to gain her affection. The object of her choice, like herself, was the only child of a wealthy individual, who, from humble poverty had found a way to fortune's golden goal. Their mutual attachment was sanctioned by the approbation of both parents, and their marriage was only deferred on account of the youth of the parties; meanwhile an event occurred, as unexpected as disastrous, to change the relative position of the pair. In an evil hour for himself, the father of Ida entered into a series of extensive railway speculations, the result of which was that all the wealth he had so carefully accumulated passed into other hands. The old man could not bear up against a reverse which at once toppled down the palace of his prosperity, trampled his pride into the dust, and frustrated at one fell swoop all the ambitious plans which he had formed for the aggrandisement of his child. He died, and Ida V—— was compelled to seek refuge in the house of a humble friend.

Adversity, which proves the noble and that tests the base, soon revealed to the unfortunate girl that it was the charms of mammon, not the beauty of loveliness, which had attracted —— to her side. His demeanour gradually became colder and more estranged, his visits few and far between; still with all the pertinacity of a woman's heart, she could not bring herself to believe that he would forsake her. "No! no!" was her repeated soliloquy, "Norman will not, cannot, be so unkind as to abandon me now." But conviction of his faithlessness which left no room for doubt was speedily to be forced upon her reluctant mind, to dissipate for ever the fond delusion to which, against hope, it clung. A newspaper was put into her hands announcing the marriage of her former lover with a lady, not of fairer, but weightier charms! She never smiled again, and took to her bed but to rise from it to another world. She died as others have died, as others will die,—the martyr of wrong, a victim to the careless cruelty of man. In the lone church yard of W———, now crumbles into clay what once was beauty's shrine. Her per-

jured lover still lives a respectable—because a wealthy man. He lives surrounded with all the splendour which affluence can procure, worshipped with all the adulation which a sordid world ever pays to riches; whilst the being he once swore that he cherished as his own soul, and afterwards abandoned for a purse of gold, sleeps beneath a tomb unwatered by a tear! Such are the mysterious ways of Providence! Villany lives on flourishing in the light of fortune, while Virtue dies, forsaken and alone. Dark are the ways of Heaven, yet doubtless righteous though enigmatical.

Mysterious appears the ordering of the spiritual world to us; so seemed the workings of the material universe to our fathers. With enlarged knowledge we now perceive order where they could see but confusion,—law where they beheld a chaos,—light, where they saw but darkness,—wisdom, where they could detect no traces of it. So with the moral world, enlarged knowledge, it is our faith, will assuredly bring increased trust in providence, a firmer conviction both of the wisdom and paternal goodness of the Deity. Virtue suffers here, to enjoy hereafter; it is martyred in time, to exist in eternity. The hard yet salutary discipline of trial though many perish beneath its pressure, has elicited the sublime endurance of the martyr,—the heroic virtues of the patriot,—the most exalted efforts of humanity,—the loftiest achievements of man!

The following lines, in the hand-writing of the subject of our story, was found after her death, written apparently, a short time previous to her decease:—

Oh! take me to your arms of love,
From this base world of man's away,
To bright and blissful fields above,
All blest with love's immortal day.

Where over earth and all its woe,
In angel-arms I may recline,
Whose life exalted ne'er shall know,
The grief that here is wasting mine.

Where I may lay this weary form
On mercy's fair and heavenly breast,
Beyond the reach of every storm,
To vex my soul's eternal rest.

Where sleeping on that sinless shore,
I may forget life's weary dream,

And hear the songs of angels pour
Through heaven in one unending stream.

Where grace may calm this troubled brain,
And heavenly dews around me weep,
And carking anguish ne'er again
Disturb my calm unbroken sleep.

A BIT OF ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN GOING APPRENTICE.

You are about setting out on a seven years' voyage, accept in the spirit wherewith they are offered, a few observations extracted from the log-book of one who has travelled the same journey. To a person just entering a region he has never traversed before, a chart, however imperfectly delineated, by one who has past over the same ground, cannot prove altogether valueless. You are about going apprentice, to what hereafter you may perhaps discover to be a hard master. Don't be discouraged at that. Sharp discipline makes the smart soldier, and the strict master, the efficient servant. Better the drilling of even too harsh a master, than the spoiling of a too easy one; arithmetic is easy to him who has been through algebra, and no one can appreciate a good master so justly, or discharge the duties of a good place so easily, as he who has experienced some of the drudgery of an indifferent situation, and the authority of a severe governor. The greatest generals that have ever lived have all first learnt to obey, ere they have become competent to command. The Romans and the Spartans are the best soldiers whereof we have any record, and they became so through their training and their discipline being more severe than those of any other people. In all things and above every thing endeavour from the beginning to break yourself thoroughly into a regular routine of the best habits, and custom in the end "will render what is most desirable to attain the most agreeable to practise!" A bad start has lost many a race, and a poor beginning can only result in a worse termination.

Be punctual to your time. Do not be satisfied with the indifferent regularity of any common time-keeper which loses minutes in a day; aim rather at the exactitude of a patent chronometer which does not vary above a minute in a year. This will cause you to be preferred to others, by those whose preference is preferment, for the same reason that a chronometer is preferred to a common watch. Good, steady conduct, if not properly appre-

ciated by one master, will be by most—if not immediately, must be ultimately rewarded.

Secretly, as well as openly, make your employer's interest your own; that is the most likely means of inducing him to consider your interest eventually his. Never indulge in foolish repining after a more congenial occupation. If we could all obtain what is most congenial to us, we should all be in heaven this moment. Push briskly as a bee among the flowers into the business in which you engage. Be resolved to excel in it. When you have rendered yourself an adept therein, you will take pleasure in your calling, whatever it may be, since all men like to practise that wherein they excel. Acquire the art of doing every thing in first-rate style; that is the most effective means to obtain, and what is better, to deserve, a first-rate situation. To make yourself thoroughly master of your business is the most likely way to secure in any business ultimately, the position of a master.

Better your condition by all means that are honourable, improve your mind by all means that are possible. Broaden your judgment by a comprehensive course of general reading. Deepen your understanding by the particular study of a favourite subject. When English arms were trained to the use of the long bow, an English archer was known by the width of his shoulders a mile off: so much for training. Exercise your faculties, as athletes task their limbs, if you desire to possess a strong mind, an acute, active, and powerful understanding. While assiduous in accumulating a large stock of the best ideas, be sedulous also in acquiring as good a selection of choice expressions. Always express yourself, whether in writing or in speech, in the most appropriate terms you are able. Turn your hours of labour to the best account you can for your employer, and your hours of leisure to the best account for yourself. Youth well employed constitutes the strength of manhood, and the happiness of old age; so live now that hereafter you may look back without a sigh, and forward without a fear. Never indulge in weak repining at your particular annoyances; we have all our peculiar troubles, from the pauper to the prime minister. Endure evil in the spirit of true philosophy, remembering that the school of trial is the best school for acquiring an energetic will, and a manly force of character. Obstacles should only awaken the determined effort that overcomes them. Trouble sustained in a right spirit, developes the fortitude that endures, the virtue that rises superior to it. Endeavour thoroughly to know yourself, in your weakness as in your strength; make the best of the first, and the most of

the last. Cultivate a spirit of unaffected modesty. For your own sake, as well as the sake of others, do not sink into that most common of all characters, compounded of much conceit and little capacity. Do you endeavour to reduce the proportions of your self-esteem to the measure of your capacity; or at least enlarge your capacity to the extent of your assumption. Too much self-confidence, above all in youth, shuts the door to sound instruction. Humility keeps the spirit open to receive instruction from whatever quarter it may come, and the mind which in the first instance is the most open to learn, becomes in the long run the most competent to teach. While cultivating a proper firmness of character, which shall always assert the independence of a free being against the opinions, even opposition of others,—yet defer in the spirit of humility, to their feelings, as far as consistent with your convictions of truth, and while determined to command the respect of your associates, by the moral courage of no unstable character, endeavour also to attract their love by the good nature of an amiable disposition. "Most people have generally good sense enough to perceive the faults of their neighbours, and mostly good nature enough to forgive their own;" do you have wisdom sufficient to correct your own failings, and charity enough to pardon the short-comings of your brethren. Sacrifice some of the pleasure of doing good to yourself alone, to the felicity of doing good to those who are disabled from doing it to themselves. Make a love-offering of some of the selfishness of man, to the mercy-seat of the Deity;—what can mitigate the misery of mankind, but the benevolence of humanity? Give your mite then towards mitigating it; let the world, in however small a degree, benefit by your existence; sacrifice a comfort occasionally towards relieving the destitution of a poorer brother; assist those first who have striven to thrive and could not, those last who might have thriven but would not. If you cannot give magnificently, give magnanimously: a penny well bestowed is better than a pound misapplied.

While cherishing the generosity of a good heart, nurture also all the provident carefulness of a prudent mind. What your industry reaps, let your economy garner. Get into a regular habit of saving something, however trifling; it is a better one than squandering all. To a man in ill-health, no demonstration is necessary to convince him that merely to breathe the air of health is to breathe the air of happiness. Take the greatest care then of that most inestimable gift, possest of which the beggar on the road is happier than the prince in the palace without it. You

will find as you grow up, that the disputes of conflicting parties tend to throw obscurity round the plainest truths: be not bewildered by this apparent confusion; it is the chaos of ignorance, the confusion of passion, prejudice, circumstance—not reason. Passion preferred a murderer to a saviour, and prejudice denounced the Son of God as a malefactor, and crucified him like a criminal; beware then of passion and prejudice, and make allowance for circumstances. The poor man idealess contempt disdains, under happier circumstances might have stood foremost among the greatest, and the man who stands on the very pinnacle of fortune's steep, through unfavourable circumstances might have stood the least among the lowest. Men on all sides are disputing, yet, as Bulwer says, they get wiser as they dispute.

Honour your parents, cherish your friends; derive good from your foes, by teaching good to your enemies; strive after truth, to think rightly, to act uprightly. Be duty your pleasure, religion your pilot, God your supreme moral Governor, and be assured, by the united voice of all the truly great men of all ages, neither in life nor in death will you repent thinking wisely; acting virtuously; living nobly; for these are the only means whereby you can attain the greatest felicity, and the highest dignity of a man. Practising these things will preserve your mind ever young, and your heart ever sweet and fresh, amid all the sourness of the world. Without religion in adversity, man is like a ship without a compass, or anchor in a storm; in prosperity, he is like a man riding a horse without a bridle. In all conditions and in all circumstances, religion is through life the only unfailing guide, in death the only hope of man.

Mount, my soul, with the lark that now springs from the sod,
Go singing to heaven, and soaring to God;
Rise up to the regions of shadowless blue;
Go baptise your brow in the Amethyst dew;
Go fetch me a ray from tranquillty's beaming;
Go fetch me a drop from yon bitterless streaming,—
To gladden my spirit, and brighten my breast,
With a joy that shall with me eternally rest.

WILFORD CHURCH.

Thou ancient fane, embowered among the trees,
That round about thy hoary temple climb.
To screen thy structure from the northen breeze.
And shield thy tower from the assault of time!

How many a vanished soul in summer's prime,
Hath heard thy pealing bells in concert toll,
No more shall hear their tuneful sabbath-chime
Along the bosom of the water roll.

How many a buried age, from yonder shore,
Hath seen thy walls arising o'er the stream,
That shall behold thy ancient shrine no more,
Amid these elms' encircling branches gleam;
The hoary Pharos of their little dream
Of life, whose vision was so quickly past:
'Twas fleeting as the summer's transient beam,
Which shines a season but to fade at last.

Beneath these leafy elms surrounding shade,
Together lying in the churchyard green,
How many a breathless form in dust is laid,
Whose breathing life once walked across the scene!
But all-oblivious now of nature's sheen,
They here repose beneath the vernal sod,
Who oft have pass'd beneath this lofty screen,
Within His walls of peace to worship God!

Ah! me! what legends quaint could once relate
The speechless ashes which around repose;
What strange vicissitudes of human fate,
The pages of their history might disclose:
What tales of love and wonder, joys and woes,
Which softer music than yon waves might sing,
And sweeter than the southern zephyr blows,
Breathe through our life the beauty of their spring.

And 'twas but yesterday in life they stood,
Beneath yon elms reflected in the wave,
And saw the morning shining on the flood,
Whose glory now is falling on their grave:
And oh! of all the good that fortune gave,
Of all the hopes that once inspired their breast,
There's naught remaining now to memory—save
This quiet spot in which their ashes rest.

Perchance some pilgrim, oft returning now
Unto the forms that rest in death's confine,

Above one stone may rest his throbbing brow,
And mourn the wife whom love cannot resign;
Whose arms no more around his form shall twine,
Nor aught of all the tenderness impart—
Once like the day of heaven on him did shine,
And lit with purest joy his widowed heart.

Perchance some mother here may mourn her child,
Whose pretty form is laid beneath the sod,
Whose innocent soul on earth had scarcely smiled,
Ere it was summoned to its Maker—God;
Unscathed in spirit by affliction's rod,
Its little feet soon found their place of rest;
The thorny wilderness of life untrod,
That little cherub sleeps among the blest.

And perhaps some orphans lorn may here complain,
Above a gentle mother's lowly bed,
And by her grassy grave may oft remain,
The tears of their regret and grief to shed:
Mourning the loved and lost, for ever fled,
Whose voice of rich affection shall no more
Sigh forth her blessing on their drooping head,
Or breathe her love upon them as before!

And God alone—the merciful and just,
Whose wrath is kinder than the love of man!
Without whose grace we are but things of dust—
The sport and prey of death's eternal ban,
Alone can brighten heaven's mysterious plan,
With grander truth than reason can bestow,
And breathe the grace on life's o'erclouded span,
That turns to good the wildest storms of woe!

Adieu, old church! display to other times
Thy ancient tower, arising o'er the wave,
And pour on other ears thy sabbath-chimes,
When I am lying in my quiet grave—
No more to see thy hoary structure brave
The winds of heaven, that sweep around thy form;
But in the peace where tempests cannot rave,
Repose beyond the blast of every storm!

WHAT UNEXPECTED PROMISE GREETS THE EYE.

WHAT unexpected promise greets the eye
Beyond the north where earth was dark before!
Lo! freedom's starry banner lights the sky,
And wafteth gladness on from shore to shore,
"Slavery in Russia shall exist no more!"
Imperial Alexander doth decree:
"My sceptre, by His grace—whom worlds adore,—
To God I dedicate and humanity!"
Great words! great deed! great Prince! we hail the three,
With all the strength of Britain's best applause,
And hope that Europe yet shall governed be
By constitutional Rulers—equal laws:
When brute-force shall no more oppress mankind,
Beneath the reign of life-exalting mind.

AN ESSAY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

THE universal history of mankind reveals the fact of the concurrence of the tribes and nations of men, savage and civilized, in the belief in the existence of some supernatural power or powers superior to man—to whom, as tribes and nations, they offer the tribute of their reverence and adoration.*

The history of every tribe and nation of men—refined or barbarous—discloses the fact that they all manifest some moral sense of a law of morality, or of moral right and moral wrong,

* A statement in a recent number of the *Westminster Review* would seem to contravene the truth of this, as far as regards a solitary tribe, known by the name of "Carrier Indians." But this questionable statement is made on the isolated authority of a single traveller: a more intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs, and language, of the tribe, would most likely prove him to be mistaken. But if not, one exception, or more, from a law or rule, does not disprove the existence of either rule or law. How many comets are there in space which turn their tails in one direction, when, according to the universal law of gravitation, they ought to be turned in precisely the opposite one? Yet the existence of such exceptional fact does not prove that Newton's all-controlling law is but a dream. Some undiscovered cause as may possibly be the fact with the Carrier Indians, interferes with and modifies or prevents the operation in certain exceptional cases of universal law. Such exceptional cases no more disprove the existence of the general law—or the inference drawn from its existence—than if they did not exist.

which challenges their obedience; and which, if violated, has its retributive pains and penalties in store for the offender.

The history of the world, from the first dawn of knowledge to the last day of philosophy, testifies to the fact of all the tribes and nations of mankind manifesting a belief in a future state of existence beyond the limits of this present life.

The history of the human mind demonstrates the universal concurrence of all the tribes and nations of mankind in the belief or moral perception of the three great ideas, or principles, that have been mentioned.

From the study of the last lessons of philosophy upon the subject, I have arrived at the conclusion, that despite of most clear-headed Locke's denial of the existence of innate ideas, the three great ideas, or principles, which have been mentioned, are intuitive ideas, or primitive moral principles, implanted in the human mind by the power who created it. In the twilight of knowledge, in the dawn of knowledge, and in the day of knowledge, in all the diverse conditions of mankind, from those of the Australian savage who stands lowest on the scale of humanity, to those of the European sage who ranks highest,—this trinity of ideas is unmistakably beheld ever shining through all the complicated motions and apparent contradictions of man's manifold and anomalous nature. Though eclipsed, they are not entirely lost, even in that last corruption of nations and moral decline of empires which precedes and foretells the downfal and final destruction of both. In those latter days, when corrupted by riches and enervated by the luxury of great cities, men have so far deviated from the first simple virtues of humanity, that they have altogether lost or defaced the original likeness of themselves—even athwart such a state of moral darkness, these three great truths emit some light. Amidst the downfal of nations and destruction of states, in which everything, even man's primitive belief in the three great truths that I have mentioned, have appeared to perish with his better self for aye; they have only disappeared for a time, to arise out of ruin in a higher and nobler form than ever: more vigorous and indestructible than before. One would naturally suppose that three such persistent ideas, whose existence has defied the assaults of all the moral tempests of time, and outlived all the mental convulsions of the world, whatever the delusions which may be connected with them, there must, at least, be three great truths, underlying all the absurdities that may be heaped upon them.

It is no answer to this assertion to reply, that in any or all

these three beliefs the opinions of men are as diverse as their geographical position on the surface of the globe, and as opposed and contradictory as their various degrees of barbarism or refinement; and that, therefore, no certain philosophical induction can be derived from such a confused chaos of contradictory ideas and observances. We know that the differences of belief in all these three great ideas are as divergent as the philosophy of the past and the philosophy of the present; as conflicting, nay opposite, as the noon of civilization and the midnight of barbarism—yet when we have granted this, we affirm with equal truth, that the agreement of all tribes and nations in the belief of these great ideas is greater, and far greater, than their difference. If it were not so,—instead of stating the proposition, that the tribes and nations of universal man concur in the reception of these three great truths, we should have stated the reverse, viz.: that the tribes and nations of universal man united in rejecting them.

But it is replied, look at the absurd mythologies and contradictory theologies of the world. Can any sound and certain inference be deduced from ideas so irreconcilable? From the Fetiche of the Negro, to the God of the Theist—from the sacrificial worship of Juggernaut—the inhuman rites of the Druids—the child-sacrifices of the Carthaginians—the bull-worship of the Egyptians—the adoration of Vishnu, Confucius, Jupiter, to the Jehovah of the Jew—the Allah of the Mahometan—the Deity of the Deist—and the Divinity of the Christian,—from creeds so diverse—dogmas so opposed, can any certain inference be drawn? Yes! this one fact: that despite all these different dogmas and conflicting creeds—and corruptions of both creeds and dogmas—all the tribes and nations of mankind,—as tribes and nations, are united in their reception of this idea, viz., the belief in the existence of supernatural power or powers—higher than man—to whom he is morally accountable, and to whom he instinctively pays the tribute of his moral adoration and reverence.

But on the second proposition that I have advanced, the objector will think perhaps that his objections will have firmer ground to rest on. Look! he exclaims, at the different and conflicting principles of morality held by different tribes and nations. Why there are positive and frightful immoralities permitted, nay enjoined by what you term the intuitive moral creed of many tribes and nations! How can you pretend to deduce any certain moral inference, where there exists nothing but undefined and contradictory moralities? For instance, in spite of your wonderful and intuitive universal standard of morality, New Zealanders are

cannibals, Thugs make a religious sacrifice of murder, and the most disgusting obscenities and immoral observances are permitted, nay, enjoined in your intuitive universal moral code of all nations! What a strange intuitive principle of morality is this, that in one place may rise as high as virtue, but at another, sink as low as crime!

The geographical position of the various nations and tribes of mankind is different, nay antipodeal, on the material globe; their mental position as opposite as the present and the past. It does not, therefore, impugn the truth of the proposition which I have advanced,—that their position in the moral world is as different, nay opposite, as their geographical position on the world of matter, and their mental position in the world of time! Men existing in hypoborean night cannot be expected to enjoy as enlightened an existence, as men existing in our more congenial day. Man benighted in the first dim dawn of time, and the gloom of Paganism, cannot be expected to have as elevated moral ideas, as the same man would have if blest with the light of science and revelation's day! It is as absurd to expect it, as to look for the advanced science and intelligence of the nineteenth century, in the twilight of the early time!

I have not affirmed that man's moral sense in all places and ages, is created out of the substance of the most perfect moral code, and that it is impossible for him to violate it, either in ignorance, or as alas! he so often does despite rebuking light and reason. We know that other and different principles besides the intuitive moral sense that I have mentioned, go to make up the totality of man's nature and history. The principles of his animal or sensual nature often encroach upon and obscure, where they do not altogether eclipse the principles of his moral nature. We are not surprised, therefore, if the grosser part of his nature is often only too plainly apparent even in the manifestations of his best: that the image of gold has often only feet of clay. In knowledge, men only attain the amount of knowledge which the native force of their mind and the exigencies of their position permit them to acquire. In morality, man can perceive no more than what his enlightened or unenlightened intuitive moral vision permits him to see. The specific genius of every tribe and nation is mixed up with whatever they say or do. Your individuality and my individuality, or peculiar bias of mind, which distinguishes us from each other, as our physiognomies do, is more or less apparent in all we think or speak. And from the various versions of the moral law given us by different

tribes and nations, may be inferred the different conditions of mind whence they emanated, and the peculiar circumstances of humanity under which they were conceived. Even in the conception of their deities by different tribes and nations, men unconsciously obscure the bright existence of their gods, by the shadow of their own. It is so in other things. What ideas or affections of men are not widely modified by the varying degrees of the knowledge or ignorance of their minds, and the different positions in time and space which they respectively occupy in relation to all other things! Man's first architectural attempt is digging a cave or making a canoe—his last, erecting a palace or building a Great Eastern. His first attempt at art is tatooing his body—his last, painting like Dawson. And so his first attempt at morality is doing good to self—his last, doing good beyond it. His first essay in devotion is worshipping the creation—his last, adoring the Divinity who created all things. His first conception of an hereafter is as dim and nebulous as the star-mist that we can scarcely see—his last, as brilliant and as beautiful as the same star-mist beheld through the telescope of science—and revealing to our astonished vision a universe of worlds. These facts are all in consonance with the history of the gradual progressive advancement of our species. Man's first conception of nature is to imagine that this poor little world is all—his last, to see that the sun—which is a million times greater than the earth—is but a ray of another sun infinitely greater than ours. Thus as the degrees of men's knowledge differ, so do the degrees of their philosophy, morality, and religion. But though different in degree, they are identical in kind; though conflicting in their dogmas, they are identical in their nature.

The Carthagenians, at a most critical period of their history, when defeated and besieged by the Syracusians, sacrificed, by burning alive, in a brazen image of one of their deities, above two hundred of the children of their noblest families. No doubt many of the parents of those children would rather have been so sacrificed to have saved them. But who cannot see the true idea underlying this distorted and monstrous idea of superstition, viz., that we hold all our dearest and most precious possessions as the gifts and at the pleasure of superior power, and should be prepared to resign them when required at the call of its providence. The awful sacrifice was made as the strongest proof which they could give of their sincerity, to propitiate the favor of their god, in the conception of whom the savage and lower elements of man's fallen nature were largely mingled. We know

what enormities the corruptions of even true religion have entailed upon mankind. We need not feel surprised then, if the corruptions of the most imperfect religions have entailed still greater enormities upon our race. The worst things on earth, indeed, are only the best things corrupted. I recall, as I am writing, a passage in one of the numbers of the *Westminster Review*, in which it is stated, "that there is a genuine religious faith at the root of the practice of cannibalism; and again of the suttee, and other pagan observances," thus demonstrating that the very facts which some men would adduce as utterly refutatory of our theory—that man possesses an innate moral and religious sense,—are the very facts which prove that he possesses both. Even the wisest and most enlightened men, placed in circumstances and periods most favourable to the developement of their moral nature, on looking back at their past life are conscious of a moral fall from what they ought to have been, to what they ought not; and if such is the case with wise and enlightened men, it is so but in greater degree with men who are neither enlightened nor wise.—The dreadful children-sacrifice of the Carthagenians, to which I have referred, was made as the strongest proof which the Carthagenians, benighted in paganism, and with even their first faith corrupted, could give of their sincerity, to propitiate their deity. Though that sacrifice appears so horrible,—contrasted with the faith even of the Jewish dispensation,—which says: "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord and bow myself before the high God?—shall I come before Him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil?—shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."—Yet, to judge the sacrifice of the Carthagenians by our moral standard, and to adduce from the fact of such sacrifice the inference that they possessed no moral sense at all, is unphilosophical in the highest degree. Our own pagan forefathers once sacrificed human beings to their deities, (their own children, I believe, included,) yet we should err very greatly if we for a moment imagined that they were not men with exactly the same nature as our own. It is very unreasonable indeed, to require from men, in all their widely different conditions of time, knowledge, and position, the same exact manifestations of their common nature. It is to expect, indeed, that the human mind

ought to go like a patent chronometer, with the same unvarying mechanical exactitude under all the different conditions of both mind and matter, knowledge and ignorance through which mankind have passed.

If it be replied: that if man did possess an intuitive moral sense, he could not possibly fall into such enormous moral aberrations as history discloses; but that such a moral sense would always pilot him along the strait line of true rectitude, despite all the changing conditions in which he may exist—I answer, point out which of the undoubted instincts of human nature act with such unerring and mathematical certainty? The instincts of animals may and do; but the instincts of man as certainly do not.—Look, for instance, at the intensely strong maternal instinct which the fairer part of human nature assuredly does possess; yet, despite of their possession of this instinct, how many thousands, yea! millions of mothers, acted upon by other principles—shame, or want, or fear, for instance—have murdered their own children—even when feeling the first inspiration of the instinct which nature had implanted to preserve them. Look at the instinct of reproduction possest by man; yet in how many millions of instances should we not rather suppose it was imparted to man for the purpose of destroying himself, rather than to reproduce his species. Look at the instinctive senses of hunger and thirst; yet in how many millions of instances do men pervert to the destruction of their life the very instincts that were given to support it. Look at the instinctive love of life undoubtedly possest by man; yet in despite of this—the strongest instinct of all—how many millions of men have committed suicide in all the most hideous and frightful forms of self-destruction. I might go on to greater length, but what I have stated will suffice. It is fallacious reasoning, then, misleading us into great and mischievous error,—to affirm that because men fall into great immoralities that therefore they do not possess that moral sense which they undoubtedly do possess. There is no faculty or instinct that man does possess but what has been so perverted by his want, his ignorance, his folly, and his depravity, and the action of his other powers upon it, as to appear the very opposite of what it is. Though his moral sense may be obscured by his ignorance, and all but obliterated by his wilful iniquity; yet, amid the eclipse of his better nature, as in the horizon of his unclouded life, there is the moral sense —palpable as the polar star, and indestructible as its glory. When we are told of New Zealanders making a religious obser-

vance of cannibalism, and Thugs making of strangulation a religious rite, we should find that the complete elucidation of these facts would give us a very different impression—to the simple statement of the facts without any philosophical explanation of them at all, Europeans once burnt each other alive in the name of the God of Love. Mahometans have murdered chrlstians wholesale in the name of religion. Yet they were not wholly destitute of moral perception: the men who perpetrated these enormities. They only revealed the depravity and barbarism of human nature, by the very acts with which they desired to honour what as much transcends it as infinity transcends our world. The Thugs may make a religious sacrifice of murder, misled by similar ideas to those which formerly induced christians to torture and murder Jews, thinking—that by so acting they were doing God a service. In the Country of Caste —whose purer primitive faith has been corrupted by the ambition of the priesthood—it is death for a pariah even to touch a brahmin.—Perhaps the Thugs are descended from such an outcast tribe—who, maddened by ages of the most horrible oppression—have converted revenge into a religious duty, deeming that the sacrifice of any of the oppressors of their race was the most acceptable sacrifice which they could offer to their avenging Deity.—But whatever final answer philosophy may give upon the question, sure I am that it will never prove the non-existence of a moral sense in the mind of man. The bucaneers of queen Elizabeth's time, and the Australian bushmen of queen Victoria's day, have led as wicked lives, and perpetrated as horrid enormities as ever man committed. Yet, when compelled by a violent death to expiate their shocking crimes, such criminals have manifested more strikingly—than even honest men could have done—the existence in their minds of that moral sense which the worst men may stifle for a season, but never can eradicate from their nature. No matter then, and despite of all the various and contradictory notions and ideas of different tribes and nations, one great fact underlies and crops out like the primitive granite, through the confused and broken strata of the superincumbent rocks, through all the protean aspects and disguises of human nature; the fact that all tribes and nations of men have an intuitive perception of a law of right and wrong obligatory upon mankind. Though men's ideas of morality differ as widely as the boiling point and the freezing point of the same fluid,—though their ideas of morality differ in degree; in kind, they are substantially one and the same.

It would be tedious to analyze and tiresome to elucidate the third proposition so minutely. The broad fact is as plainly manifested as in the other two, viz., that the tribes and nations of universal man, as tribes and nations, unite in the belief of a state of existence beyond the grave, though in their conceptions of that state they differ as widely as the savage state of the Australian, Red Indian, Negro, Hottentot, and New Zealander differ from our own. And as the history of the past tribes and nations of men, and observation of the present tribes and nations of mankind, demonstrate —that as tribes and nations they have manifested and do manifest an intuitive perception of the existence of a superhuman moral agency over mankind,—that they have manifested and do manifest an intuitive sense of a law of right and wrong obligatory upon men,—that they have manifested and do manifest an intuitive perception of existence beyond the grave, though the far higher testimony of God's revelation should fail to convince me, yet, on the testimony of these grand moral instincts alone— I should believe in the existence of the three unmistakeable objects of them which they indicate as plainly as they manifest their own existence.

I know that it is a most difficult thing, through all the clouds of darkness and confusion which the action of man's most complicated and many-sided being has raised about the nature of his mind, to arrive at a right perception of the true principles which constitute his nature; but we may rely upon it, that among the principles which go to make up what is termed his moral sense, the three great intuitive principles do exist from which I have deduced the philosophy of this brief paper. These three primary principles of human nature are so closely united, that wherever we can perceive the simple manifestation of one of them, we may take for granted the assured, if latent existence of the other two. Mankind saw the stars as clearly in the days of Ptolemy as in the time of Copernicus; but how different was the interpretation which the latter deduced from them, to the interpretation of the former. Anatomists see the body of man with the same eyes now as those with which they beheld it in the days of Aristotle; but how much more true and profound is our physiology than his. We have also a deeper and clearer perception of the nature of the human mind than any age which ever preceded us: and that perception supports the philosophy of this paper. In vain even would the revelation of God's Word appeal to mankind unless the Deity had implanted in the human soul the moral faculties—which, (quickened by His Spirit,) can alone

discern its beauty, hear its music, and respond to its utterance. When the transgressions of men had quenched the sacred fire of heaven which burnt upon the altar of the human soul, the ray of revelation restored to man the knowledge which he had lost, and rekindled the darkened consciousness of man's mind with a light that shall never more be dimmed.

When the good man dies, dies for the cause of truth, the cause of God and man: the testimony of history informs us that he has often gone smiling and singing to the flames of martyrdom and manifested such a god-like spirit that has frequently made his executioners tremble, and converted persecutors into vindicators. We know, too, that the true christian—gasping in the jaws of death, expiring on a more peaceful deathbed—frequently manifests so confident and exulting an expectation of an hereafter of unfading joy, as to amount to more than legal—higher than mathematical—moral certainty, that what he expects he will receive. And if we think that the testimony of the moral intuitions of the good man are not enough, let us go to the deathbed of the deliberately and life-long wicked—the betrayer of the innocent, and the destroyer of the just—the perverters of their own nature to the destruction of others—when conscience, long stifled and contemned, speaks forth with such tremendous utterance, as not even a heaven all thunder, or a earth all flames, could speak more emphatically of approaching and awful retribution to the being whom it addresses. Nations even tremble at the wrath of an emperor, who is but a man; how then can the bravest individual meet unmoved the righteous indignation of a justly offended God?

I believe in the truth of both these last and most emphatic and solemn utterances of man; for they are assuredly the utterance of nature. Not to believe in their veracity, would be to believe that the power who has implanted the sense of justice in man's soul is itself unjust—if it has left the weak at the sole mercy of the strong; the innocent to be the prey of the oppressor; the just to the justice of the unjust: if it has made delusion, and not veracity, the last and most solemn utterance of the voice of nature; and has left the good, the gentle, and the wise for ever to the tender mercy of a world which crucified Christ, and poisoned Socrates, and whose justice so often leaves the greatest wrongs of man without redress, and the greatest crimes of man without any retribution.

LINCOLN MINSTER.

Majestic Temple of the past,
With aspect large and front elate;
On strong foundations deep and vast,
Arising in commanding state,
To breast the assaults of time and fate,
Enthroned upon thy lofty seat,
Presiding o'er the circle great
Whose far-blue hills around thee meet.

I look upon thy front with awe,
Oh! noble fane of old renown;
So, standing here past ages saw,
Thy mighty form and glittering crown!
On generations looking down,
Whose being then looked up to thee,
And white against the tempest's frown,
Beheld the peaks which now I see!

Unchanged the plain below thee lies,
As it reposed on nature's breast;
When towering first unto the skies,
Arose o'er earth thy stately crest,
The green slopes still beneath thee rest,
As they were erst around thee seen;
Like vernal gardens of the blest,
Hung in the heaven's eternal sheen.

But like the waves, which in the light
Of morning cover all the shore,
To ebb away beneath the sight,
And leave a desert as before:
All else has changed, Cathedral hoar,
Beneath thy grand majestic form,
Above all change, doth proudly soar,
As sits the lighthouse o'er the storm!

As shoots the spring-corn from the plain,
So ages have beneath thee sprung;
As fall the autumn-sheaves again,
So is their dust below thee flung;

Above the years whose knells are rung,
  Cathedral! garbed in centuries grey,
Thou towerest to the times unsung,
  Beneath thee too shall wane away!

The great interior of thy shrine,
  An antique fossil-forest seems,
Whose stony boughs in arches twine,
  And vistas vast o'er which there gleams,
A varying glory—rich as beams
  The orient's changing crystalline,
When rosy tints and radiant streams,
  Announce the approach of day divine!

As soar the stars above the dust,
  Above our own—God's thoughts we find;
As spreads thy great roof o'er the just,
  His mercy spreads around mankind;
For this great truth thou wert designed,
  The temple of that faith to be,
An altar of the Eternal mind,
  A seat of Love's Divinity.

And so from age to age shall rise,
  O'er earth thy vast commanding form,
Through starlit heavens, and moonlit skies,
  Amid the sunshine and the storm,
Above decay's devouring worm,
  Above the dead whose tombs I see,
Above the present's vital form,
  Above the future yet to be.

ALL THINGS PERVADED ARE BY MOTION.

All things pervaded are by motion,
  Through nature its vibrations thrill;
From sands beneath the depths of ocean,
  To suns the heights of space that fill;
The life of earth is ever growing,
  The breath of heaven is ever blowing,
The streams of nature ever flowing,
  We're always coming, always going,
Alive or dead, we're moving still!

Like sunbeams from the sky descending,
All being from one power doth fall;
The Unbeginning—Neverending,
Imparts the motion moving all!
Beyond the reach of thought designing,
All forms of life on earth combining,
And not our life to death confining,
Displays the systems round us shining,
To loftier spheres of life which call!

CLIFTON GROVE.

Oh! blest was the time when by Clifton's bright water,
On the top of the steep hill at evening we stood;
And fair was the maiden who blushed as I brought her,
To look through the boughs on the face of the flood;
And bright was the evestar which shone in its glory,
And sweet was the incense that stole o'er the scene;
But sweeter the words that related my story,
And brighter the glance of my beautiful queen!
Oh! blest was the time, &c.

Together we roamed with all nature delighted,
The grove was a paradise lighted by love;
As sweet as the vows which our being united,
As pure as the sky that was shining above;
And back we returned through the moonlighted meadows,
Our life running bright as the beautiful stream;
Enriched with the hope that to happiness led us,
And blest with the light of love's paradise-beam!
Oh! blest was the time, &c.

A SONG—THE MORNING AROSE.

The morning arose in its beauty and might,
To cast over nature the glory of light;
It burst through the clouds which o'ershadowed the isle,
And lighted the nations of earth with a smile:
The heavens turned blue in its beautiful ray,
And green the world shone in the glory of day;
Which lighted the grass, and which brightened the woods,
And glanced o'er the mountains, and danced on the floods,

And streamed o'er the plains, as they gleamed in the showers,
Its beauty which breathed through the hues of their flowers,
And shone through the rain as it fell on the sod,
That pictured its smile in the sunbow of God!
And glanced on the lark as it hung up on high,
Its beauty which sung as it swung in the sky;
While nature shone blest in the beautiful light,
Which sprang like a god from the darkness of night!

BURNS' CENTENARY.—A LYRICAL DRAMATIC POEM.*

[Scene—Interior of the Palace of Light, in which the bards of Britain are assembled before the tribunal of the three Just Judges, to compete for the golden crown. An immense number of spectators standing around. The bards all strike their harps together and sing in chorus.]

Bard of love! whose language glowing,
Murmurs like a mountain-spring;
In the morning freshly flowing,
Breathing charms, but it can sing.
With the ardent spirit fire us,
Flashing through thy glorious lays—
Bard of nature! O inspire us
Worthily to chant thy praise!

Breathe, oh breathe, into our numbers
All that once inspired thine own;
From the bed whereon it slumbers
Sigh thy spirit's deepest tone:
But the depth of thy emotion,
And the fervour of thy mind,
Can express the true devotion
Of the tribute of mankind.

(A pause.)

The First Bard steps forth, strikes his Lyre, and sings—

Away the mist roll'd
As his spirit shone forth,
A sunblaze of gold
Through the clouds of the north;

* First printed in the Falkirk Herald, Dec. 30th, 1858.

And the hills, and the streams,
And the sea, and the shore,
Turn'd bright in the beams
That will shine evermore!

With a sound like the waterfall's
Song in the glen,
His strains o'er the mountain-walls
Chanted to men;
His cloud-covered skies,
And storm-darkened shore,
And the beauty that sighs
From his soul evermore!

Though brief was his story,
Yet great is his name,
And dazzling his glory,
And deathless his fame!
Whose wild harp, forsaken,
Lies mute on the shore,
Where Burns shall awaken
Its tones nevermore!

Second Bard—

From Britain, Columbia, Australia, the Zealands,
Wherever is spoken the tongue of the freelands,
As far as their storm-braving flags are unfurled,
His genius enlightens the gloom of the world,
Expanding o'er earth from his mountainous-clime,
His glory illumines the winter of time;
Through ages, o'er ages like billows shall roll,
The pathos of Nature shall sigh from his soul,
While the surges that beat round his rock-guarded shore,
His requiem sing to the winds evermore!

Third Bard.—

O! aften afar ower the waves o' the ocean,
His sangs till the Hielander's heart hae restored,
The lilt o' the lays that awake his emotion,
The vision of a' by remembrance adored;
Ilk burnie an' brae whaur his boyhood went roamin'—
The muirs an' the mountains, that change as they shine,
In the sheen o' the mornin, an' hues o' the gloamin'—
An' memories of hame whilk around them entwine.

An' still frae the shore whaur in death the bard slumbers,
His strains ower the breast o' the exile now roll,
Awakin' his tears wi' the sweet-flowin' numbers,
O' the land that is evermair dear to his soul;
Whaur pure as the day-beam whilk hallows creation,
His thoughts in the glens o' his forbears recline,
And gie to his being its ain revelation,
Of a' that to death he alane can resign.

The foam o' the torrents that whiten their fountains,
Maun sink in the streams on whose bosom they fa'—
The snaws o' the winter whilk mantle the mountains,
Sune melt in the glory o' simmer awa'—
But lang as shall blossom the braw-bloomin' heather,
Or blue sky aboon it shalt glint on the e'e,
The sangs o' the laddie o' Scotland shall breathe her
Remembrance of a' but wi' nature can dee!

Fourth Bard—

The dust of the soul that immortal is shining,
On the banks of the Nith in its grave is reclining,
Unceasingly by it the waters go foaming,
Through the rose of the dawn, and the gold of the gloaming.

And never again shall the minstrel awaken
To strike the wild harp that is mute and forsaken,
Which breathed of the glens, and the moors, and the mountains,
The woods, and the streams, and the floods, and the fountains.

Ever blest be his memory! the brave and true-hearted,
Whose spirit more soul to mankind has imparted;
Ever green be the spot by his dust consecrated,
With the beauty of all for a world he created!

Fifth Ladybard—

Amid the darkness of this downward air,
Where thunders ever roll, and lightnings play,
Though evil dim, shall we of good despair,
Whose brightness dawn'd from heaven's divinest ray?

Can man enveloped in terrestrial dust,
Be pure as seraphs of celestial light?

Beneath the glory of the ONLY JUST,
Impure appear in his unclouded sight.

Oh, who shall judge the errors he deplores,
Or aught extenuate, virtue must disown;
Yet hope beyond the gloom of nature soars,
And mercy pleads for man before its throne!

Sixth Bard—

Shade of the bard! wheresoever thou soarest,
E'er blest may the orb of thy destiny roll;
And repeating the strains that o'er nature thou pourest,
Their answer in heaven encircle thy soul!
With the beauty thou sang'st in such language undying,
With the prayers for the fallen thy numbers are sighing,
With the truth and the love that o'er nations are flying,
As they burst from thy spirit their hearts to control.

Soul of the bard! o'er the mountains that lighten'd,
Like the sunbow of heaven on the cloud that we see;
From the land which thy songs with such beauty have brighten'd,
The anthems of fame are ascending to thee!
And millions the wreaths of remembrance are flinging,
On the grave o'er which nations thy greatness are singing,
Until the wide world with the chorus is ringing,
Arising to heaven from the lips of the free!

The Bards all strike their Harps together, and sing with one voice, the spectators joining in chorus—

On the blast his strains are swelling,
Thoughts of "Langsyne" to impart—
Anon of "'Tam o' Shanter" telling,
And now "The Fireside" of the heart;
And Erin is with Albion singing,
Caledonia's songs of fame—
While, o'er Britain, Time is flinging,
All the glory of his name!

While the heather robes the mountains,
While the bracken's on the brae,
While the sun shall light the fountains
Round the Grampians' grand array—

The soul of Burns ! to fame transcendent,
Soars above his stormy clime,
And like the Lovestar's orb resplendent,
Lights the years of rolling time !

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.—A TALE.

Once more my native fields lie stretched around me, as fresh and green, and fair, as on the morning when I first bade them adieu.—It was at this very season, when the beautiful spring is about merging into the brighter summer, and to-morrow it will be fifty years since I first bade you farewell, oh ! my native vale. It seems but as yesterday since I then stood upon this self-same spot—as blue shines yon far heaven ; as vernal smiles the earth ; as brightly runs the river as of yore : verily, as I stand and gaze on all, I could almost persuade myself that the time which has elapsed has been but a troubled dream, but a vision of the night, which, with the return of morn, vanishes for aye.

But I look upon myself, and I find the past is not a dream. Upon myself ! is this, then, this bowed-down, care-worn frame, the same as that which in youth's heyday, and in lusty manhood's morn, roamed fifty years ago over these fair fields ? Where are the bright imaginings ! the buoyant hopes ! the fresh unjaded energies of vanished days ? Where are they ? Faded before the sad experience of life ! lost amid the ocean of the past ! vanished for ever with the youth from which they sprung ! To what, then, amounts this poor being ?

We are like the insects which bask out their frail existence in the summer's sun ! various causes abridge their little being ; few, comparatively, survive their natural time, and all perish in the shadows of evening. So man lives out his little day ! calamity, accident, disease, abridge the brief span of many.—Some languish out a weary life in the grasp of poverty ; some with ample wealth are undone by their very affluence, and sink into a premature grave, the victims of luxury or the martyrs of care and avarice. The hearts of many are broken in the fierce struggles of life and the virtues of more undone by its corruptions ; and so they perish ! the former disregarded, and the latter amid the darkness with which wrong-doing ever enshrouds human souls. Some may be happy for a season, but sorrow is sure to overtake them in the end. The joys that brighten our existence are like the momentary gléams of sunshine which sometimes

shoot across a stormy sky, whilst the troubles which darken it, resemble the clouds which at such a time, gathered in sombre masses, obscure the face of day.

How often have I wandered down yonder valley to greet the dawning day, with spirit bright as the light which burst around me, with feelings fresh as the pure air which I inhaled. Sweet days of hope and tranquillity! how lovely do ye shine through the grief-troubled night of the past! How did my ardent fancy, gazing on the years to come, already reap in anticipation the promised harvest of happiness and of fame! How fervently, when I surveyed the spacious landscape, or gazed upon the fair blue skies, did my heart pour forth its silent orisons of gratitude to the Giver of all good! How changed am I become! Now, with eyes dimmed by age, do I behold the light of day. The sweet return of morn no more inspires me with joy; for grief has withered up my soul, and time has dried up all the sources of its delight.

Of the friends I left behind me, in the strength and pride, and power of youthful years, how few survive! where are now those fine manly forms, which seemed expressly made to withstand the assaults of time? around yon gray old tower lie their humble graves! Within its shadow too recline the mouldering relics of long faded-beauty! The feeble and the beautiful, with the strong and the brave have passed away for ever! The dust of friend and foe, of manhood and childhood, of beauty and deformity, lies confounded together in the darkness of the grave!

Yet some few still survive, to remind me of the perished past. One female I met yesterday, whom I well remember as the boast and pride of the neighbouring village. Well can I remember her in the fresh lustre of her time-unsullied beauty! Tall yet elegantly formed, with cheeks blooming like the first dewy roses of the spring, and a smile as sweet as the summer's sunny morn; with tresses dark as the raven's wing, contrasting against a complexion fair as the swan's downy breast, she appeared to my youth in all the bloom of her maiden-beauty, as fair an object as any that ever awakened the sigh of love. I met her yesterday, and oh! the change! the wrinkles of age had replaced the dimples of youth; the fine proportions of her former person had shrunken down into a decrepid form; she walked along with tottering and uncertain gait; ah! how unlike her graceful, joyous step of yore! those withered, shrunken features, how unlike the fair rounded, blooming cheek of the once lovely girl; that bowed-

down, aged woman—feebly walking on the dusty highway, how unlike the glorious maiden who once burst upon my vision beneath the boughs of yonder grove—beautiful as an angel from the skies.

My heart was strangely affected. I was enquiring after this identical female of one of those who has outlived the storm of years. Through the shadows of the past my thoughts were dwelling with a secret pleasure on the memory-drawn picture of her youthful form, as the eye roving over a clouded landscape fastens with delight on the bright sun-spot settling on a distant sombre hill;—when my companion suddenly stopping, and pointing to the aged female I have described, said, "Behold the tomb of perished beauty! In yonder ancient woman recognise if you can the charms which once awoke your admiration!" I was struck with a kind of awe, I could not help likening clay-formed mortals to the waxen images, which a brief period blackens and defaces, a few short years destroy.

But where is she, the fondly-loved, the early-lost, who caused my heart to turn with indifference from all other women? alas! her ashes too repose in the last abiding place of humanity. The dark untimely grave encloses in its cold embrace that fairest being—whose smile first awakened in my heart the love which can never die.

Let me recall the remembrance of the being so closely connected with my life. She was the only daughter of our village clergyman; a more gracious spirit was never enshrined in a more lovely form. With a person of the rarest elegance were combined features of the softest, fairest beauty: the expression of her violet-eye was ineffably tender and sweet, and excited a sudden indefinable thrill of emotion in the breast of those who met her gaze; her tresses of satin-auburn waved around a poetic brow, and descended upon a neck as fair as the sinless petals of the spotless snowdrop. To loveliness as enchanting as ever stirred the pulse of nature, was conjoined a frownless sweetness of disposition the most ravishing—an ever-smiling amiability—that to behold, was to adore.

I beheld this marvellous paragon of nature—I gazed upon this noblest creature: gazed and madly loved.

But how could I, I, the son of a poor peasant—presume to worship high-born beauty, though love breathed all its fire through my soul? What though in my eager thirst for knowledge—in my impassioned desire for instruction, I had levelled the only real distinctions which separate the peasant from the peer,

—there still remained wealth's hard conventionalism—the pride of Caste—which, like the gulf of Dives, yawned wide as hell—to appal my high-placed love! Did I then presume to declare my presumptuous passion? No! stifling it in my heart, without uttering a word, but silent as the Spartan boy endured his torment, I determined to go into the world and strike for fortune; leaving behind me an object, which, like the candle to the moth, fascinated but to destroy. I asked my parents' blessing, and departed for one of our great seaports, resolved upon the decks of my country's greatness to seek my own. I stood upon the brow of the hill which overlooks the village, sheltered behind the foliage of yon little grove, now shining blue in the distance, and thence directing my gaze on the white parsonage house, peeping from its rich enclosure, with eyes fastened on the windows of that apartment which I knew encased her for whom I would have relinquished a universe of worlds, I extended my arms towards heaven and breathing a fervent aspiration, turned my back on the place of my nativity.

Animated with the hope which had inspired my prayer and changed the current of my life, I proceeded on my way, determined never to return to the place of my nativity unless with fortune and with rank, if not to entitle me to demand, that should justify me at least in aspiring to the hand of my adored.

It only has been man, I mused, who has won all the fortune man ever enjoyed, or attained all the greatness he ever achieved; I, too, am a man, and by all that ever spurred the human soul to daring I will do more than man has ever done before, but I will win the noblest, dearest prize which ever graced him! Never smile fortune on energy again, if thou smilest not on me!

I entered into the service of my country. It was a time of war. By a slow and painful process did I build up the successive steps which elevated me to fortune. Through engagement after engagement, amid the shock of battle and the roar of death, my soul challenged the crown of fortune or the last utterance of fate. Yet promotion came but slowly. Time passed along. In spite of all the efforts of a mind ardent as the fiery climes which were the scenes of its labours, years rolled away in the attainment of that rank which every thought, step, and action were bent and combined to achieve. Distinction! which despite the mountain barriers of pride's exclusivism my soul had sworn should be its own. At last that distinction came!

In command of a frigate I swept the Indian seas, with eye as eager for a foe as glares the raging eagle round the skies for

prey to bear unto its famished brood. I made several captures, and at length after a desperate engagement, in which half of my crew found a bloody grave, and the bark which bore them descended to an ocean-tomb, I carried, boarding with the remainder, a vessel of far superior force to my own. I arrived with my prize safely in port. The war came to a temporary conclusion. Fortune, Rank, and Fame at length were mine. I had wrapped the plebian in a robe of glory! I was in a position for declaring my long hoarded love. All along I had maintained a regular correspondence with my parents. The last letter I had just received from them had informed me that the idol of my soul still resided beneath the paternal roof, unwed,—unwon. As swift as winds could urge my swelling sails I rushed across the ocean: as fast as relays of post horses could convey me from the port that I attained, I flew to the place of my nativity. What was the first intelligence which greeted me there? She was dead! aye she was dead!—and all life's joy was for ever and for ever blasted!

* * * * * * * *

I returned to the duties of my profession. They alone could divert my grief,—and my anguish sank gradually down to a saddened, yet sweet, enduring, sacred remembrance. Since then I have circumnavigated the globe: I have visited in succession every clime; I have burned beneath the tropic heats of the ever-fiery torrid zone, and been frozen amidst the eternal ice of the polar seas; I have passed through calm and sunshine, through peril and through storm. Often in the watches of the silent night has the dear memory of my lost Adelina arisen before me, awakening my heart to renewed tenderness, to fond unavailing regret. By thy bright shores, O Italy!—amid the forests of a grander world,—has her image arisen before me, and with a glance of love soothed my troubled soul. By thy pyramids, O Egypt! land of superstition, of ancient wisdom, of buried glory, as I have gazed abroad on the silent desert, gleaming like an enchanted sea far below, or watched the burning constellations of thy skies, lo! she has stood beside me! smiling peace upon my soul. In all my wanderings she has accompanied me—to comfort and to cheer me: her memory has ever been the sole tenant of my heart. But my hair, gray with the frosts of age, my limbs enfeebled with the weight of many weary years, have admonished me the pilgrimage of life is almost o'er. I have returned to look upon her grave and to die!

And now as I stand above the dust that once was radiant as

the daybeam of the skies, above the grave of that fairest being from whose celestial glance I caught the inspiration of my life, how tenderly awakens in my bosom the hallowed memory of the loved and the lost. Piercing through the darkness of the past, it smiles upon my soul athwart the shadows of departed years—fair as the bar of sunshine that now descends upon this yew-covered grave!

Oh! open thy portals, thou region sublime!
My spirit exalt o'er the sorrows of time;
The wanderer waft to your mansions of truth,
To the faith of his age and the hope of his youth;
His weary form longs to lie down on the sod,
And yield up his soul to His Father and God.
These aged limbs tremble to rest in the peace
Where all trials shall end, and all troubles shall cease;
Where the soul shall greet his, in a region sublime,
Whose memory has hallowed the sorrows of time,
With the faith that this hoary head lifts from the dust,
To the heaven of its hope, and the God of its trust,
Who the wanderer will waft to His haven of rest,
To the home of the soul in the house of the blest.

THE LINNET'S VALENTINE TO HIS LADYBIRD.

Come, ladylove! come and I'll build thee a bower,
A sweet little nest by some lofty green tree;
I come not like man, love! to look for a dower,
I ask only wilt thou my Valentine be?
The winter is fled, and the waters are flushing
Already beneath the first glance of the spring;
And fairer the skies in its brightness are blushing,
While the lark is beginning his carols to sing!

The flowers are arising all-nature adorning,
The buds will soon blossom in yonder high grove;
As the daisy uncloses her eye to the morning,
The bosom of beauty should waken to love;
Then come! with my own will I'll guard that dear breast, love!
As the leaves of the cowslip its blossoms befriend;
And sing o'er thy couch as thou sit'st on thy nest, love!
The flower of my heart that its life shall defend.

When April shall come with his sunshine and showers,
How happily then o'er the meadows we'll hie—
And drink the dew-drops from the gold-crested flowers,
While the beautiful Iris encircles the sky;
I'll gather thee buds, with a wing shall not weary,
I'll lay all the wealth of the woods at thy feet;
And sing to the evestar the charms of my fairy,
As evening descends on our peaceful retreat!

Then listen to me, and no longer delay, love!
To grant my petition, and yield to my prayer;
For see as I'm singing time hastens away, love!
Then blush, yes! at once, and come with me, my fair!
For dark as a sky that no day ever lightens,
And dull as a waste that no spring ever cheers;
So dark is the spirit no smile ever brightens,
And charmless the life no affection endears!

THE WARRIORS' RETURN.

At the mandate of duty for India they started,
From home and from England away they departed;
And their friends at the altar of mercy implored,
That the brave to their arms might by heaven be restored,—
That hearts from each other divorced by the past,
United might be by the future at last!

We knew the high spirit that dwelt in the free,
Was a pledge that their mission would prosperous be;
Whatever the fortune that Britain may know,
Undaunted through battle her warriors will go;
At the mandate of duty who left us to mourn,
At the call of their country who back will return!

Through the hoarse-rolling-thunders of battle, the brave
Advanced to the triumph that victory gave;
And oh! for the heroes who gloriously fell,
The swords of their comrades avenged them well:
And together combined in the songs of the free,
Their memory united for ever shall be!

The time has rolled onward so swift in its flight,
The morning has dawned through the gloom of the night;

And they who but yesterday went o'er the main,
This hour are returning to England again,—
Where friends who in sadness once gazed on their track,
With tear-drops of gladness shall welcome them back!

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Oh! brightly fell the light of day
Along the ocean's heaving breast,
As from the east we turned away,
To seek the islands of the west;
The frowning mountains grandly reared
Their heights to heaven's untrodden blue,
As out to sea we proudly steered,
And from the shore we swiftly flew..

Our bugles sounded o'er the deep,
Whose foaming waves rose white around,
Like warriors' crests to battle sweep,
Unto the clarion's martial sound:
And so we sailed upon our way,
Till like a cloud, the distant shore
Had faded in the heavens away,
And we beheld the coast no more.

WHAT ARE THE CHIEF CAUSES OF THE GREAT DIVERSITY OF OPINION AMONG MEN?—AN ESSAY.

What are the chief causes of the great contrariety of opinion existing among mankind? Why do so many conflicting and irreconcilable doctrines exist in the world? not on one subject only, but on all: not on different subjects merely, but on the same! No matter what question be mooted in any assembly; no matter what subject be discussed in any place, there are sure to be as many opinions and answers advanced, as there are minds who express them. Is the subject political? Is the question propounded, which is the best form of government? One answers a republic; another, a constitutional monarchy; a third, a paternal despotism. And, if we examine the state of political opinons existing under any given form of government, we shall discover parties differing as widely in their notions, as the republican, monarchist, and advocate of paternal despotism. We find, for

instance, in our own country, the whig party, the tory party, and the radical party. And if we endeavour to analyze the state of opinion in any of these parties, who express the political opinion of the country, we find it subdivided again and again. There are the whigs of the old school, and the whigs of the new; the tories who look back to the good old past, and the conservatives who look forward to the better future; the radicals who are for a qualified suffrage, and the radicals who are for suffrage unqualified. Again, on the map of our social state, parties may be found differing in their opinions at least as much as they differ in their position. In philosophy, it is the same. There are about as many conflicting schools of philosophy as there are philosophers; while in theology, there are almost as many different sects as there are teachers.

Whence arises all this diversity? this contrariety of opinion? Truth is one and the same, however divergent and contrary be men's opinion of what constitute it.

The ideas of men on the same thing may present us with but a chaotic multiplicity—yet things the most opposite in their nature are but congruous parts of truth's great unity.

Some opinions must be right—some must be wrong—many partially wrong and partially right. We cannot coincide with those, who looking around the world, and seeing such diversity of opinion everywhere, affirm that truth exists nowhere. Truth must and does exist somewhere: it is a reality and not a dream. There are many erroneous opinions existing in the world; but there are true opinions which exist also. Yet amid the mass of prejudice and error by which they are hidden, like jewels in the clay; how are we to discover them? and what are the chief causes of such an immense amount of conflicting judgements as to what constitutes the coin and what the counterfeit? Is it that what is true for one man is not true for another? Is it owing to the inherent weakness of human nature that the mass of mankind can only imbibe a minute increment of truth adulterated by an immense complement of error? Is it because so many deem themselves competent to teach whom others more justly deem only competent to learn? Is it because our knowledge is still so incomplete—that therefore our ideas of truth are necessarily so imperfect? Is it that because man's reverse of reverence is still so great—that therefore his thoughts are yet so inconsistent? Is it that the human mind is modified by the circumstances wherein it is placed, and, therefore, its ideas constantly change with its position? Is it that the judgement of

men vary with their different organization, and therefore their mental standard differs as much as their physical? Is it that freedom of thought can only lead to anarchy—and that our ultimate appeal must be to authority and not to reason? Does this astounding diversity of opinion arise from a providential law—obliging men not to agree but to differ? Does the Jew differ from the Gentile, and the Christian from his brother, to preserve the records of truth pure from the suspicion of the pious or impious frauds which might otherwise have been imposed upon the ignorant mass by the too good agreement of the very clever many? Is this contrariety of opinion for the purpose of keeping alive and invigorating the intelligence of mankind by the mental gymnastics that it enforces? Is it for the purpose of preventing men from falling asleep over old truth, and becoming too lazy to discover new? Are these differences produced by some being so clever as to teach from everything but experience—and others being dull to learn from anything beyond routine? Do a man's dogmas necessarily change with his geographical position, and his opinions vary with the latitude in which he is placed? Have the opposite interests and conduct of men nothing to do with the contrariety of their principles? Will not the differences in their training and living account for much of the diversity of their ideas? We submit these questions in the hope of awakening reflection.

We think that this contrariety of opinion arises as much from the natural onesidedness of the human mind as the incompleteness of its present knowledge. That this diversity arises both from the difference of men's circumstances and conduct and varying natural differences of their dispositions and their minds. That some of it arises from excess of self-esteem, rather than from too great an abundance of philosophical humility. We believe that it is a law of providence that men shall differ from each other—though truth cannot differ from itself. We believe that it was ordained that men should differ, for the purposes of invigorating their mental and developing their moral powers, by the generous emulation of conflicting individuals, sects, parties, and states,—emulation which is to man what the race is to the horse—not the race of one horse by itself; but the galloping of a thousand, one against another. We believe that it was decreed that throughout all these ages of special pleading that the records of truth should be preserved pure and intact by the irreconcilable ideas and jealousies of those to whose keeping they were confided.

We believe that the day of judgment will be a day of no

sectarian triumph, party exaltation, or national rejoicing; but that while truth will derive from many some idea or principle wherewith to construct the circle of universal philosophy, she will discern something to reprobate in all. The truth of God for man can never be confined to any segment of the sphere,—it can only be described by the combination of the whole in the circumference of all time. We believe that this diversity of opinion was intended to discipline man: to teach us while we support our own ideas to respect our neighbour's; to teach us patience, forbearance, reverence: something better than toleration, charity. Seeing the weakness of the human intellect demonstrated, not by the unity, but by the diversity of its opinions on the one as on the all,—we should ever speak and write what we conceive to be the truth in a spirit of love: strike the prejudice if we can, but spare the person; and seeing that none are infallible, speak ever with the moderation befitting beings who are so often wrong.

Mankind have by no means yet completed—they have only commenced—the course of instruction which the great Creator of all intended they should be taught in this wondrous school of nature wherein we are placed. Political and social science have not been postulated yet like mathematical; and in those parts of the world where the theories of the former are best understood not half their undoubted truths are as yet reduced to practice. Some of the differences of opinion among men are induced by their fruitlessly endeavouring to anticipate the slow teaching of time, by answering from speculation what can only be demonstrated by experience. To a great extent, too, we are influenced by custom: with many, their ideas are subordinate to their position, and are decided by fashion, like the cut of their clothes or any other of the varying accidents of their lives.

> "What vulgar errors fill the clouded mind!
> That is for want of education blind."
>
> ALLAN RAMSAY.

An ignorant man's opinions are generally like the relations which we do not choose for ourselves—but have given us; the intelligent man's opinions resemble the friends we do select for ourselves and not another. And though the best men and the wisest men apparently differ so widely; in reality are they so much opposed? In the very contrariety of their opinions is there not agreement as well as difference? And as men learn more and reason more in this advancing period of the intellect in this

country, will not their agreement become greater, and their differences less? The tendency of true knowledge is to unite, and not to separate; at least men learn to regard with a better feeling than toleration those opposite opinions which ignorance beholds with hatred, and prejudice treats with persecution. All the varied motions of the heavenly bodies result from two opposing forces; and without the antagonistic powers of opinion perhaps the wide ocean of human philosophy would subside into a stagnant sea, deprived of those primitive conflicting tidal forces which first set all its waves in motion for the benefit of humanity.

SONNET.

Oh! Gentle Girl—with the glowing cheek,
The graceful form, and the gracious mind,
I'd walk the world thy love to seek,
From Friesland's snows to distant Ind;
I'd brave e'en Ætna's burning peak
When it belches hell, if I might but find
A heart like thine, or a maid like thee,
With a soul that could to mine respond—
A loving soul;—an epitome
Of all that is gracious, good, and fond.
I would resign, thy love to gain,
The wealth of worlds without a sigh;
Nor of a want or woe complain,
If in those arms I might live and die!

SONNET.

Oh! kiss me with thy presence, Maiden fairest!
And shed thy calm across my stormy sea;
Oh! come, my darling! with thy graces, dearest!
And breathe the fragrance of thy life through me.
I'm pining now to have thy softest pleasure,
Singing its music through my heart and brain;
I'm mourning now to gaze upon, my treasure,
Oh! shall I e'er see her sweet face again!
I'd fain for ever round thee, love! be sighing;
I'd fain for ever in thy sweet thoughts be!
I'd fain for ever, on thy bosom lying,
Forget myself,—remembering only thee,
Who dost so charm me with thy calm control,
Star of my heart! and angel of my soul!

SONNET TO THE ENGINEERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

We pay slow honour to the bards who breathe
Their souls into the songs that live for ever;
Unto the artists whose proud pencils wreathe
A halo round them which shall perish never;
Sculptors of iron, so would I endeavour
To pay a tribute where an offering's due,
And from the laurel tree a garland sever,
To form a wreath of poetry for you.
The polished pillars and revolving wheels
Of engines which your genius has designed,
In unity's harmonious music peals
The world-exalting power you have combined.
Oh! song's a wreath upon the temple placed,
Her Iron, Coal, the rocks whereon Great Britain's based.

THE MIDNIGHT HEAVENS.

Ye heavens majestic! whose eternal dome
Arises o'er the fleeting years of time,
Like shadows passing to the sunless tomb,
O'er which ye tower to hope's celestial clime;
Where, like you springing past destruction's night,
The aspiring soul beyond your span shall soar,
And in the glory of perfection's light,
Shall smile immortal from its deathless shore.

Within the atmosphere of Tellus' ball,
That clasps all nature in its viewless breath,
I feel an influence moving over all,
Instinct with life above the graves of death:
An influence no man can define,—an awe
Of something greater than mine eye can see,
Which clasps all life, like gravitation's law,
Doth clasp the systems of immensity.

Ye battlements of darkness! o'er whose walls,
The starry citadels of nature shine;
Vast temple of our system! past whose halls
Sublimer heavens and grander glories shine,

'Neath which thought sinks e'en as its pinions rise,
So high the height, that vain essays its wing;
E'en like the bird that sinks beneath the skies
As high above the earth its warblings ring.

Around the immensity above me cast,
The systems of creation grandly gleam;
The palaces of glory o'er the vast
Expanse of space in blazing systems beam;
Sublime as is a God's majestic dream
Of life, and thought, and everlasting peace;
Flooding all space with light's eternal stream,
Which in the eclipse of darkness shall not cease.

CHRISTIANITY.—AN ORATION.

WHAT good has christianity effected in the past? What good is it producing in the present? What influence will it exercise upon the future condition of mankind?

We cannot separate christianity from the past. Its roots strike far and deep into the years of time. It is not a product of yesterday; but a system of truth which has been growing and expanding throughout the course of man's history. 2000 years before the birth of Christ—as the life of the world-overrunning Anglo-Saxon race was once restricted to a tribe that dwelt on the confines of Germany—so the first principles of christianity existed in the Hebrew religion, which foreshadowed its approach and foretold its coming. What the acorn is to the oak that is developed from it, or the seed to the flower which is its last and fairest manifestation, the religion of the Jewish people was, and is, to that of the now civilized portion of mankind. Our civilization has grown with the development of that religion, and expanded as it has progressed. Among all the agencies by which the mind of Europe has been formed and fashioned for the last 1900 years, there is nothing which has exercised so deep, so powerful, so universal an influence as christianity has exercised upon the laws, the manners, the character, the institutions, and the tendencies of this most civilized portion of the globe. We have not only attained the highest degree of civilization ever attained by man under the reign of christianity; but that civilization has been, and is, also, the sole parent of all the progressive civilization which exists beyond our boundaries. For that progressive civilization, Europe (and Britain more than any part of it) has

been indebted to that religion which first refined its barbarism—awakened its intelligence—set up the highest and purest moral standard that ever existed among men—inspired the genius of Europe, and guided its mind to higher results and far grander promise than ever was attained by the mind of Greece or the energies of Rome. With an influence indeed, like the influence exercised by the heavenly bodies upon the waters of the ocean, christianity has first raised up and set in motion the great tide of our progress, and impelled it in that direction in which we are now moving, from the shores of the past to the brighter haven of the future. And yet it is of this religion, which has given a heart of benevolence and a conscience of equity to our civilization, which the Greek and Roman did not possess—which has created a regard for the poor and a sympathy for the oppressed which they never knew—which has been the prophet and leader of our progress, the inspiration of our poetry, and the founder of our freedom—that modern scepticism so erroneously judges as to deem a mere phantom of the past, destined to disappear before the light of the future, as ghosts and fairies have vanished before the science of the present day.

I know that it is a difficult thing, and a very difficult thing indeed, to trace effects to their true causes, through all the disturbing influences and conflicting opinions which men always contrive to cast around any subject. Yet if there be one fact more plainly written than another on the pages of the history of the last three European centuries, it is this, viz.: that the religious reformation which originated in the sixteenth century, and which broke the yoke which man, and not God, had imposed upon the human mind, was the precursor and parent of all our present civil liberty, moral energy, and mental enlightenment. That assertion of primitive christianity against corrupted christianity it was which broke down and burst open the dam in which the moral energies of Europe had been throughout the middle ages confined, and forth they rushed like a torrent, bearing the sacred ark of human progress on the current, which has expanded wider and wider as it has flowed till the light of the present dawned upon its breast and the day-star of the future shone upon its bosom. If modern scepticism could now, by its teachings (which it never will), render that religion of freedom impossible, it would only make a religion of authority, inevitable; for religion can no more be exiled from the earth than the stars can be banished from the skies. Sorry should I be to narrow my mind to a mere sectarian judgment only, or to needlessly wound the

susceptibilities of any living person. I would rather welcome a creed that would in one godlike embrace enfold all the units of humanity, than any which would exclude a single soul from the hope of salvation. But I must utter the truth as far as I know it; and I firmly believe that the truth is as I have said. The religion of the Bible is indeed the only foundation and sure corner stone on which can be established the reign of true and lasting liberty. The attempt to establish it on anything else can only result in utter and miserable failure. By the friends of freedom the Bible should be prized—not only because it contains the Gospel of Love, but also because it embodies the Magna Charta of liberty. If there be one book that pleads for the down-trodden—that speaks for the oppressed—that champions the cause of the poor, the weak, the despised, the helpless, and the sorrowful, against the proud, the wealthy, the strong, and the powerful, the Bible well deserves its name—THE BOOK—that pleads in mercy's cause for all mankind—in language worthy of the God who inspired it.

If we draw a line upon the map of the world so as to enclose within its circumference, all the christian nations of the earth, we shall find that within that line all the great ideas and modern discoveries that have enlightened society and revolutionized knowledge, have arisen. That within that line exists the fairest state of society, the most equitable laws, the most perfect freedom, the highest degree of intelligence, that man has ever yet achieved. That within that line, the noblest literature and most advanced science, which the world ever saw, have been originated; as within that line, the great principles that will guide the future, are now being born. If we look on the external side of that line, we behold nothing but mental and moral stagnation, or worse—decay; unless indeed, we may hope that we can discover some indications of a better state of things in the moral changes and agitations of some portions of the globe, which have been induced however, by the influence of ours. But generally speaking, beyond the limits of christianity, the name and nature of progress are alike unknown. The very evils which the light of our superior religion forces upon our moral vision, are concealed by the gloom of paganism, from the perception of the nations who exist beneath its sway. What light for the present? what hope for the future, can we derive from nations that lie beyond the boundaries of Christendom? Shall we seek for them among the Chinese, fettered for ages by the material philosophy and pedantic wisdom of their fathers, fixed and fossilized in the

past, and rendered incapable of growth for the future? Shall we look for them to the Hindoos, bound for untold centuries in the debasing tyranny of Caste, which has erected into an infernal system, the most odious distinctions of human pride, and rendered man's generous aspirations for a better state of things, a chimera and a dream? Shall we look for them among the Mahometans, with a religion whose better part was borrowed from the bible, and whose inferior part from the mind of Mahomet? Shall we look for them among any or all of these, or among nations still more barbarous than they, with their childish contempt for all lands but their own, and their ludicrous prohibitions against civilized man, placing his sacrilegious foot upon their benighted territories? Why! unless the moral and spiritual power of christianity can overthrow the citadels of paganism and darkness that I have mentioned, there is no hope for a better state of things for the nations which rest within their confines; and they have no moral principle of good to offer us, promotive of the present well-being or future progress of mankind. The only hope of a fairer future for humanity, rests with those nations which are most indentified and imbued with the religion of the bible.

If history tells us anything, it tells us that by the influence of christianity was first mitigated the fearful horrors of pagan warfare. Though cruel princes, and but too much warfare exist in Europe, neither pourtray themselves in anything like such hideous characters, as the wars of pagan lands, and the crimes of heathen kings. The fact of the most advanced exponents of christianity endeavouring at the present day to suppress war altogether, in spite of the sneers of an uncanting practical world, which will insist upon the reasonableness of men butchering each other, and which treats the apostles of peace, as mere fools and fanatics, is a fact which at least proves, that christianity is utterly opposed to war. That religion which is the most consistent enemy of black slavery in the new world, was the very power which has abolished white slavery in the old. Do we require a contemporary fact confirmatory of this assertion? Here is one. The great ideas which inspired, and are now directing the emancipation of the Russian serfs, are emphatically the noble ideas so grandly expressed by Mouravieff, the Russian Havelock!—as the great ideas which caused the abolition of Negro slavery throughout the British empire, were the christian ideas of Clarkson and Wilberforce! In short, if it were necessary to enter so far into detail, it would be easy to demonstrate, from the broad page of history, this truth,—that for all the generous ideas, ele-

vating principles, and great moral changes, promotive of the progress and well-being of man, which have transpired in Europe, for nearly 2000 years, the direct or indirect influence of christianity is at the bottom of all. Christianity it was which gave the first mighty impulse, which has brought the present civilized nations of the earth through the tempests of time, and the storms of barbarism, to the point which they have attained. Christianity it was that imparted the mighty impulse to the life of Britain, which, like the tidal wave has overspread the ocean, to clasp at last in its expansive arms a world of reason, philosophy, and freedom!

Christianty first taught the truth, which by the poor, that is the mass of mankind, ought to be prized beyond most others, viz., the inestimable value of man as man; that the being of one man outweighed a material world; that the existence of the individual was so precious that there was nothing for which it could possibly be exchanged. How different such an estimate of the value of the existence of the poorest and most ignorant man to the estimate of the philosophers of the past or the sages of the present. Ah! we should have no flogging of men, no scoffing at men, no wounding either the minds or bodies of men, no desecration or degradation of man or woman either, if we were imbued with the pure and beneficent spirit of christianity. In repudiating christianity, the poor man repudiates his kindest friend, his sincerest champion; his boldest, best, and wisest advocate. Only through the influence of christianity can be developed a higher sense of justice, a broader conception of freedom, a more generous sense of kindness for the future, than ever has existed in the past. Christianity first taught mankind that all men are equal in the sight of God, and that the poor offering of the widow's mite was sometimes a nobler offering in His sight than the ostentatious contributions of the wealthy. Christianity first taught the brotherhood of man, that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, that we are all children of one Great Father, and that men should live together like brethren. "Ye know," says our Saviour, "that they which are accounted to rule over the pagans exercise lordship over them, and their great ones exercise authority upon them; but so it shall not be among christians. Whoever would be the greatest of all must be the servant of all." And this, if we rightly consider the matter, is the only power we should aim at acquiring, since such a power must always expand and can never corrupt man's nature. The man who labours hardest with a pure and disinterested love to serve his fellows is

in reality the greatest amongst them. The state of kings and the robes of princes are mere tinsel and frippery to the moral grandeur of the virtue which invests his being. Christianity commands us to love our fellow man as much as ourself. It bids us "Love our enemies, to bless them that curse us, to do good to them which hate us, and to pray for them that despitefully use us, and persecute us." It tells us that as we forgive men the wrongs which they have inflicted upon us, so shall we be forgiven the errors that we ourselves have committed. It bids us take heed how we judge, lest we should be executed by our own judgment. It says, "Let him only who is without sin throw the first stone at an erring fellow creature." It commands us to "Do unto others as we desire others may deal by us." It says, "Be not overcome of evil; but overcome evil with good." It exclaims with its Founder, when being martyred by cruel and remorseless enemies, "Father! forgive them; for they know not what they do." Christianity commands us "To try all things; to prove them, and hold fast that which is good." It teaches men to be kind, pitiful, and courteous to each other. It commands the strong not to trample on, but to bear the burdens of, the weak. It says, "Bless them which persecute you: bless and curse not." It says, "Be not wise in your own conceits—recompense to no man evil for evil." If it be possible, as much as lieth in us, it commands us to live peaceably with all men." It says, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him: if he thirst, give him drink." It says that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty: and base things of the world, and things that are despised, hath God chosen to bring to nought the things that are." How true this is, the whole course of history proves. Our greatest moral changes and mightiest revolutions have been originated—not by the grandees of the earth—but by men unknown to fame. Poor and obscure men originate the great movements of society, while the worldly wise and great sneer and look on. Genius does not descend from the highest ranks to illuminate the lowest; but it arises from the lowest to enlighten the greatest. While all the conventional great authorities are demonstrating beyond all question, that it is impossible to cross the Atlantic by steam, somebody takes a vessel across the Atlantic by steam, and compels all the philosophers (who can't very well deny the fact) to turn round and vow that their data was wrong, but not their judgment. Christianity informs us that there are two men in every man, one of whom invariably

predominates over the other: there is the animal-man, that connects man with the animal kingdom; and there is the spiritual man, who allies him to the gods. There is the internal nature, and there is the external nature; and the existence of the majority of men is so confined to their external nature, as to cause them to lose all perception of their truer and nobler self. It is mainly because the being of man becomes so absorbed in his external nature, that so much moral evil, war, sin, and suffering exist in the world. In proportion as the individual rises from his lower external animal nature into his higher spiritual being, he becomes at peace with himself and in harmony with all things: and where to the outside vision of his animal nature, creation appeared a chaos without a plan; to the insight of his spiritual discernment, even calamity becomes a blessing, and destruction itself the pathway to harmony without an end. It is to enable man to find this nobler self, and transform him from an animal being into a godlike one, which is the main mission of christianity. Christianity says that the life which becomes inspired with the spirit of its truth will be a life of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—everything which is morally good and nothing which is morally evil; and I believe the true christian life is such a life exactly. The true christian spirit alone can convert evil into good—suffering into discipline, war into peace, and sorrow into joy. Christianity says, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath; for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." It says, "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from christians, with all malice." It prohibits all war, under any circumstances whatever. It commands men to "Abstain from the very appearance of evil." It bids us speak evil of no man; but to do all the good that we are able to every man. It says "That God wishes that all men should be saved; and that not one should perish." It tells us "That even the very hairs of our head are all numbered." It meets that deep-hidden want of the human heart, of forgiveness for the errors that man has committed. It absolves him from the offences from which he cannot absolve himself—though he vainly tries, by the vain torments which he inflicts upon himself, misled by fear and superstition. Christianity offers to man the only means of purification from the stains of the soul; which man perceives and mourns over, but cannot wipe away. Christianity says, "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance." Christianity is the only

religion which teaches us that God is love, that He is our Father in heaven. It teaches us that to love man is to fulfil the perfect law of Christ. It says, If we hate any man whom we have seen, we cannot love God whom we have not seen; that by our love to man will be judged our love to God. It says that the greatest of all virtues—the christian virtue pre-eminently—is charity or love. No matter what the science or philosophy of the future may discover, they can never discover truths more godlike than the truths which I have enumerated; and however happy a state of things the latter generations of the earth may ultimately realize, they cannot realize a happier condition of humanity than we could realize to-day—simply by living in the strictest conformity to the christian law of charity or love.

Whence proceeds the vast amount of moral evil existing on the earth? Has the christian precept to live at peace with all men produced so much war among them? Is it through the christian command, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," being so well obeyed that there exists so much injustice amongst men? Is it through christianity commanding men to love their fellow man as themselves, that so much wrong, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness exist among mankind? Has christianity, whose every precept says Do good unto all men and wrong to none, originated any of the oppressions——evils—cruelties—which benefit no man and injure all? Why it would be a libel on christianity to affirm that it has caused any of the moral evil of the world,—since it has ever caused, and is only capable of causing nothing but moral good.

I have not space, or I would give you a short summary of the lives of some real christians. Christians whose practice has approximated nearest to the principles of christianity; since none but Christ ever realized them. I would show you how they have visited the sick, that not even their own friends regarded. How they have remembered the prisoner whom every one else had forgotten. How they have taught the ignorant, whom every one else has contemned. How they have nursed the leper, whom no one else dared to touch. How they have raised the fallen, that every one else despised. How they have soothed the insane, from whom humanity had fled. How they have suffered and died for men and nations, who, in return, have taken care to forget even the names of their greatest benefactors. How they have had pity on those to whom none else showed mercy. How they have sacrificed their ease, their wealth, their pleasures, their health, their lives, their all, to bless society and to enlighten lands that without the

spirit that animated their endeavours, would be this hour but like a rotten carcase that would have perished of its own hideous corruptions. But I have not time or space either.

Christianity takes to its arms and soothes the breaking heart of the poor outcast, spurned from the Gates of Mercy by the immaculate people of this world who never have done wrong and who never will. It pardons what the wisdom of this world cannot either forget or forgive: the fall of woman from virtue, and the worst offences of man against society. It takes to the mercy of God the erring soul, when it truly repents, and sends it forth again upon the path of life—in the majesty of regenerated nature, purified from the stains of its errors, with the scars even of its moral wounds obliterated, with the light of God's peace in its heart, and the shield of His power around its being—as pure as man first trod the earth smiling from the Hand of the Eternal. And as christianity is the only thing that can regenerate the individual, so it is the only power that can reform the nations, and renew the moral face of the world. How often when the vexed waves of human uproar are roaring without us, what untroubled tranquillity is religion breathing within, and how sweetly across the stormy injustice of this world does it breathe the organ-utterance of that better land, "Where the wicked shall cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." We may imagine to-day how very happy the practice of a brighter era will render man in that untroubled, uncompetitive age which unfortunately is so long in coming, that I fear most of us will have departed before it makes its appearance, if, indeed, it ever do arrive. But it is known to many how very happy, in the highest sense of the term, religion is able to render man, even in this present perverse, unjust, and stormy age of man! and shall we think or speak irreverently of that religion which, like the breath of God, has blown and is now blowing over the moral atmosphere of the world, breathing the sublimest spirit into men that they are capable of either knowing or manifesting?

I know that most creeds are capable of exciting fanaticism, and that we can find martyrs ready to die for any: yet above all that false fanaticism, exists the true religion which, by an attraction more sweet and powerful, than that by which affection unites the heart to its dearest earthly object, alone is able to exalt man to his true moral position in the universal scheme of things. For inferior religions, brave men may be ready to die, but only under the reign of a religion of love, equality, and freedom, would the wise man pray to live. The principles of revealed religion, are not

opposed to the principles of science, philosophy, intelligence, or progression. On the contrary, its nature is so identified with these things, that they cannot attain their highest degree of perfection, apart from it. In vain may the form of justice exist in our laws; unless the spirit of justice exist in our hearts, justice will not exist among men. In vain shall we teach the most perfect theories of good to men, unless their souls be inspired with the god-like spirit that alone can realize them. Is it for want of knowledge of what is right and just, through ignorance of social science, in fact, that so many evils exist in our present state of society, and that Princes without humanity, and Emperors without conscience, devastate the world with the wars of their ambition? Has it been through want of intelligence, that our political economists have written of men, as if each individual were a cipher of labour, to be added to, substracted from, or divided at the pleasure of capital? No! it is not, and has not been, that the intellect of man, either is, or has been so ignorant of what is true and just, and good, and kind; but, because our anti-christian selfishness has deemed that self-denial too hard to practise, which christianity teaches more emphatically than anything else that I know. And it is only by the beneficent influence with which religion has modified the anti-christian natural barbarity of men, which has enabled the intelligence of nations to be developed to their present high state of refinement. Only beneath the genial rays and kindly atmosphere of the religion of love and liberty, could human intelligence have expanded to its present state, and arisen (despite the war-clouds of to-day,) to the hopes of its future promise. The harsh atmosphere of any pagan creed, as we may see by the past and present history of the societies which have been formed beneath their sway, would have distorted and paralyzed the growth of all our science, literature, and philosophy. And be sure, if the intelligence of nations can only be developed, to its highest state, in the atmosphere of a religion of mercy, equality, and freedom, neither can your individual intellect, nor mine, be developed to the highest point which they are capable of attaining, without any religion at all. The mental and moral life of nations past and present, founded on religions inferior to christianity, have attained a certain point of civilization, and then ossified,—perished, or fallen into decay. But the civilization of nations inspired with the spirit of christianity, so long as they remain anything like true to its principles, contains within itself the germs of unending progress and indestructible vitality. Such nations may retrograde for a time, but

there remains always within their bosom the hope of regeneration and renewed existence, so long as there lingers within their confines, one ray of that religion which cannot die!

Christianity is not opposed to any science, or any philosophy by which men can be rendered wiser, better, happier; on the contrary, the teaching of such science and such philosophy, best harmonises with the precepts of that religion which, enjoins us "To do nothing but what is for the good of man, and prohibits nothing but what is injurious to his nature." Beyond the boundaries of Christendom; science, philosophy, and literature have no existence, except like that of the fossil animals at Sydenham, whose forms remain to the world, but whose life has departed for ever from it. It is only within the boundaries of Christendom that science, philosophy, and literature flourish and expand in vigorous and indestructible vitality; and whilst it is true that christianity fosters the growth and expansion of human intelligence, and the development and dissemination of all true science, it is equally true, that by no science possible to man, by no combination of all the sciences that he does know, or ever can discover, can man be made the being he ought to be, without religion!

But what I have advanced may be objected to in some such form as this:—"You assert," says an objector, "that christianity has produced all the good that you have mentioned." If christianity, then, has had, and is exercising such beneficial influence upon the destinies of man, how it that christianity has caused the wars and persecutions which history records, and which have been so impressed upon the memory of mankind, that it is needless to enumerate them? Then there is the opposition which even in our own day, as well as other times, christianity has offered to the march of science, &c. In the first place, christianity is a growing light, as an eloquent writer truly observes. Mankind have had to learn the truth which enlightens and saves, by slow and painful steps, as they have advanced from the beginning of modern morality and modern intelligence, towards the end of both. Your objection implies—that they ought to have arrived at the end of truth, as soon as they started from the beginning. But in what science, or in what philosophy have men arrived at the terminus as soon as they have started from the station? They have not done this in any finite branch of truth;—and yet, in God's infinite truth you think they ought to have accomplished what they have not been able to attain in any finite branch of human knowledge. In the next place, we

must beware of mistaking things which have been done in direct contravention and defiance of both the letter and spirit of christianity, for true christian action. No matter though they have been done in its name—if they are repudiated by its nature, it is a libel on christianity to identify it with acts that are abhorrent to its principles. Is it just to make any principle or party responsible for what its most ignorant, cruel, depraved, or foolish disciples have done? if so, all causes and all parties, your own included, are alike odious and alike detestable. Would it be just, in any chapel or church, in any nation—to make the christians in practice responsible for all that they may commit who are christians only in profession? I ask, then, who have been the true exponents of christianity in the sight of Christ,—The peace-breakers or the peace-makers.—The persecutors or the persecuted? You may talk about the evils which christianity has caused—but I affirm that where moral evil is, there christianity is not, and never will be—unless to remove it. And amidst all the moral evil which it is asserted that christianity has entailed upon the world, when I am shown pseudo-christians on the side of moral wrong, I am prepared to show from the broad page of impartial history—christians indeed, always and invariably on the side of moral right. But we must make some allowance for the times in which men live, for the circumstances in which they are placed, for the imperfections of human nature, and the discrepancy which experience teaches us that there is, betwixt the ideal standard of excellence and the real standard of practice, which human weakness alone permits men to realize. It is not a new religion that the world requires, but only a better practice of the old.

The enormities to which I have referred, were as opposed to the spirit of christianity, as the persecutions which the pagan emperors inflicted upon the first martyrs of the faith. We may give to men all the material comforts of life; we may place them in a condition where they cannot know want; and yet, if we do not give them something more than material comforts, or knowledge for the intellect only, or than even the happiness resulting from all the tender endearments of human affection; if we could withhold from them religion, in short, we should withhold from them what can alone develope their highest nature to its noblest stature and greatest expansion, and afford the fullest scope and worthiest objects to man's sublimest aspirations. We should lower and darken the very heavens themselves, if we could take from man that religion which forms the pathway from this

poor rock of life, to that infinity which alone gives a field worthy of them—to all the unuttered powers of man's unmeasured nature. The eagle could not take so high and sublime a flight if there were no sun to arrest his gaze, and neither could the human mind have elevated itself to the heights which it has attained through all the storms of sin and time, if there had been no God to have trusted in, no heaven to have hoped for, and no religion to have believed. The grace, the glory, and the grandeur of life would depart, if religion could be banished from the world. Our anchorage amid the storms of life would be lost, as well as our star and compass in the calm.

The highest eloquence, in kind and degree, is the result of religious inspiration. Without religion, no art could exist worthy of the name. The sublimest poetry of earth has been inspired by the very spirit of God himself. And on the face and form of the finest painting, music, and architecture in the world, the spirit of revealed religion is reflected as plainly, heard as plainly, and beheld as clearly, as the smile of the sun on the moon, the sound of the human voice in the echo that repeats it, and the design of a family seal on the wax which bears its impression. We could form a more perfect, and practical, and enduring system of philosophy, by granting the existence of God, and ignoring the existence of nature; than by granting the existence of nature, and ignoring that existence, which in fact, is the only existence which exists!

To ignore the great truths of religion, is to ignore the greatest influences which can act upon our nature; and the best and noblest pages of its history. What is man better than the dust on which he treads, if this moment of time, this atom of space, this troubled, feverish, clouded, care-worn being is our all? We should lower the moral standard of this world to the dust, if we could take away from man the belief in a better, as we should have shortened, by one half, the long-daring line of human enterprise, if we could have taken from the old world, the glorious new world to which it aspired, of which it dreamed, for which it thought and toiled, and which, at last, it found. The long-suffering, much-wronged spirits of this world, may lie down by despairing millions in the dust with their oppressors, if the most wretched and heartless justice of man alone, is the only justice they must ever hope to see; that justice whose judgments demonstrate every day and every hour, that men are as unable to enter into the experience, or to realize a position different from their own, as they are to enter the planet Jupiter! But, by the

sense of justice, which the Creator of justice has implanted in our being, I believe in a justice of which man's best is but a mockery. I believe in the justice of a God whose judgments shall shame mankind's. It is the greatest of all mistakes, in the construction of any system of philosophy to ignore that greatest truth, of which all others are but the reflection!

By the influence of christianity have the most advanced nations of the earth arrived at their present stage of progress; and could they now cast aside, in the calm of civilization, the truths which have brought them through the storms of barbarism, they must cast away with them the moral energies those truths have imparted, and the mental achievements, freedom and enlightenment, those principles have enabled them to win. In Britain, more than any other nation, is this the case. Our laws have become less rigorous, our manners more humane, our institutions more equitable, our ideas and state of society more just, tolerant, and refined, under the influence of the purest form of christianity. That religion has fostered the free thought, whence has resulted the freest speech and action of any people that ever existed,—which have made us the greatest nation of the old world, and the parent of all the nations in the new. Beneath the influence of that religion has been produced a condition of things, under which thought has investigated with the fullest freedom, and spoken with unfettered liberty; and if our christianity has not invented the steam engine, or electric telegraph, as I have heard some one ask the question, yet by the tranquillity, the order, and the security that it has engendered, it has produced a state of society more favorable to the march of intelligence, invention, and improvement, than any condition of any society which ever existed before. Could we substract from our history the civilizing influences which christianity has exercised upon our national existence, character, and development, as a people, it is certain that in that case, we should leave behind only such a state of society, that would scarcely have permitted us as a people, to have arrived at such inventions, assuredly not to have given them the high development which we have done at all. Beneath the fostering influence of that religion we have been enabled to organize a society—to originate a practical philosophy—to create a science—to speak a literature—to build up an empire whose sublime achievements, in all the great unbloody fields of human thought and enterprise, far transcend the grovelling flight of Greek, of Roman, and Phœnician fame! and with regard to the preventible evils which exist among us, be

sure that christianity does not desire their retainment, but their speediest possible removal. Oh! we cannot calculate the amount of evil which christianity has prevented, the wrongs which it has forgiven, the good that it has inspired; the poor, imperfect history of mankind related by man, cannot disclose it, for the history of the human heart recorded by heaven, can alone reveal it. Shall we then speak inimically of that religion which alone has inspired the brightest and noblest pages of man's history? Shall we turn contemptuously from that religion which now shines like a ray of light from the Infinite, illuminating the immense horizon of the human mind, by the electric flash which emanates from an invisible, and reveals a superior power,—intensifying all the springs of man's moral energies, vivifying and developing the great ideas of human intelligence, and ennobling man's moral feelings by something higher than all!

What the heavens are to the earth, religion is to the soul of man. It spreads a sublimity around our being, beneath whose unbreathed grandeur the things of earth and time shrink to their true proportions. It opens for the mind far beyond the narrow confines of this visible diurnal sphere, the unbounded prospect which can alone satisfy the longings of its immortal nature. It is the vista along which we gaze, beyond the clouds and darkness which gather round this stormy shore, to that infinity which sorrow cannot dim, to that eternity where only good can be. And as we cast our eyes to the earth where we are now walking beside the broad-flowing river of our civilization, expanding wider and wider as it flows through the vast plains of our liberty; we pause a moment to look around us and say, as the cloudless noon of nature brightens round the stream of time; whence cometh this mighty river, with all the multitude of its sunlit dancing waves? From the far-distant hills that we behold round the blue horizon? Many make that mistake, and think so. But it is not from the bosom of those ancient hills alone, that the bounding current of our civilization first proceeded, but from the everlasting heavens which embrace the earth with their eternal arms, that the fair and onward rushing river of man's progression originally came.

Perhaps it may be thought that I have advanced something to substantiate the proposition, that christianity far more than anything else with which we are acquainted, has been, and is most promotive of the moral well-being of mankind But I have only very imperfectly and very superficially skimmed the surface of my subject, and have not advanced one hundredth part

of what I could advance in support of my theme; and whatever I could state, would constitute a very slight and shallow portion of what could be better stated, by men more competent than myself, to commend the principles of our religion, to the most serious attention of men. In fact, I have most inadequately, only stated a fraction of a fraction of the good which christianity has effected in the past, of the good it is producing in the present, or the good that it will effect for man in the future; and after all, any mere controversial statement of the good of christianity, is nothing to the eloquence of a life which is the expression of its truths, and of a character which is the expositor of its principles!

KIRKE WHITE.

Oh! long as Trent shall roll o'er Mercia's plains,
Thy gracious memory, White, shall haunt the shore
Beside whose stream thou breath'd thy sweetest strains,
Which, like its waves, shall sing for evermore,
To aftertimes, who will thy fate deplore,
Who wert from earth so early called away,
In all the beauty of thy youth, before
Its brilliant dawn had brightened into day.

For thou wert gifted with as noble mind
As ever did inspire a mortal frame;
Of as superior and exalted kind
As e'er shall shine among the sons of fame:
And ah! too soon did death untimely claim
Thy spirit, ere it had attained the power,
Which would have placed thy neverdying name,
Among the first that o'er destruction tower.

Yet o'er the Grove, which stands on Clifton-steeps,
Thy memory like a star of heaven doth shine,
With pure and pensive ray upon the deeps,
O'er which the branches of thy bower entwine;
And when to dust its grandeur shall decline,
It still unfading on thy page shall bloom:
And but the glory of its life resign,
When thine shall sink into oblivion's tomb.

And, oh! the hope of virtue lights the grave,
Within whose quiet arms thine ashes rest;

And all the promise which thy virtues gave,
Says "they die early whom the gods love best;"
Above the form which sleeps on earth's cold breast,
The spirit lives beyond the reach of time;
That left for ever on the earth impress'd,
The pure reflection of its heavenly clime.

COLONEL HUTCHINSON.

Thou greatest worthy of the immortal band,
That round the pantheon of our city shine;
The name of Hutchinson shall ever stand,
Among the foremost of Brittania's line
Of patriots and of statesmen; truth did twine
The evergreens of virtue round thy grave;
And time, with matchless Lucy, doth combine,
To honour aye the wise, and good, and brave;
Who fought for freedom, with no motive save
The life and liberty of England's laws;
And perished in a prison's narrow cave,
The honest martyr of a righteous cause—
Whose last breath—"'tis as I would have it," cried,
And "'tis where I would have it,' as he died!

WALTER CLEVELAND.—A TALE.

Walter Cleveland was the only son of a gentleman, of good family but greatly reduced fortune, which had been long settled in one of the northern counties. The ancient mansion, where he resided with his mother, (for his father had died some time before the commencement of our story) was a commodious though time-worn residence, standing upon an eminence which commanded extensive views through the vistas of the woods, which on all sides surrounded its ancient and secluded grounds. Within about a mile-and-a-half of Cleveland House, arose the plain brick but handsome walls of a baronet's abode; and about the same distance in the opposite direction, the village and gray old church tower of Sylvandale arose, above the ancient and venerable woods which stretched far along the scene. In such a quiet spot, enriched with all the associations of his life, the existence of Walter Cleveland glided tranquilly and happily away. He had only known one great trouble, entailed upon him by the sudden and unexpected demise of his father; but time had gradually

softened down what was at first a great affliction into a subdued and chastened sorrow. At the period when this story commences, his life had resumed the calm and even tenor of its way. His was a nature more adapted for a contemplative than an active life; and, accordingly, while never unmindful of the duties of his station, he contrived to pass the greater part of his leisure time in an extensive library and observatory; devoting every spare hour to books, study, and astronomy, of which he was passionately fond, and to whose scientific records he contributed annually some valuable facts, the result of his unflagging observations and untiring research. The ancient and extensive woods around Cleveland House assumed the rich foliage of summer, faded into the gold of autumn, and cast their withered leaves on winter's ground, only to find Walter Cleveland still pursuing the same unchanging course of reading and reflection. The orbs of night, sparkling in the skies and reflected in the streams, only returned to behold him each evening watching their spheres of glory, and recording their march upon their everlasting way. But this even, unvarying course of life could not, in the nature of things, last for ever; and, accordingly, Walter Cleveland ultimately found it so. In one of his pensive walks through the adjacent woods, in company with his only surviving parent, they had unexpectedly encountered an old and intimate friend of his mother's, who, after many years residence in the south, had, in consequence of the death of his wife, returned to settle upon a small estate in his former neighbourhood. Mr. Vernon (Mrs. Cleveland's former friend) brought along with him an only daughter, the charms of whose person, and the fascinations of whose character, at first sight excited such emotions in the bosom of the sedentary, yet ardent student, as all his books put together could not allay.

Gertrude Vernon—with whom Walter Cleveland had become so suddenly and desperately enamoured—was the only surviving child of her father, and was in truth as goodly and gracious a creature as ever adorned the desert of this material world. Graced with the most fascinating beauty of face, and elegance of form, she was gifted with a mind and disposition of no common order. Her conventional accomplishments were not great; but she possessed a heart enriched with every generous feeling, and a soul endowed with all the virtues that can grace a woman. With a disposition of the most feminine softness, and a sweetness of demeanour irresistibly attractive, she possessed withal a quiet energy of character which many a man might have envied; and possessing great sensibility, and a quick and lively imagination,

she never permitted either to run away with her more sober reason—but kept them in strict subordination to her good sense, which seldom erred in its estimate of either things or persons. Such was the fair and gifted being to whose uncommon fascinations the soul of Walter Cleveland had at first sight bowed, in silent adoration. Reading lost its charms: his studies ceased to be attractive to him. He became suddenly, but intensely conscious, how barren was all that science could impart—how cheerless all which wisdom could bestow, apart from the ineffable sunshine of delight—the glory of that happiness with which virtuous affection can alone invest and crown man's human soul. Though of retiring and reserved character, yet behind an undemonstrative and calm demeanour there dwelt a soul as fiery and as fervid as ever inhabited a human frame. He soon became a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Vernon; by whom, and his fair daughter, he was ever most cordially welcomed and received.—He fell into the daily habit of wandering for hours together amid the woods which surrounded their secluded green domain. And whilst the withered leaves of autumn were falling thickly around the pale student's lonely way, his secret soul became supremely conscious that without the heavenly smile of Gertrude Vernon to charm and gladden all his coming years, his future life would resemble a winter-stripped tree—standing naked on the wild of nature, exposed to all the unkindly blasts of heaven, and deprived of the hope of ever blossoming again.

CHAPTER II.

Frank Waldron, the youngest son of a neighbouring gentleman, was the only individual in the vicinity, with the exception of Mr. Vernon and his daughter, with whom Walter Cleveland had ever much associated. A fine fellow was Frank—just the type of what Young England should be in these dangerous times; more adapted for a life of stirring action, than of sedentary contemplation—for a doer than a dreamer, he possessed a buoyant, bold, and enterprising nature; with a fund of native humour, which often elicited a smile from his sedater friend. Frank was being educated for the profession of a surgeon; meantime he was a frequent visitor at Cleveland House. He delighted in occasionally assuming a serio-comic tone, and speaking in a satirical style of language, which not unfrequently mystified many people in regard to his real nature, which, at the bottom, was as opposed to this sarcastic style as could well be imagined. He and Cleve-

land seldom met without a tilt of wit; for though Frank could not impose on the latter, who knew that beneath his pretended cynicism, there was a remarkably capital fellow; yet he sometimes chimed in with his humour, and replying in the same strain, as Frank, in a similar spirit of opposition, contrived to draw him out and make him exhibit his paces, for his own edification and the occasional mystification of others. Many fine gentlemen are made so more by their tailor and conventional position than by anything else; but Frank came into the world a gentleman ready made. He had soon perceived the change in his friend's demeanour, and had not been slow in detecting the cause of it. The following dialogue, however, will introduce him, in one of his humoursome phases, to the reader, better than any more formal description.*

"Well, Frank, what has been the current topic of the village lately?" exclaimed Walter Cleveland one evening, as Frank Waldron entered the library, where he found his friend seated in an arm chair, before a particularly cozy and comfortable-looking fire.

"Oh! confound it," replied Frank, seating himself carelessly opposite his friend, while a gay smile played across his handsome and animated countenance, "I'm quite tired of hearing the tittle tattle of people, who are continually mistaking the evil behind their eyes for evil before them."

"Why, Frank!" exclaimed Walter, "I think that is a capital definition of detraction in general!"

"Oh! bless the unsophisticated souls who delight in it, (present company, of course, ever excepted,) the only mercy which such people can show to those who need it, is the greatest pain which they can inflict upon them. Talk about the force of reason! wouldn't I show some folks the reason of force, if wisdom might rule the world for a fortnight!"

"What, retort evil with evil?" said Walter, "No! it is better to forgive a thousand wrongs, than to revenge one; and our motto ought always to be—never to forget to return a kindness, and never remember to revenge an injury."

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* I have borrowed from two brief paragraphs of aphorisms one or two of the sayings in this dialogue. They appeared in a local periodical which was published some ten or twelve years ago; and I just make a note of the circumstance, as some of them may possibly have appeared in other quarters—and if I were to omit stating the fact, I might be liable to a charge of plagiarizing from others without acknowledgement—when I've merely borrowed from myself.

"Aye! aye!" rejoined Frank, "I dare say; you're a man of science, you know,—and a bit of a poet too, sometimes, I'm told: and what the deuce is the destiny of the poet—but first to suffer and to think, and next to speak and to suffer. Jack Steele, in his Essay on Everything in General and Nothing in Particular, defines poets to be 'fellows who write poetry because they can't write prose; and who are fond of indulging in rhyme because rather chary of indulging in reason.' Oh! who'd be a writer, when an actor gets more sovereigns for reading a play than ever its poor devil of an author got shillings by writing it. Then it's charming, is it not, to have to be judged by the Grandee critics, who are always looking behind them, and never before; and be criticized by all the little ones, who can only see faults—Why! I'd as soon be an agricultural labourer, compared with whom, an Italian dancer obtains more money by twisting about her toes for a night, than honest Hodge can earn by straining all his muscles for a twelve-month!"

Walter, laughing heartily: "Why, Frank! you're quite in great force this evening; surely you have, yourself, been just scarified by some of the good people of whom you have just spoken, after making an unsuccessful attempt in the line you have mentioned, or been feed on a homœpathic scale, which, I can readily imagine, is much less pleasant than to be physiced on one."

"I've just had a set-to with old Nollekins," replied Frank, "the pious wholesale humbug. We've been disputing together about Old Times *versus* New Ones: I told him that the party who fought the best in the most barbarous times would think most wisely in the most enlightened; that the prudence on which he piques himself so much, was the least virtue of great minds, and the only virtue of little ones; that modern philanthropy was altogether a delusion, merely a fellow making the multitude believe that he was doing that for their benefit which he was only doing for his own."

"I cannot receive that as gospel, old fellow!" rejoined Walter, "though I am aware that the best men frequently have such imputations cast upon them—for there is only one thing more difficult in this world than doing good, and that is doing evil."

"I believe you, my boy," replied Frank, "but then you must remember that I was addressing a stunning old sinner, who goes about the country, taking as his text, everywhere 'make your diet your physic;' by the powers, wouldn't I physic his diet for him, if my capacity were equal to my inclination."

"Not you Frank," returned Walter, "you would do nothing

of the kind; you couldn't find in your heart to injure any one—you may appear a very tomahawk with your tongue, but you know you are a very simple, soft-hearted sort of fellow in your practice."

"Wouldn't I, though," returned Frank, "if I had it in my power; why old Nollekins is a regular perambulating beautitude of instinctive conceit and unconscious ignorance, written on foolscap, and bound in calf, who assumes all the airs of a man of the purest blood, whose principal boast is being descended from ancestors who most of them deserved the gibbet and many of whom got it. 'Its a wise child,' he sneered to me the other day, 'that knows his own father,' speaking in reference to a divorce case reported in one of last week's *Times*. 'Very likely, Mr. Nollekins,' I replied, 'but he would be a confoundedly foolish progenitor who could not recognize his own offspring.'"

"There is something rather harsh and repellent about that man's character," said Walter, musingly.

"Who! he?" exclaimed Frank—"the ancient extortioner! why his life's been one long definition of wisdom, which it has defined to be—the art of taking care of No. 1, and the science of forgetting to care for No. 2, except to suggest fasting when they want food, and to recommend parsimony when they need pudding."

"I'm afraid, Frank!" replied Walter, "that there are many more beside him, whose lives are giving the same precise definition—for I fear it is a sad selfish world of ours, after all."

"The world would be well enough," rejoined Frank, "if it were not for the people who inhabit it, among whom there are so many folks whose principal pleasure consists in destroying other people's."

"Then there are the foolish folks; eh! Frank," said Walter.

"Oh! yes, plenty of them," returned Frank, "in a planet where it is easier to make 99 men laugh foolishly than one think sensibly on any subject. My cynical friend, Weazel Verjuice, Esq., in his Summary of the Present State of the Solar System, defines this world, in particular, as the queerest little planet in the universe—where the fools have always been in the majority, and where, it is to be feared, they will always remain so."

"You're as caustic as a blister, this evening, Frank," said Walter, "and you talk like a man who has just ordered a wrong prescription or taken one; but never mind, Frank, your profession has this advantage over that of literary men—that whereas theirs' are put in type, for all men's eyes to see, your's are finally hidden where no mortal vision can behold them; but, come, now

you have gratified your pugnacious propensities, by the present passage of arms: we'll have a cup of coffee, a quiet chat, and a cigar together, and bury all unkindly feelings in a cloud of incomparable tobacco."

CHAPTER III.

THE setting sun was flinging his expiring rays over the romantic and far-spreading landscape, as Walter Cleveland sate, one beautiful evening, in the drawing room at Vernon House, conversing with Gertrude Vernon. Mr. Vernon had been suddenly summoned away that afternoon, to the residence of a friend at a considerable distance, and was not expected to return home for several weeks. Walter and Gertrude had been conversing in a very lively manner for some time; but their conversation gradually subsided into silence, and they sate without uttering a syllable, gazing upon the sublime panorama of the grand western heavens, shining far away, and spreading over the fading woods, fair green fields, silent streams, and far-off purple hills: an immense horizon of crimson, slowly changing into gold.

An indescribable emotion thrilled through both their bosoms, as they sate there so silently: pure, tender, and lovely, as the holy light, which spread its solemn glory over earth and skies. They both felt secretly drawn to each other by the moral affinity which is to souls what attraction is to worlds. There sate Gertrude, arrayed in a robe of muslin, whose spotless white her fairer neck outvied; in all the radiant spring-tide of her rare and exquisite beauty. Her rich blue eyes, beaming beneath her beautiful brow, imparted to her fair and gracious aspect the sedate and pensive expression of her soul—while the last rays of the setting sun, bursting through the casement near to which she was seated, lingered amid her beautiful auburn tresses, converting them to threads of gold. Walter sate opposite to her, alternately glancing at her fair, young aspect, and at the glorious heaven that shone far away. Thus they sate for some time, as if under the dominion of a spell; when, suddenly rising from his seat, like a man starting from a reverie, Walter approached the open piano, and after tastefully preluding on its chords for some time, began playing a sweet and simple air, to which he sang, in rich, deep, tender tones,—

Oh! Maiden fairest! canst thou smile
Upon the heart that sighs for thee,
And with the love my life beguile,
Without which all is dark to me?

Oh! canst thou that affection give
Which falls like dew upon the flower
To bid its drooping nature live
And flourish through life's wintry hour.

For there's a pathos at my heart
Which doth for thy sweet beauty pine;
And fain would to thy breast impart,
The love which thou dost wake in mine;
For I could all the wealth resign
Of all the world, fair girl, for thee!
If, as my life doth turn to thine,
Thy life, dear love! might turn to me.

"I never heard that song before," exclaimed Gertrude, as the last tones of its music died away; "pray who is the author of it?"

"Gertrude! replied Walter, approaching the settee on which her beautiful form was reclining, "the song which I have just sung is addressed to her, and her alone, whom I wish to make my wife. Oh! Gertrude!" he continued, turning to her a face glowing with emotion, and speaking in impassioned accents, "how much I love you thought cannot utter, or language sigh!"

A vivid blush overspread the fair, young face of Gertrude, as she heard Walter breathe his ardent declaration, flushing and fading from her features, like the rosy gleam of morn undulating along the sky, while she exclaimed, in most musical though faltering tones, "'Tis sweet to be loved by those we do not hate!"

"Delight of my heart! sun of my being!" exclaimed Walter, "whose presence fills this apartment with the light of happiness, whose voice breathes into it the very music of pleasure, how have I longed to possess thy rich affection! how often have I sighed to press thee to my bosom and tell thee all my love, and receive from thy lips of beauty the blest assurance of thine! Oh! to love, whatever be the result, is to breathe the air of heaven; but to love, and be loved by thee, is heaven indeed."

"Dear Walter!" returned Gertrude, "my spirit felt drawn to your's from the first moment I beheld you."

"Beautiful being! gracious sister!" exclaimed Walter, "thy face is fairer than the face of hope—thy smile is sweeter than the smile of joy: thou art the living embodiment for which I sighed of all that is gracious, good, and fair! Oh! I shall never forget, till remembrance forgets itself, how lovely you first ap-

peared before my vision, as you came smiling at your father's side, beneath the great spreading boughs of Oakdale wood, the evening that we first met you. Your aspect struck me with amazement, as I gazed upon its beaming life and radiant beauty: and shall I live to call you my own dearest wife?" he murmured, enfolding her in his arms, and pressing her to his bosom."

"Oh! Walter!" murmured Gertrude, "how happy I am in your affection—yet I know not what my father will say to us, and my first duty is to him. Am I not violating that duty, and acting very inconsistently, and very wrong, in thus confessing that I love you?"

"Surely," returned Walter, "he will not frown upon our affection now; after permitting to me so long the unrestrained enjoyment of your dear society, Gertrude. That would indeed be cruel. Where should I find another like Gertrude—whom reason can worship, as well as affection adore? No! no! your father would not have been so kind to me at first, only to be so cruel to me at last. Oh! with what deep delight have I enjoyed your enchanting society, and with what serenest happiness has thy sweet beauty filled the void of my being. My life without thy presence, now, would be a shore without a spring, a night without a star, a waste without a joy, a desert without a spring, covered with thorns—

Oh! soft as the dew, and serene as the day,
And sweet as the bloom of the roses of May;
The grace of thy beauty descends upon me,
And my being adoringly turns unto thee.

"Dear Walter," said Gertrude, "you must not idolize me so—that will be wrong, my love! and will make me afraid lest something should befall, to mar our mutual joy. God has forbidden us to worship the creature. We ought always to live in the spirit of prayer, and then, whatever may be our disappointments, or our sorrows, we shall never be unhappy, Walter!

Low as the tears of grief man's soul would fall,
Amid the night of unrecorded woe,
But for the prayers that lift the soul o'er all
The deepest anguish which this life can know.

"Beloved of my heart!" exclaimed Walter, "I know the deep tenderness of thy nature, rich with love and beautiful with virtue;

and fair as the morning-star of heaven, the tear of sensibility which glistens in thine eye shines into the depths of my being. Dost thou remember, my own sweet love, with what ineffable tenderness thou first spake to me of the beauty of religion—No ! thou dost not, my own sweet Gertrude; but can I forget the rich, faltering tones in which thou addressed me—oh ! how musically soft ! how angelically tender ! how passing sweet they were."

"Ah ! 'tis sweet thus to be loved !" murmured Gertrude, averting her face abashed from Walter's ardent gaze.

"Angel of my life !" exclaimed Walter, in impassioned accents, "robed in grace; crowned with virtue—adorned by intelligence, and inspired by love; to be separated from thee now, were indeed to be banished from the serene and sacred hope of happiness for ever. But, oh ! if heaven does not smile on love like mine, it never smiled on man, and never will."

"Oh ! Walter," exclaimed Gertrude, "say not so—it pains me thus to hear you speak, my love; whatever be God's will should be ours, not ours, His."

"My own dear, Gertrude !" replied Walter, "I recall the hasty expression; but, ah, if I were to lose thee now, my love; I think that I should lose myself too."

Who can describe the deep delight of two young loving hearts united like Walter and Gertrude, by virtuous affection ? What language can pourtray the transcendent beauty of love's first immortal dream ? when the life within us expands into fuller, deeper, richer, grander being, and the world without us spreads like the paradise of a god before our eyes ? When our day of joy stretches to the utmost limits of this mortal life, magnificent as the majestic universe by which it is enshrined, and we dream of happiness too vast for this imperfect being to bestow. So it was with Walter Cleveland and Gertrude Vernon. They roamed delighted together through the ancient woods that stretched far and wide across the scene, while fair bloomed all the thornless roses of affection around their path, as they went rejoicing on their way. Everything became more lovely in their eyes. The green earth glowed with a beauty,—the great heavens arose above them with a sublimity—the light of day shone on them with a resplendence which they had never perceived before. The commonest objects that met their gaze, reflected back upon their vision, the grace, the beauty, and the glory of the affection which had arisen in their souls. The dew glittered on the grass, the great winds murmured through the branches, the sere leaves of autumn fell rustling around their pathway, with a light, a music,

and a motion, to which they had hitherto been insensible. The glances of each other's soul, the accents of each other's voice, the oft-repeated vows of each other's love, breathed for them a power, a significance, and a delight, before unknown. Absorbed in their mutual affection, they forgot everything else in the enjoyment of each other's society, and wandered enchanted through the world of happiness which love had created as its own. So a few weeks passed rapidly away, when Mr. Vernon returned to his residence as unexpectedly as he had departed from it.

CHAPTER IV.

It is inexpressibly bitter to have our sweetest and most cherished hopes suddenly eclipsed by the gloom of despair, and to have the cup of earthly felicity rudely dashed from our lips, just as we thought we were going to drink the nectar of the gods. Such was the fate of Walter Cleveland, who, in addressing himself to the father of Gertrude, upon the subject nearest to his heart, received a most unexpected answer, which came upon him like a thunder-stroke, and dashed, in a moment, all his bright anticipations into dust. Mr. Vernon met his solicitation for the fair hand of his daughter, with the most peremptory and positive refusal, expressing himself in such terms as left Walter no chance, consistent with his own self-respect, except to walk out of Vernon House, with a firm determination never to enter its precincts any more. The following letters, better than any description, will explain the separation of these two young loving hearts:

Walter Cleveland to Gertrude Vernon.

My ever dear sister,

"Yesterday, I thought of living a life of happiness with Gertrude Vernon. To-day, that bright anticipation is a dream. I have spoken to your father, and the result is, the annihilation of my dearest hopes. I am prohibited even to love you, Gertrude! and must never approach your presence more. Yet, I shall write these the last words which I shall ever address to you, (and though I would do nothing to wound your sensibility,) I shall take care that these lines are placed in your hands, by a messenger on whom I can rely. Though your mind should become quite alienated from me, I shall always love you, Gertrude! and remain ever faithful to your memory. It is hard to bid you

farewell for ever! to resign you for ever and evermore! till that angel-form and heavenly face shall be laid with mine, 'till the heavens are no more,' in the dust of the grave! Aye! we shall sleep together in death, Gertrude! though not in life. Oh! the thought! the thought is piteous; and makes my spirit weak as woman's tears! Do you remember, Gertrude! what you once said to me, about living in the spirit of prayer? If the great God answers prayer, which I am sure he does, (for I have felt prayer changing the tones of my voice, from harshness to softness, the thoughts of my soul from discord to music.) He will answer mine, for thee, Gertrude! May the grace of his Spirit ever guide, and the might of his Power ever guard you! in the way wherein you are going, the only safe and sure way to lasting peace, and untroubled satisfaction. May the moral and religious spirit which is in you, the spirit which imparts to your innocent aspect, its high serene untroubled beauty, and to your character, woman's sweetest, highest loveliest, attraction, ever bless and animate you. That spirit it is which renders you alike enchanting to the natural heart and enlightened intellect; may it ever abide with you in life and death, and you cannot fail, amid all the troubles and vicissitudes of this careworn being, to be as happy as I wish you, Gertrude! Do not mourn for me, my love! The voice of sacred duty commands you to obey your father; be governed by his decision, from which I would not wish to draw you, though yourself were willing to be so misguided by me. Think of me with happiest feelings, or think of me not at all, Gertrude! An influence, emanating from your being, will ultimately lead my spirit higher than earthly joy. Aye! it will, Gertrude! my betrothed for an hour: my saint! my sister! now for evermore!

I look upon thy happy home, and sigh,
  An exile lorn, and lost I feel in mine;
And heavily the lagging hours pass by,
  So sweetly and so swiftly past in thine!
'Tis all a desert now where'er I go,
  Was all a garden when I walked with thee;
'Tis all an aching void whate'er I know,
  For nevemore shall Gertrude smile on me!
Yet I shall be resigned, and calm, and blest,
  Though from the coming years the planets wane;
When thou in death, not life, with him shall rest,
  Who loved thee once, and was beloved again:

In yonder hallowed fane thy prayers arise,
And here, my prayers, sweet saint! shall blend with thine;
May both united, Gertrude! reach the skies,
And breathe our vows before the mercy-shrine!
Farewell Gertrude!
Gertrude!
Gertrude!
Gertrude!
Farewell—Farewell—Farewell!"

Gertrude Vernon to Walter Cleveland.

My dearest friend,

"I had been told that you were ill, and I was very sorry to hear it indeed. The sad tidings made me seriously unwell. I was happy, under such circumstances, to receive your letter, for I derived from the reception of it the consolation of knowing that you were well in heart and mind. Yet the perusal of it, oh! how very, very sad it has made me. Oh! Walter, do not think me so heartless, as to imagine for a moment, that I would trifle with your feelings; far be it from me to do any such thing. I am, indeed, incapable of so acting. I trust to time to absolve me and clear up a mystery which it may explain, but which I cannot. Oh! think not lightly or unkindly of me, Walter! We are parted for life apparently in this world, and my heart, at the present moment, is too full to express what it fain would utter. Alas! it may be long indeed before we meet again, for we are going abroad for some time, and we depart to-morrow. Adieu Walter! my friend! my brother! adieu!"

Great as was the trouble, and sore the trial of Walter Cleveland, it was decreed before the foundations of the universe were laid, that he was to encounter a severer trial and much worse affliction, than the one through which he had just past. A great calamity was about, like an avalanche to fall upon his devoted soul, which, quite unconscious of the coming tremendous catastrophe, was still mourning in secret, over the sweet excellence which it had for ever lost. The following extract, from a letter which Walter Cleveland addressed a few weeks after the dread event had occurred, to an only surviving sister who was married and settled in Canada, will best relate it.

Walter Cleveland to his Sister Mrs. Madeline Macdonald.

"You are aware, my dear sister, that our dearest mother had been getting more and more infirm for some time: she had fre-

quently of late complained of a numbness in her extremities, and inability to move her fingers, on awakening in the morning. Still, as her appetite was pretty good, and her spirits tolerably even, we did not apprehend any bad consequences. You know how her poor dear life had been tried in my father's time, and how she had so recently been sorely oppressed at the last heavy tidings that you sent us, while her mind was being disturbed by my troubles, and harrassed by my cares. Her once fine black hair had gradually become quite gray, and her general aspect far more careworn, and agëd in its expression than before. On Tuesday, the 17th of November, a night never to be forgotten by me, she retired to rest, having previously had a fire placed in her apartment. All the inmates of the house, myself included, retired at the same time. About midnight, I, whose chamber you are aware was adjacent to my mother's room, was suddenly aroused by a great blaze of light, bursting into my apartment, and the voice of one groaning, as if in mortal agony, something like 'Oh! God!' and a moment afterwards, 'Why should this come?'—Startled, and for a moment bewildered, I leapt out of bed, and ran straightway in my night dress, to the door of my mother's apartment. Oh! Madeline! there she sat before me in an arm-chair, making piteous and ineffectual attempts to rise from it, with a smouldering fire enwrapping the poor remains of the dress which she had on when she retired to rest, and feeding with its slow and sickening flame, on the poor shrinking body, from which your life proceeded, and my being came. I shall never forget the spectacle. It has haunted my dreams ever since, and I shall never shake it from my memory. I snatched up the carpet instantly, and rolled her poor dear agëd and mutilated form within it, while I shouted frantically for assistance. We put the fire which had seized upon the bed hangings, under. Dr. Rutherford was sent for. He immediately came; only to announce to me that she was burnt so dreadfully, that recovery was impossible, for the fire had all but consumed the lower half of her body. Dr. Rutherford was amazed that she survived such injuries for a moment, but she survived them eighty-eight hours, and then expired, blessing you and me with such deep fervour, ten hours before she died, as rends my heart to think of now. We cannot imagine how this dreadful catastrophe occurred. The only manner in which we can account for it is, that when she retired to her chamber, she must have sat down in the arm-chair to warm herself by the fire-side—dropped asleep, and in the slumber which affects the circulation, been seized with paralysis that prevented

her escaping from the fire which ignited her clothes, and disabled her from extinguishing the flames herself, or giving a timely alarm. I stood beside her bed of pain, as her eyes closed for ever on the scenes of this world, and I never shall forget the sight! She lies now with my father in Radbourn churchyard, and when I think how she looked as she lay in her coffin, over which I breathed such prayers of grief, as I think man never uttered before;—it rends my heart to remember how her poor, dear, care-marked face lay before my eyes, so piteously wan, and blind in death, to smile on me no more, with that affection, of which I know the value now. Aye! she has laid down in the grave, 'till the heavens shall be no more,' and in the darkness of the grave shall her agëd form dissolve to dust, suddenly cut off from life, and cast by death from the glory of the morning that now illuminates my eyes. I look back along the years of the troubled past, and as I recall all the wealth of her deep affection, and behold her as we all walked together through the far-off fields of other years, and remember every familiar scene, which, in happier days she brightened, with her tender and great-hearted love, the big tears of sorrow burst from my eyes, as I mourn that I was so powerless in this world of grief, to bless her as I strove to do, and lament her unhappy fate. Oh! Madeline! you know all the long adversity of our house, and I feel such deep regret that I have not through all the days of my being followed steadfastly and resolutely the first impulse of my nature, and in spite of the doubts, and fears, and troubles which I have never told, lived a most strict religious life, quite indifferent to the poor philosophy and altogether erroneous opinions of a world which knows not truth. What are we left to the guidance of our poor frail reason alone, which cannot see a minute before us, and the teaching of the modern, pedantic, mysterious philosophy, whose chief business seems to be to make us doubt all God's truth. This sad event has altogether changed me. Yesterday, my human heart was mourning over the lost innocent happiness of earthly affection. To-day, my only prayer is, that the Divinity may cover my head with the shield of His mercy, and guide me by his grace whither I ought to go. Oh! my dear sister! I should like to lie down and expire in the arms of God's mercy, and redeem, if I could, that most tender mother whom I have found that I loved better than my own soul, from the death which she died, and the grave in which she rests. My poor, dear, kind, unfortunate mother! what a fate! oh! what a fate for such a loving, generous, and unselfish heart! which delighted in doing good to its fellow-

creatures, and did so benefit them, even at the expense of her estate and mine! Unhappy son; to live to see such destruction fall upon that grief-worn. hoary head! Ah! me! ah! me! God alone knows what I can neither understand nor speak!"

CHAPTER V.

WALTER CLEVELAND departed, soon after his mother's funeral, from scenes that, by a series of sad events, had been rendered for the present too painful for him. He withdrew to a retired little village on the coast, where he passed the winter. Day by day, from the first gray gleam of dawn till the midnight heavens hung over the ever-troubled sea, he wandered alone over the rude beach, listening to the unceasing roar of the big, briny waves, as deep called to deep, and the long-rolling-surges of the ever-restless tide, tossing their wild, gray mane of foam in the blast, rushed along the sands, and burst with a deafening noise for miles along the shore. He roamed over the huge crags, whose towering heights reared their flinty ribs high above the heavy swell of the wide-spreading ocean, breathing his fervent orisons to the Omnipotent Being who holds its waters in the hollow of His hand. The prayers of the wounded heart, which had retired to this covert to mourn, hourly ascended to the Mercy-Seat of the God whose power sustains the world, with a fervour of feeling indescribable, with an intensity of emotion that resembled the rush of a mighty sea over its unfathomed bed. Far away from the haunts of men, wandering through the mists of the morning hour and the clouds of the midnight storm, this sorely stricken soul breathed itself to God. Wrestling with his tragic fate till he frequently became spent and breathless, and exhausted, like a man struggling in the death-gripe of an unrelenting foe—like the patriarch of old, Walter strove with God, to obtain His blessing before he would turn away. Till, high above his struggling soul, spread the sublime presence of a mighty yet benignant Power which, higher than the heavens arose above this ever-troubled world, stretched far beyond him and all his sorrows, yet sweeter than the utterance of the loved and the lost, spake to him with the still small voice of its divinity, and healed his suffering and sore-stricken heart. He felt the grace of the Divinity, whom he invoked, daily restoring to his prayers the serenity which had been so sorely shaken, and the equanimity that had seemed for ever lost. His spirit gradually arose above its former elevation. His mind assumed a nobler tone. Peace

returned to his being. Light sprang up in his soul, more lovely even than the rich glory of the human affection which had once so hallowed all the emotions of his heart. Till, in the little church of S——— which looked from its tall cliff far across the sea, he felt the peace that passeth all understanding resting on his soul, more serenely than the sabbath-light of heaven lay on the surrounding deep. He felt humbler, wiser, happier, better than he had ever felt before. He became conscious that though the troubles of life might again assail his being, they could never eclipse the star of his faith more. The storms of life might roar still wilder; but he had found the spell within that could sustain his soul, amid the direst shock of human fate. Through the dark, troubled night of his sorrow, the Redeemer had spoken who would guide him to the morning of the skies. So the winter passed away with Walter, by the wild seashore, till spring glanced again through the white clouds of heaven and smiled upon a rejoicing world.

Walter returned on foot to his paternal home, and as he passed through the village of Radbourn, he paused upon his journey, to look at the grave in which his parents lay together, and slowly repeated, while tears of subdued emotion bedimmed his eyes,—

"Together, in this grave, they're lying,
Whose forms I never more shall see;
And here, above their grave, I'm sighing,
Who never more shall smile on me!
And whilst my tears are o'er them falling
Whose love on earth shall bless no more,
Remembrance is to life recalling
The all that death will not restore!
Yet oh! I look with chastened sorrow
Upon the dwelling of the dead,
And hope, in heaven's unclouded morrow,
To meet the souls from earth have fled.

My natal home! where once abided
Affection's pure, unclouded day;
Beneath whose happy roof resided
The souls who now have pass'd away;
And sate, and talked with friends together,
And hoped more prosperous days to see,
Than ever by time's stormy weather
Was brought to them or brought to me!

Yet oh! I look, with chastened sorrow,
Upon the dwelling of the dead,
And hope, in mercy's cloudless morrow,
To meet the souls from earth have fled."

My agëd sire and gray haired mother
Together in this grave recline;
Their home has pass'd unto another;
Their little fortune now is mine:
I hear their voices, see their faces,
And follow them through many a scene,
Which, in the past, remembrance traces,
Across the years which intervene:
Yet oh! I look with chastened sorrow
Upon the dwelling of the dead,
And hope, in mercy's cloudless morrow,
To meet the souls from earth have fled!

Walter turned away with a heart fraught with all the tender reminiscences of the past, from the green churchyard where the ashes of his parents reposed, and resumed his journey. He arrived in a few hours at the well-known eminence of Cromlech Cliff, which overlooked all the wide-spreading country where the years of his youth had glided tranquilly away.—He saw, afar, his paternal home smiling on him from his ancestral trees, and beheld, far below him, Vernon House, peeping from its rich domain. And as the fields, and woods and hills, and streams of the familiar and far-spreading landscape spread out before his vision, arrayed in all the first beauty of the spring, a gleam of its sunshine shone into and gladdened his heart; and he sang, as he proceeded on his way,—

"How lovely look the scenes to day,
Whereon I wandered in the past,
With all the flowers of spring, as gay
As when she smiled upon them last;
The woods their leafy branches fling
Again around each sylvan shore,
While birds amid the foliage sing
As sweetly as they sang before.

How swiftly time hath pass'd away
Since last I stood beside the stream

Which, lovely as it smiles to-day,
Hath brightened many a vanished dream:
The hawthorn whitens on the bough
As erst it flowered before mine e'e;
But oh! what word shall utter now
The change that time hath wrought in me!

Oh! vernal and enchanting vale!
Thou dost unto mine heart restore
The brightning heaven and freshning gale,
And life of spring's romantic shore!
And with the spirit of a child,
As fresh as yon untrodden blue,
I view your green romantic wild,
And muse on years that once I knew."

As Walter leisurely descended into the beautiful valley, which the setting sun was illuming with his waning glory, his thoughts assumed a more pensive tone, and he slowly repeated to himself, as he paused on the hill side, half way down the green declivity, with his eyes fastened on his father's home,—

"I think of the days that have long since departed,
When friends sat around me, in dust who decay,
And smiled on the boy who was once so light-hearted
Ere trouble had chased all his raptures away.
Thou home of my fathers! how well I remember
The circle of guests that assembled of yore;
When white grew the woods with the frosts of December,
And bright rose the stars on each snow-covered shore.

What strange feelings thrill me while mem'ry is glassing
The faces and forms that once gladdened the scene,
Which have faded—like shadows o'er nature that passing,
No trace leave behind them of all that has been:
Oh! never again shall we meet altogether
To charm the swift hours of Christmas away;
For cold lie the hearts, in death's wintry weather,
That brightened the years which have vanish'd for aye!

CHAPTER VI.

Walter Cleveland was taking tea in the library, where he had formerly passed so many quiet hours, the same evening on

which he arrived at his paternal home, when the door of the apartment opened, and Frank Waldron was announced. Frank warmly grasped his friend's extended hand, and after glancing at him with an expression of momentary disquietude, he sat down, with as pleasant and satisfied an expression upon his animated features as they ever wore.

"Well, Walter," he exclaimed, "I'm heartily glad you have passed unscathed through the storm of tribulation. I have come to you this evening upon a special mission, and that is to request you to deliver a lecture to the members of our recently established literary and scientific institution: it was founded in the winter when you were away. We've got a tolerably good library, and a capital reading and lecture room, where the newspapers are read aloud every evening, and you cannot imagine how enlightened we are becoming. Now, when two or three meet together on the green, instead of talking in some such style as this: 'Farmer Bumpkin is hard up for his rent, as usual, I suppose,'or, 'Polly Flirt's made a pretty kettle of fish of it with Sam Swobblehead,' it's 'How are we getting on in India?' 'When is John Bright going to be made prime minister?' 'What sort of gunpowder tea are they giving to the *mongrels* at Whang-fo?' and similar intelligent conversation. So I've called upon you as a deputation on behalf of all the friends and members of our enlightened institution, to request you to deliver our concluding lecture for the season."

"Well, Frank," said Walter, "I've no particular objection, if you think that I can be of any service,—What subjects have you already descanted upon.—It is rather difficult to select one at a moment's notice."

"Aye," rejoined Frank, "I've not the least doubt but that it is often more difficult to choose a good subject, than it is to treat it badly when it is selected; but it is proper and becoming that every man, now-a-days, should know something about everything, and everything about something.—I know that is your case, and that you can enlighten us on any subject; therefore, you can take any subject that you like, for I have no doubt but that we shall like any subject that you can take. History gives us fiction under the name of truth; you, if you like, like Walter Scott, can give us truth under the name of fiction."

"Very well," said Walter, "I value English liberty more highly than anything earthly, and I'll just give you my ideas on the liberty that I like best."

"Very well," replied Frank, "then thanking you for your

urbanity and condescension, (speaking as a public man, on behalf of the Sylvandale Philomathian Institution), and saying *au revoir* as a private individual, I'll walk out of this apartment on the present occasion, to have the honour of walking in again at the earliest future opportunity."

It was accordingly announced, all round the neighbourhood, that Walter Cleveland, Esq., would deliver a lecture on the following week, in the Reading Room of the Sylvandale Philomathian Institution, upon "British Liberty."

The evening arrived which had been announced for the delivery of the lecture. Walter appeared upon the platform, to deliver his lecture, before a crowded assembly; an unusual degree of interest attaching itself to the lecturer and his subject. Walter commenced in a clear, steady voice as follows:

"It is a proud and preëminent characteristic of the British people, that they can agree to differ. This characteristic is the direct result of the great conflicts of previous times, whose collision evoked the light of our present liberty, and cleared the broad arena of our national freedom. I was much struck once with reading in a newspaper, 'that though a man had as many enemies in England as there were hairs on his head, he could still walk about, free and unmolested in any part of that country.' This happy truth indicates the peculiar distinction that separates us, at the present day, from the great continental nations. There, unfortunately, it is still the case, as it was in the old republics of Greece, that when one party gains the ascendency it is not satisfied with the victory unless it annihilates all other parties. It thus acts in the spirit of one, who, after knocking down his antagonist, lies upon him, for the purpose of preventing him from ever getting up again. The Englishman, on the contrary, inspired with the generous spirit of fair play, allows his opponent to get up, for the purpose, often, of being himself knocked down. When any party attains supremacy in England, it defers to the ideas, and consults the interests, of the minority, as well as those of the majority. Whatever party may wield the government of the day, it does not rule for one party in contempt of all others; but extends the influence and confirms the power of its own party, by a government that reconciles and embraces the opposite ideas and conflicting interests of the entire people. I hope that it may be ever thus, that the different interests and classes of our society may revolve together as harmoniously as the heavenly bodies on the same principle of a balance of forces, in our system of well balanced liberty, and never any class obtain such a preponderancy

as to destroy the equilibrium of our system, by becoming the tyrant of the rest.

I trust that the broad mantle of good old English liberty, which allows free motion to the energies of every party and every individual, will never be contracted by time into a continental strait-jacket, either to coerce the mind of the few, or to cramp the character of the many. That fearless and unfettered thought, which is our proud prerogative and grand distinction as a people, has been the mainspring of that free action which has made Britain the greatest nation of the old world; and the only nation of the new. That free thought has been the sole cause of that free action which, at this hour, wields undivided supremacy on the ocean, covers every sea with our commerce, and every shore with our colonies, and which is now rendering the English language the mother tongue of half mankind. In competing with Great Britain for the empire of the future, the great continental nations have been like men with their arms fettered, wrestling with men with their arms free. The despotic governments of Europe have not suffered their subjects to think in this direction—have not allowed them to act in that—their bodies have not been allowed to move without a passport—and their souls have not been suffered to stir without a permit, till, under a system of repression, intimidation, and coercion, the energies of their mind and nature have been crippled, distorted, and repressed. The people of this empire, all the time, have been thinking freely in all directions, and acting as freely as they have thought in all. Until the nations of the continent can realize something like our well-balanced liberty, resulting from the collision of all opinions, and the conflict of all parties, and maintained by the mutual respect and moderation which is the ultimate result of all; till, in one word, their governments, and peoples, and parties, learn to tolerate opposition, and agree to disagree, they will always remain in competition with us—like an individual running or contending against another with his arms in a strait jacket, or his legs chained. Our opponents are, in fact, our most effective teachers. From the struggles of our parties, and the opposition of our sects, have arisen, to use the language of a great thinker, "the reforms that have advanced our society, and the genius which has adorned it."

We may reconcile ourselves to the collisions which we have to encounter, and to the dust, and confusion, and uproar of the stormy, but free, arena of English opinion; when we think upon all that its contests have given us—and remember that by them

we have been taught the invaluable lesson—that if we wish to live like men indeed, we must agree—must agree, to differ. We have learnt this lesson, as a nation, which we commend to the best attention of the peoples of the continent—informing them, at the same time, that the principle which has given to us, as a people, our present proud prëeminence, and which will still maintain it, despite the shock of all their banded fleets and armies, is the principle of good old English liberty which permits Englishmen "to think as they like, and to speak as they think," and to develope, to their fullest extent, all the latent thought and energy of our common nature; uncoerced, unfettered, and unconfined by any tyrannical, and odious, and self-destructive system of hateful and miserable repression."

"Ladies and Gentlemen!" said Walter, concluding amid great applause; "as we are honoured this evening with the presence of several Australian and American gentlemen, I trust that this assembly will now rise up, and sing standing—as with one heart and one voice, to the music which I have provided—the words of the song with copies of which you have been supplied." To this invitation, the meeting responded as one man; all rising together and singing, with great demonstrations of enthusiasm, the following song:—

From an acorn America towered,
  From the old British Oak that was blown;
From a second Australia flowered;
  From another New Zealand has grown:
And oh! 'tis a mighty old tree,
  Such offshoots of greatness to bear,
And cast on the New Worlds to be
  The oak trees of liberty there.
Then hurrah! for the old British oak,
  May it flourish for ever secure;
Defying adversity's stroke
  As long as the world shall endure!

The ocean belongs to our race,
  If united like brothers we be;
Then let us like brothers embrace,
  And claim half the world for the free:
Oh! never let discord divide;
  Half the world shall our language enthrone!

Nor tyrants crush man with their pride,
But we'll exalt earth with our own!
Then hurrah! for the ship-bearing oaks!
May they flourish for ever secure;
Defying all foreigners' strokes
As long as the world shall endure!

CHAPTER VII.

THE evening after the delivery of his lecture, Walter Cleveland was seated in the quiet parlour where he had so often sate with his mother before.—He was alone, with all the pathetic recollections of the past, whose tender memories spread around his soul; serene and solemn as the golden glory of the gloaming, which shone above the purple western hills. Thus he sate, absorbed in contemplation, for some time—when, arising from his chair, he approached a small harmonium, and sitting down before it, began softly to touch its chords, and sing to a sweet and pensive air the following:—

How sweet it is to muse! with pensive sadness
Upon the happy days my youth beguiled;
When life and nature wore the garb of gladness,
And nothing but contentment on me smiled;
When on my boyish mind, undimmed with sorrow,
The light of heaven and grace of earth were thrown;
When cloudless was my night, and blest my morrow,
And glorious were the hopes that round me shone.

My footsteps roamed delighted o'er creation,
For nothing but contentment met my view;
The world appeared a mighty revelation
Of marvellous wonders, ever bright and new:
The sun each morning from the orient bounded,
Whose gold and crimson curtains gleamed on high,
And, by the vast serene of heaven surrounded,
Went blazing like a god along the sky.

And then at evening, by the waters flowing,
I watched the vallies as they darker grew;
And gazed upon the skies, above them glowing,
Where shone the stars through heaven's ethereal blue:

And as their myriad-multitudes were beaming
In life-resplendent orbs o'er nature's breast,
I felt a kindred light within me gleaming,
And caught the calm of God's eternal rest.

Touching the chords of the instrument again, after a short pause, Walter began to sing, to a slower and more pathetic air,—

I saw a fair home, in my happy youth,
Arising from the distant time to be
The sweet reward of innocence and truth
That heaven, methought, reserved at last for me;
Within whose hallowed walls, my fancy free
Beheld a being, fair as Gertrude, glide,
Blessing my life with love's felicity—
A heavenly angel, and an earthly bride.

I mourn amid the years that I foresaw,
And sadly from that time mine eyes are cast;
As once the future did my vision draw,
Now, from its gloom I look upon the past:
Standing amid th' eclipse of all the vast
And radiant hopes, once glorious as the morn,
O'erta'en by tempests, shrinks at noon aghast,
And leaves the world benighted and forlorn.

While the last notes of Walter's song were dying away, the door of the apartment suddenly opened, and Gertrude Vernon stood before him, paler and thinner than when he had last beheld her; but still beautiful as an angel from the skies.

"Oh! Walter! Walter!" she exclaimed, as he arose in incertitude and wonder, while the tears fell fast from her eyes; "Do you still love one whose heart has never ceased to cherish your memory? Is the name of Gertrude still dear to you—after your great sorrow? Can you forgive me after such a silence—and be reconciled to me after this long separation?" In a few words Gertrude explained to her astonished and enraptured lover that her father's mind had undergone a complete change in his regard, and that he was now as much predisposed in his favour as he had formerly been opposed to his suit. To make a long story shorter, Mr. Vernon had desired for his beautiful daughter a higher and grander position than her union with a poor country gentleman could confer. Under the influence of this idea, he had answered Walter in the brusque, unceremonious manner

which he had done, and had taken off Gertrude to the continent, with the view of ultimately effacing the impression of the attachment which, to his surprise, she had formed. The result, however, did not altogether answer his expectations—Gertrude could not forget Walter so readily. She had obeyed her parent like a dutiful daughter; but her health and spirits visibly declined—affected by the sacrifice that she had made. Undetermined what steps he should take, Mr. Vernon had received from a confidential agent, a full aud detailed account of the catastrophe at Cleveland House, and his heart softened to Walter, beneath the impression of the shocking calamity which had befallen his old and much-esteemed friend. In this disposition of mind, he was seized with a sudden and severe malady; and though assisted by the best advice, and nursed by his daughter with the most tender and assiduous attention, his life hung trembling, for several days, over the immense abyss which divides this world from another. In this situation, his mind formed a truer conception of things which previously it had overestimated or undervalued. Ultimately he recovered his health, and, after some further delay, returned from the continent to his residence in his former neighbourhood —bringing Gertrude with him. Here he was informed how well Walter had borne his bereavement; at a distance he had noted his appearance and marked his demeanour, and had been pleased with his lecture, at which he was present, though unknown to Walter. Under the combined influence of the above causes; but more than all because providence had, unknown to himself, secretly touched his heart, he rewarded Gertrude for the strong sense of duty which she had evinced, by intimating to her, that he was no longer opposed to the idea of her union with the son of his old friend as he had before been. Strong in the belief of Walter's unwavering affection and unswerving constancy, Gertrude sought her lover as has been related. The result was, that they were soon afterwards happily united, on a beautiful, unclouded summer's day. The interval which has since elapsed has been a continuous demonstration of the truth of the old adage—"Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on!" To borrow the language of Frank Waldron, writing about them the other day, in answer to a mutual enquiring friend: "Walter and Gertrude are now living together, as happily as man and woman can exist in this roundabout world, now bowling through space at a wonderful pace in its wonderful race round the sun, and some of whose inhabitants are more ready to believe in evil on the worst of evidence, than to believe in good on

the best. Walter is blest with one of the most amiable and delightful wives in the world, and Gertrude is happy in possessing one of the best and most sensible husbands in the country."*

THE BATTLE OF FAITH AND DOUBT.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

Dramatis Personæ.

ORLANDO, ...a Misanthrope.
MAXIMILIAN,.....a Minister.
RUPERT,.....a Young Poet.
CONSTANCE,.....the Wife of Orlando.
LANCELOT and LUCY,.....two Children under seven years of age.

SCENE I.—*A Green Knoll, by Moonlight, near the Cottage of* ORLANDO, *the Misanthrope.*

Enter ORLANDO, RUPERT, *and* MAXIMILIAN.

Max. To doubt the being of the Eternal God,
Or, in despair of good, to disbelieve
The revelation heaven has made to earth;
To say the least of it, is surely far

* As there are many people who can find a soul of good even in things evil, so I fear that there are others too apt to do the reverse. To obviate such a proceeding in one instance, and guard against the possibility of unintentionally wounding any person's feelings whom I've no desire to pain, I think it is best to state, as far as regards the second chapter of this story, that if any one in reading it should identify with the name mentioned by Frank Waldron that of any individual whatever, they will do more than I did, or intended to do, when writing it. I know no one to whom it could be applied, and I penned the entire chapter merely as a relief to the more serious parts of the story. If I had a grievance which I could not pardon against any person, such a mode of manifesting it would not be to my taste; I should prefer stating it in a more open and unequivocal style, in a different place.—There are a few points in the chapter with which, I confess, I'm not altogether satisfied, in consequence of being obliged to write it in a hurried and interrupted manner at the last—because of the sudden and unlooked for intrusion of other business. I thought of cancelling the entire form; but as that would have been too expensive a process, preferred penning this note, bespeaking the reader's indulgent consideration.

The worst misfortune can befall a man.
It is to blot the sun of love from heaven,
To take God's smile of mercy from the skies,
And leave us nothing but the night forlorn
Of death, that darkens round this dying world,
To hope in or believe.
Oh! pile all evil on us which e'er vexed
This weary world, with all its weight of woe;
But leave us God, and evil cannot crush us:
And give us all the good which earth can yield;
But take our faith in God away from all;
And we can better bear all ill with God,
Than all the riches of earth's good without Him.
Our doubt's the offspring of our ignorance,
For knowledge aye repudiateth doubt.
The traveller doubts which path he ought to take;
But when the knowledge of his way forsakes him.
The scientific seaman does not doubt
He shall attain the port his ship is bound to,
Across the seas he ne'er traversed before,
Because his knowledge and experience guide him:—
The engineer who sinks a shaft, to reach
The spot he cannot see, has no misgiving
But that the shaft he sinks will open over
The spot, unto an inch, he would attain to:—
The sage, whose mind predicted the eclipse,
Has not a doubt but that it has occurred
E'en at the instant specified, though he
Has not beheld the event his mind did point to.
And he who christian truths has realized,
And felt the evil of their opposites,
And read the history of inferior creeds,
And proved the genuine by the spurious christian,
It is impossible for him to doubt
The truths which have redeemed his life from ill,
And healed his being with the grace of good,
And raised his present o'er his former nature.

Orl. Behold the moral portrait of the world,
And read the records of its history—
What anguish has consumed the life of nations—
What awful evils have oppressed our nature.
Why are the myriad millions of mankind

The prey of want, and woe, and misery?
Explain this sumless suffering how you can,
You cannot teach me that philosophy
Which can transform this evil into pleasure!
Or solve it to command th' assent of reason!
No! 'tis a riddle that no man can solve—
(A question for whose why? there is no answer)—
Its evils desolate the moral world
As streams of lava blast the flowers of nature—
More plain, more monstrous, and more palpable.
And there exists no truth, in earth or heaven,
Which can convert this evil into good;
Survey the chart of Europe and the world,
Mankind appear a race of lunatics—
The prey of demons; that is, of each other,
Who, not contented with the natural ills
They have to bear, create unnatural evil,
To blast the health, and strength, and life of nations.
Oh, ye whose lordly strength has never felt
The maddening pangs the weak perforce must suffer
When trodden down, in all their helplessness,
Beneath the cruel hoofs of damned oppression;
And writhing, like crushed worms in agony,
With minds as rich and hearts as great as yours are,
And yet the sport of all your idiot wisdom,
Cannot conceive, or ever yet imagine,
An answer to the wrongs that never crush'd ye.
Behold the judgment friends of man on man!
Oh, if our garments were as justly fashioned
We couldn't wear them, for they wouldn't fit us.
I might go on, through all the catalogue
Of earthly evils; but I'm weary of them!
For gloom, and pain, and weakness cloud my brain,
And wrap my being in the shirt of Nessus.

Max. The evils which now trouble fallen man
Do from the nature of things here arise;
That is, from properties and attributes
Of mind and matter, in the actual state
In which they now exist upon the world;
And those complex effects from both that flow,
E'er acting and reacting on each other.
To occupy a certain part of space

Appears to follow of necessity
From the existence e'er of any matter
Which mind can ever possibly conceive;
But that it should exist in form of coal,
Of porphyry and platinum, salt and iron,
And in the aspects of organic life,
With all the wondrous attributes of being,
Are not inevitable consequences
Of its existence; for it can exist,
And does exist, in other forms than these.
The ills, which from the combinations rise
Of mind and matter in their present state,
From some such cause proceed as makes this world
Revolve around the sun, and not the moon
Which does revolve round earth; nor yet the sun,
Round which the earth and moon revolve together.
Had man been God, he'd e'er been true to good;
Had man been brute, he ne'er had seen the good
Which men see daily—being form'd a man,
Whose face and form proclaim a dual nature,
He has been false to good and fall'n to evil,
From which the grace of God can but redeem him.
Heaven gives to man not freedom absolute;
But such degree of natural liberty
To think, and will, and act, as doth ensue
E'en from our rank upon the scale of being.
Suppose us dowered with freedom absolute,
To think?—what! be as wise as Him who made us!
To will?—possess God's power without His wisdom!
To act?—without God's wisdom or His good!
We should destroy ourselves with such a power,
And bury nature in the gulf of ruin:
Suppose we'd less than freedom qualified,
Proportioned to our powers of thought and action—
We cease to think, and will, and act as men;
And sink from active into passive natures.
Our present liberty of will and action
Arises from the fact that we are human;
And gods with more, or brutes possessing less,
Are free as they are more or less than men—
The vegetable's freer than the stone;
The brute is freer than the vegetable;

The man more freedom has than brutes possess;
And angels have more liberty than men:—
Man's liberty to think, and will, and act,
Which is connected with our highest good
As closely as our spirit with our flesh,
By that same fact may prove our deepest bane
And direst ill, perverted from the good
Impressed upon it by the hand of heaven.
God might have formed us never to have erred:
E'en like the brutes which, in their natural state,
Cannot do wrong; but to have formed us thus,
God never could have then created men:
And therefore you and I had never lived,
And never friends could possibly exist.
The equator with the ecliptic might coincide,
And then, instead of all the differing days,
And varying seasons that we now behold,
We should have had one everlasting spring,
And day and night coequal round the globe.
So different, then, had been man's history,
In every natural, mental, moral phase,
We can't imagine, and we can't conceive it;
Yet, in the cycles of revolving change,
The earth, at last, may be by heaven disposed
In that position in which God first placed it.

Rup. I'll ne'er believe, myself, that this fair world,
With yon celestial dome of cloudless azure,
O'er which the burning orbs of day and night
Traverse, like Gods, the boundless fields of space,
Was only formed to be the prey of evil;
Eternal good is stamped upon the face
Of nature, which from chaos lifts her brow,
O'er time and darkness, to eternity.
Ye seas sublime, o'er which I've sailed afar!
Ye continents, whose plains are empires!
Thou purple flood of all-embracing air,
From which the life of earth now draws its being!
Oh, are ye but the dust to fill the grave
Where evil shall entomb the life of nature?
The very question seems a blasphemy.
Oh, if the zero and the boiling point

Were but the equivalents of one another,
Then fire and ice would be identical;
And wer't as easy to be virtuous,
Benevolent and temperate, brave and wise,
Industrious and contented, free and happy,
As 'tis to be the opposites of all;
Then Chalmers, Luther, Latimer, and Knox,
Would only rank with Heliogabulus.
If to discover truth as easy were
As only stooping down to pluck a daisy,
Oh, where would be the wisdom of the wisest!
We reverence the martyr at the stake,
And sympathise with patriots in the dungeon;
But if the pains which did consume a Huss
Were only equal to a trivial sorrow,
And if the punishment of Pellico
Were easy as an hour's imprisonment,
Oh, where would be the greatness of the noblest?
The most transcendent energies of mind,
The great achievements of humanity,
By patient, painful efforts are produced,
Combatting with the sternest difficulty:
And by the very greatest ills of earth,
The virtues are elicited from man
That lift the spirit, from this earthly clod,
To wisdom, virtue, glory, and to God!

Max. Aye! justice is as great a good as man
Can possibly obtain, as long as man
Observes the law of right and rectitude;
But worse than awful, if we grossly sin
Against the heavenly law of equity—
And by the very principle of truth,
It is the noblest thing we can propose
For our attainment; yet, to men and states
Who grossly sin against the light of knowledge,
It then becomes an all-consuming fire
E'en by the good which is its principle:
And so the moral liberty of man,
Which crowns him Lord of this majestic world,
By liberty's inherent principle,
May sink him downwards into ill so deep,

Perchance no good can thence redeem his nature.
And there is one sublime material good—
The most resplendent truth that lights the world—
Without which life would perish, like a leaf
Of autumn withering on a blighted bough;
And this surpassingly majestic good,
The source of all the heat which warms the world,
Of all the power that its motion sways,
And light, whose beams elicit and display
Earth's varied beauties to the sense of man;
This greatest good, that we behold in heaven,
Which one would think no evil could bedim,
Yet, by the same inherent attributes
Which light its worlds with beauty, life, and good,
Is instrumental in producing ill.
Its glorious beams have been to countless men
The darts of death, by those inherent powers
Which render them to man the rays of life;
The very glory that reveals to all
The panorama of the earth and skies
Has blinded millions, and would blind us too
If we pervert its good to such an ill:
We might to ashes blast the life of man,
E'en with the rays that now develope life—
In convex glasses, if we concentrate them
Into a furnace-focus, like the fires
With which Archimedes destroyed a fleet:
And is not this what ignorance has done,
And now is doing, and will ever do
Throughout the ages of its history?
For has it not struck blind the sight of man
By light bestowed on man whereby to see?
And has it not perverted in the past,
And is it not perverting in the present
The glorious beams of heaven's exalted truth
Into the cursëd and malevolent fires
Of its infernal and destructive ill,
To man's unnatural and life-blasting wrong,
The fall of nations and the death of kings?
But ignorance—whence flows such dreadful ills,
Is yet a necessary consequence
Which from the nature of things doth arise;

And all the evils that from ignorance flow,
Which form the effects of it—can but be cured,
By heaven removing cause from which they spring.
To have destroyed the ignorance of man,
Whence riseth all the evils it creates,
And now, to obviate its every ill,
Heaven must have given to the human mind
More science far, by supernatural means,
Than all the generations of mankind
Have yet been able to impart to man;
Since all the knowledge which we have attained
Has not destroyed our ignorance, nor the ills
Which form its necessary consequences.
But how could knowledge be bestowed on man
Without experience of the things we teach him?
If man was first created with a reason
As blank as paper ere we write upon it,
For the tuition of experience
To trace the characters of knowledge on,
Then how could knowledge be impressed on man
Without experience of the things it taught him!
How could he know what night was ere he saw it?
Or know his God before he heard His voice?
Or form conception of his lovely Eve
Before he gazed upon the form of woman?
How could his reason be instructed, tell me,
In knowledge, friends! of nature and himself,
By looking at the former but an hour,
And by existing but himself a day?
Go talk of ice and snow to eastern kings,
Whate'er you say they cannot comprehend you.
We can't imagine, too, how any being
Can be designed, or termed intelligent,
Unless they're gifted with the power of reason;
We can't conceive how any mass of truths
Can be impressed on man by any means,
Unless he first have mind to comprehend them;
But if man must have this ere any power
By any means can truth impart to man,
It of necessity must follow, then,
That it is needless to reveal the truths
Which man possesses power to discover—

As needless as waft eagles in balloons
Where eagles have the power to raise their nature.
The mind of man requireth time to form,
And groweth like a tree by truths it feeds on;
We are endowed with powers which can attain
The truths material of this present being—
But to discover, too, *the* God who formed us,
And see in His the viewless life beyond us,
And know the truths His revelations teach,
Apart from all which they have taught to man,
Our faculties are proved inadequate,
And therefore these truths God reveals to reason.

Orl. I see but chaos where you view a world—
A chaos of opposed philosophies,
Divergent as the languages of man
Which nothing ever can combine in one.
Behold the difference of disputing creeds,
Conflicting systems, and discordant powers!
E'en in the sphere of christianity
How sect with sect makes war, and but agree
In hating and denouncing all the rest;—
In such a chaos of uncertainty
Where shall I find the certainty you teach,
Which, like an anchorage on life's stormy sea,
Shall bear me up against the shocks of fate?

Max. The spiritual blindness of the material man,
And ignorance of his mind, which we may call
The eldest born of all the natural ills
That from the nature of things now arise,
Engender 'twixt the twain—like Milton's sin
And offspring death—a brood of ghastly ills
Whose fangs devour the life and peace of men.
To superstition's eye, the sun's eclipse
A dreadful portent seemeth; but to knowledge
Another confirmation of God's truth:—
Unto the eyes of ignorance, the stars
Are deities, to worship and to dread;
But in the sight of science, all are suns,
Resplendent orbs, magnificent abodes
Of glorious beings and exalted minds,

Diffusing light and motion, life and joy
Among their millions of rejoicing worlds.
Man once knelt down, in ignorance, to adore
The sun and moon, with all the host of heaven;
In sombre northern climes, he peopled all
His frowning woods with dreadful deities
And demons, that were born of ignorance;
And that impression, which the sombre hills
And gloomy forests made upon a mind,
Was conscious of its moral fall from good:—
He sacrificed his flesh, with awful rites,
Upon the altars of infernal gods,
Because imagination darkly saw
Around him move tremendous agencies,
Which roused his superstition, and awoke
The gloomy terrors of his guilty mind;—
His fancy filled the earth, and air, and streams
With thousands of imaginary gods,
Which no existence had except in his;
Because the changes of the earth and air,
The thunders of the ever-stormy heavens,
And tempests of the ever-troubled seas,
Appalled his ignorance and awoke his dread;—
The animals which providence had given
To feed him, and assist his infant powers,
His ignorance converted into gods;
And thus the things that providence ordained
For general good, the ignorance of man,
Perverting from their natural purposes,
Transformed to evils to oppress his race;
But when the lapse of life-expanding time
Had made men worthier to receive the truth,
Which, by the sins and ignorance of man,
Had been perverted and profaned with ill,
The knowledge of the true God did expand
Into a circle, from the narrow point
Which did preserve the sacred fire of heaven,
Which waits again till mind-enlightening time
Shall bring the period when the truth once more,
That from the point attained its present sphere,
Shall from the circle spread, as from the point,
With force proportioned to its present bounds,

Into a sphere which shall embrace the globe
With all the light of universal good:
Before whose perfect glory shall depart
False gods and false religions from the earth,
With all perverse conceptions of the true.
It is untrue that truth and error flourish
Alike indifferently upon the world,
In spite of all our best philosophy;
God smites the false with time, and error dies
Beneath the light that but developes good—
The false may flourish for its little hour.
The true exists with God for evermore.
And neither do men's differences prove
That truth is weak—they only prove that men are,
And our unworthiness to see the truth
Our hearts so oft are false to:—
Ten thousand babel-creeds from life may call,
There speaks but one creed from the death of all!

Exeunt

SCENE II.—*Sunset.*

Outside of the Cottage of the Misanthrope, who is heard striking his harp, and singing, to a pathetic air, the following.

Enter RUPERT *and* MAXIMILIAN
They pause and listen.

Oh! with feelings like the beaming
Of the morning's cloudless light,
And with hopes pure as the gleaming
Of the stars which gem the night.

Smilingly in boyhood's morning
I confronted life and fate;
But my smiles were met with scorning,
And my love returned with hate.

Fondly I believed truth's nurture
Could make all who sought it blest;
Simply I believed that virtue
Ne'er could be by vice opprest.

But experience—undeceiving,
Taught me that my hopes were wrong

Fools' delusion, faith's believing
That the right is to the strong.

Till my heart in anguish moaning,
With the wounds which others gave,
To wrong succumbed, and with its groaning
Asked of heaven a quiet grave.

Oh, no plague that e'er afflicted
Life with nature's sternest ban,
E'er such woe on man inflicted
As man's cruel heart on man.

Far from all mankind departing,
I fain would to some desert go;
And bear a heart, with anguish smarting,
To seek some solace for its woe.

For not half so frightful, drearful,
Would the darkest desert be;
Nor the wildest beast so fearful
As the face of man to me.

Far from man and misery hieing,
I'd to some wilderness depart;
To solitude and silence flying,
To hide my bleeding, broken heart!

Max. Oh, what a melancholy mind is this
We have to deal with! if we should convert
His gloom to gladness, sorrow into joy,
'Twill be almost as great a miracle
As that the mercy of our blessëd Lord
Wrought on the lunatic.

Rup. Let us enter! *(They enter*

Scene changes to the Interior of the Cottage of ORLANDO, *the Misanthrope.*

Rup. Oh! shall the apostles of our liberty,
Who sacrificed their happiness and life
To give us all the freedom that we boast of,
Receive no better meed for all their virtue

Than punishment which brutal tyranny
Inflicted on them, or the poor applause
They rightly estimated at its value?
Shall genius—that Cassandra of the world—
For advocating aye the just and true,
Receive no higher crown for all its sorrows
Than that posthumous monument of fame
With which, at last, mankind but mock a grave?
And shall the martyrs who expired for truth,
Who gave their shrinking flesh to tortures strange,
And yielded up their life in evil's fires
To vindicate the heavenly cause of good,
Receive no better meed for all their pain
Except a glory they did not regard,
And fame to which they are insensible?
Shall men—who in the barbarous times of old
Have laid their lives down to support the just,
And to advance the true among mankind—
Be unpermitted from the tree to pluck
They dewed with tears and watered with their blood,
The precious fruits which ne'er had blessed the world
Except for them, while others freely gather
The good for which they make no sacrifice?
This shocks our best ideas of natural justice,
And we can ne'er believe it while we think,
A sense of justice does exist in man
To prove the justice which its instinct points to.

Max. If all God's purpose were revealed to all,
Presumptuous man would grow too confident.
Heaven casts a veil of clouds betwixt its love
And human reason—to rebuke our pride
And make us humble as we ought to be;
Or we should grow so proud, we should profane
The hidden mysteries of the things of heaven,
As men profane the visible things of earth.
The future's glory, like the nebulæ
Which shine beyond the limits of our sight,
By Wisdom and by Mercy is removed
Beyond the vision of the eye of flesh.
If yon remotest clouds of nebulous light,
Invisible to unassisted sense,

Which gleam so faintly from our highest heaven,
Were nearer brought unto the world of man—
They'd blind our vision with excess of light,
And, as an earthquake shakes a city down,
Destroy the universe in which we live;
And if the future life—whose glory shines
Beyond the darkness and the death of this—
Were now unveiled before the sense of man,
Our life would perish in the blaze of heaven,
And sink beneath the majesty of God!
Yea! if the end of life could be to sense
As plainly shown—as that we now exist—
To be the sure beginning of a better,
The great majority would rush to death
To gain the happier life which lay beyond it.
Who would exist in earthly grief or pain
That could depart to heavenly peace and pleasure?
Or, if mankind did not destroy mankind
By such a suicide, they'd surely be
So wrapt in all the cloudless bliss of heaven,
They would neglect the business of this life,
And, too resigned, succumb to every ill,
In periods of religious ecstacy,
Men grow too prone to quit society,
And fly to deserts and to solitudes,
To pray, and not to work, and turn ascetics,
With spirits e'er absorbed in contemplation;
But heaven has not intended such should be
The normal, fixed condition of mankind;
So gives us only such degree of light
As guides us o'er this world, not blinds us to it.

Orl. We guess and guess, and guess, and guess, and guess,
And, like the shadows in vacuity,
We never grasp the truth we but conjecture.
Oh, why should such tremendous evil throw
Its awful shadow o'er the day of nature?
Our life a day, why should it not be happy?
Go, tell the victims of the mutiny
'Twas right and proper that they should be slaughtered;
And bid the men who of starvation die
Believe that famine always is a blessing;

Compel the innocent man you hang for crime
To think that good, not evil, executes him;
Or make a man with any plague or pain
Believe the first a good, the last a pleasure!
And when you have done all, I'll perhaps believe
That you can reconcile the facts of evil,
With good creating and o'erruling all things:
But till that time I must believe the ill,
With which my brain, and heart, and life are aching,
Devoid of e'en the hope of Pandora.

Pain thrusts my soul from every creed,
Except that we are fortune's flies;
The human heart with woe may bleed,
But who relieves its anguish-cries?
For me, whom peace hath never blest,
I'd fain with hope to heaven still pray;
But faith is dying in my breast,
For fate from life bears hope away.

Max. Our brother's mind distracted is with grief,
And clouded over with its sense of pain.
He views God's daylight with a darkened eye,
And sees but chaos where creation now
Is rising out of chaos in God's time,
And not in man's.
Our brother sees in nature but a scene
Of ceaseless suffering and eternal pain.
He thinks that history's but the calendar
Of all the sumless, hideous crimes of man;
He looks on all things with a mournful eye
Which magnifies the ill his vision rests on,
Diminishing the good in all to nothing.
Let us reverse the picture, and behold
The good there is in history, time, and man.
Suppose we'd lived in Aristotle's days,
And been endowed with second sight, to see
As clearly from that age remote to this,
As from the present we behold that period;
What would the old philosopher have said
If we had told him all the good we saw—
The chains of truth whose silver links unite

Our modern era to that ancient period.
Suppose we'd told him all that man would win;
That thirty centuries from the sage's time
The lore of reason would so far progress,
The human mind would not alone discover,
Another world below within its reach;
But that it would discover other worlds
Through heaven revolving, grander far than ours,
And rolling round the solar orb with man's;
And greater systems, and sublimer suns,
And grander universes, far beyond
The narrow confines of the solar way.
What, if we'd prophesied that man should ride
On burning chariots, borne along the land
As swift as ever Scythian arrow flew,
That man should plough his path o'er seas unknown,
Against the winds, the waters, and the waves
In gorgeous palaces—more grand than those
Wherein the lords of Persia sate enthroned—
Impelled by steam from boiling water drawn.
What if we'd prophesied that man should mete
The bulk, the distance, motions of the sun,
And weigh its orb, and analyze its light;
And measure by a world invisible
The swiftness of its bright, far-darting rays;
And then transform them into artists, which
Should picture anything in twenty breaths.
That in a drop of water we should find
More living animals than men on earth.
Converse with men o'er continents, and speak
To man across the ocean in a breath.
That man should copy with unknown machines
Ten thousand copies of the Iliad
In less than twenty hours.
And hang majestic roads upon the air,
Across the rivers and above the seas;
And find a way beneath majestic streams
Through which the human race might pass together.
That without wings man should ascend the air
Above the crest of Jove's Olympian hill,
Beyond the heights His eagle e'er attained.
That man should make a vapour thin as air

To issue from the ground in splendid streams
Of light, undreamt in his philosophy.
And that he should hurl showers of iron balls
Along the air—far as the lightning's flash,
More powerful than the burning bolts of Jove—
Beating down massive ramparts, mighty walls
As easy as an old Egyptian priest
Could send a javelin through papyrus.
That man should make machines whose power should spin
Ten thousand threads into a fabric rare,
As slight and graceful as the spider's web—
Yet bright and beautiful as fancy's dream,
And lasting as the golden robes of kings.
That we should form machines of quaint device
To measure time, with such exactitude
Should vary scarce a pulse throughout the year,
From that inscribed on heaven by nature's sun.
And that a little needle formed of steel
Should guide our ships o'er seas unknown to Greece
To lands untrodden by our race before.
That, armed with wondrous power, we should invoke
The fiery lightnings as they burned through heaven,
And that they should obey the beck of man,
And blaze around him where he bade them fall,
And strike the being dead he bade them kill.
That knowledge would impart such power to man,
He should cut off the limbs diseased of men,
Without the patient feeling any pain.
That he into his dwelling should admit
The heavenly sunshine and exclude the storm,
Through crystal glittering as the glorious gems
Which decked the diadems of eastern kings—
Yea ! build a palace of it, grander far
Than all the ancient wonders of the world,
And fill it with such rich and costly things,
Such miracles of industry and skill,
That if old Aristotle could but view
A thousandth of those wonders, he would think
The palace of Great Jove had sunk to earth,
Adorned with all the garniture of heaven,
And bright with gods, whose music-voices there,
Were pealing wonders on the sense of man.

Suppose we'd prophesied unto the sage,
The human mind at last would demonstrate
The all-embracing law which wheels the heavens,
With all their sumless systems round the skies;
And prove to man his world was but a wave,
E'er rolling on in that eternal sea
Of motion, with such swift velocity
That all his numbers were inadequate
To calculate its speed.
Suppose we had announced unto the sage
The Son of God would come from heaven to earth,
Before whose gospel all the gods of Greece
Should fade, like dreams before reality;
That Christ, the Son of one All-Father God,
Should prove to man his soul should never die,
By the miraculous life and death wherein
Should focus all the fire and light of truth
And moral good, till then unknown to man.
And yet that men e'en, after all they'd won,
And all the knowledge by the truth revealed,
And all the good vouchsafed by God to men,
Should still distrust the powers of truth and good,
Yea, e'en imagine both were but a dream,
And evil but the sole reality!
What would the old philsopher have said
Just after we had told him such a tale?
He would have mocked us for our mockery,
Or deemed us madder than delirium's dream,
More frantic than the worst insanity.
Yet time has proved to man the tale is true:
And after all the good and truth attained,
How can we doubt the truth and good concealed
Within the future for the mind of man?
The day will come whose knowledge will surpass
The truth of ours, as ours transcends the lore
Which now is buried with the ancient time.
The greatest truth and best interpretations
Of truths, which man already hath attained
Make their appearance last—Galileo's heaven,
Appeared the same unto Galileo's eye
As to the vision of old Ptolemy:
How different, though, is his interpretation!

In finding truth within the lower spheres
Of inorganic and organic life,
We find the true and good identical;
In searching for it in the higher spheres
Of mental, moral being, shall we find
But ill, that shall destroy the sum of good
Which we have found already in the lowest?
Oh truth, the knowledge ne'er will bring to man
As would induce the wisest to prefer
The night of ignorance to that light of knowledge
Whose flame would burn like fire, to blight all good
And blast with death the life and soul of all things.
Like th' astronomer, who stands on earth,
And gazes on the scattered stars of space
In wild confusion strown along the skies—
Yet who, within his being, feels convinced
That this apparent chaos is combined
In one sublimest plan of unity;
So, gazing over all the world of man,
Its life, its trials, and calamities,
We feel at times we faintly can perceive,
Through all the clouds of darkness and dismay,
The broken outline of a godlike scheme,
The operation of a wondrous plan,
Developing through all the storms of ill,
To higher being, the immortal life
Which animates the wondrous frame of man;
To lift the animal—whose life must die—
Into the god whose being cannot perish.
Of this be sure—the future world will stand
More wrapt in wonder at the full display
Of all the history of God's moral spheres,
Than we now stand astonished—yea, appalled
Beneath the blaze of heaven's sidereal glories!

SCENE III.—*A lonely Rock crested with Trees, overlooking an immense green Amphitheatre spreading in front of it. Time,—Afternoon.*

Enter ORLANDO, RUPERT, *and* MAXIMILIAN.

Orl. Alas! your arguments may perhaps be right;
As far as logic goes, I can't refute them.

But oh! I'm tired of that philosophy
Which, like political economy,
E'er deals with masses—disregarding man.
I ask for something for the unit too;
My heart is burning for some heavenly good
Which can alone assuage its sense of evil.
You give me reasons that elucidate
The evils which oppress the human race.
I ask for truth that shall account for mine,
Oh, more than that—shall give me strength to bear them,
And lift my life's oppression from my being.
For I am weary of being weary of them;
Explain them to me to my satisfaction;
But ah! what shall take from this wasted heart
The troubles that have crushed my fortitude—
The fiery trials which have scorched my strength—
The anguish that has driven peace away,
I think for ever, from my shattered mind.
Oh! that I could walk up the walls of heaven!
And lay my worse than wounded spirit down,
Beneath the footstool of some gracious power!
My silent presence there, the only prayer,
Should sigh my sumless agonies through heaven —
I'm too exhausted now to breathe another.
Hope is departed—no! it never came
Unto the breast despair e'er tenanted.
The being of a starving, outcast dog
It is a life of bliss compared with mine;
And I, whom nature did create a man,
And stamped God's image on my breathless clay;
Yes! I whose faculties might climb the skies—
Who feel a fierceness in me longs to leap,
And do, and dare, as far as man can battle;
Am chained unto the weakness that I loathe—
And fettered to the inaction which I hate—
And judged by all the little souls of earth—
And trampled on by ills that I would spurn,
But that the curse upon me puts in hell
The man who vainly strives to break its bondage.
This keeps me back from duty's heavenly path,
Where I've but power to pain the hearts that love me,
And chains my life, and sets me up on high,

E'en like a murderer hung upon a gibbet,
For every wretched thing to make a feast on,
And prey upon a heart that once was human.

Max. Through great adversity behold mankind
Attain the light of their prosperity;
And mercy's manna doth exist for all—
The soul of suffering as the heart of joy.
The great afflictions which distress us all,
But harden and embrutify the mind,
Unless religion doth inspire the soul—
Converting trial into discipline,
And earthly evil into heavenly good.
Beneath the pressure of calamity,
And in the school of trial, Cromwell learned
What saved our good old English liberty;
Great Cæsar's legions in the school of war
Acquired the hardihood that won the world.
What can embitter our existence more
Than being of the health deprived which forms
The greatest blessing that can give us pleasure?
And yet how often has the same disease,
Which thrust its martyrs back from active life,
Into the prison of sedentary study,
Evoked the grandest works which grace the world.
Peruse the records of man's history,
And see how often we shall find it so.
Without the imprisonment of Bunyan, tell me,
Should we have had the book which it created?
Who manifest the greatest force of mind—
The eldest sons of our nobility,
Or younger sons who have to *make* their fortune?
Oh, sickness, poverty, and misery
In the right spirit borne, right worthily,
Awake to supernatural energy,
The most exalted faculties of mind,
Developing the latent energies
That lie within the immortal soul of man;
And never are our powers of thought and action
So great, as when misfortune nobly borne,
With its calamities, doth fall upon us.
For when we cannot act, to nobly suffer,

Is perhaps the greatest deed that man can do.
God's strength perfected is in human weakness; —
To write a poem, or to stamp our name
Upon the pages of man's book of fame,
Is nothing to a life that writes itself
In lines of virtue on the book of God;
And without faith the mind is sure to fail,
Alike in prosperous days and in misfortune.

Orl. Alas! I know not if I'm blamable:
Yet if you had to go through what I've past,
You could not better pass through what I've gone,
In spite of all your grand philosophy.
You do not know, you never can imagine
What I've endured: 'tis past all thought and speech.
You do not know how oft I've praying stood,
And swooned at last, despairing of all good.

Rup. I wish we had a moralometer,
To show the depth of every base oppression,
And weigh the anguish of despairing hearts
Outraged beyond all thought by blind injustice!
Then barbarous souls might often pause aghast,
And shallow, heartless beings stand appalled,
To see, and know, and *feel* what they'd inflicted;
But for the hurt there's no philosophy
Like getting quick a philosophic doctor.

Max. Yet oh! my suffering friend; I must protest
By truths that have raised men from grief as deep
As that you suffer, and have saved their minds
From idiot woe, which leaves no tongue to speak it,
Against the spirit that now animates you.
Oh turn! my stricken friend, in anguish turn
And bless the Eternal God for what He gives you.
The greatest pangs of man are sent for good,
Our greatest troubles are allowed by mercy;
To raise our being to a nobler height,
And to a grander state than joy can give us;
Yea! all our sufferings are allowed by heaven
To purify the spirit from the flesh,
And make us worthier of the truth that waits us.

Where heaven does most, man seems to do his least;
And, in our present moral state, if heaven
Had given to us more material good,
And less of sorrow than we have to bear,
We should have quenched the spirit in the flesh,
And sacrificed our being's latent powers
And godlike growth to luxury, sloth, and lust.
Men grow effeminate in eastern climes
Where plenty flowereth most exuberantly;
But poor and rugged northern climates nurse
The races that go forth across the earth,
To conquer nations and to govern them.
Some ill has been allowed to spur to good,
And teach us how to use the good we win,
And by our efforts learn the value of it.

Rup. Oh! if the sea had never known a storm
And if the earth had never known an evil;
And if the power of God had crowned the world
With all the glory of eternal spring,
Where plenty should have flowered spontaneously—
Would not the highest faculties of man
Have been in danger of remaining then
For ever undeveloped and unknown?
'Dost thou behold yon paradisal shore;'
We may imagine some young spirit said,
Conversing with another, centuries past,
And pointing to an oriental clime,
As both were hovering o'er the world of man:
'That land should be my own, if I were mortal!'
'Then come with me, replies the elder spirit,
And I will show to you a nobler land,
Than that which you have chosen!
Dost thou behold yon barren, gloomy shore,
Whose misty marshes and whose sombre woods
Appear beneath the leaden western heaven,
That rises o'er the ever-clouded isles,
Which shine like emeralds in their stormy ocean—
There should my country be, if I were human.'
'What, there?' in wonder says the younger shade,
'Aye! there,' returns the other; 'for those isles
Will be the grandest school of human greatness:

The mightiest states of history thence shall spring;
The grudging soil and treasures placed beneath it
Shall train to greatness that industry
Whose strength at last shall overrun the world;
Yon stormy seas shall discipline, the power
To win and wear the treasures of the earth!
In struggling with the soil of yonder land,
And wrestling with the waves of yonder ocean,
The mind of man shall grow to all the height
Of freedom, reason, wisdom, order, might,
Undying greatness, and immortal fame!'

Max. The principle of gravitation's power
Controls the motions of the worlds of space;
'Tis that one principle which doth explain
The complicated motions of the spheres,
And their irregularities resolves;
Elucidates their movements through the past,
And all their future motion prophesies.
Can we discover for the moral world
A principle as comprehensive, then,
As gravitation, for the physical?
A principle, which shall at once explain
The great anomalies of life and man;
Elucidate the origin of ill,
And reconcile with its existence now,
The goodness of the world-creating power,
The life of nature and the mind of man.
We cannot find the principle we seek
Within the sphere of this material world,
Or in the bounds of reason or of sense;
We must ascend to what transcends them all
Before the mind can even hope to find it.
It is like seeking in a charnel house
The source of life from which all life proceeds—
To try to find within the bounds of time,
The explanation of the origin,
And dark existence of all moral ill;
To reason only, ill must ever seem,
And ever will appear, unreasonable.
Go, read the heathen history of the past,
Preserved within the archives of the world;

What dreadful pictures time presents unto us,
And what a hideous history truth relates!
We see the wisest, greatest, and the best
Of all our race the sport of maddening wrong;
Virtue defeated in the worthiest cause,
And villany triumphant in the worst!
We see youth's happy hopes destroyed by war,
And manhood's great ambition struck with death;
The human heart outraged in every way,
And life of man oppressed in every form,
While time blasts all things with resistless power,
Beneath whose stroke we soon are doomed to fall;
And nothing but some principle of good,
Whose nature shall exalt itself and man
Beyond all evil, and above all ill,
As yon great heavens exalt themselves o'er earth,
Can reconcile unto the life of man
The origin and fact of moral ill.
Where, then, is this exalted principle
In which—when crushed like mangled worms to death,
Beneath the iron hoofs of tyrannous ill,—
We can discover that philosophy
Which can translate our evil into good,
Calamity to blessing, grief to joy,
And harmonize with man's despairing soul
The existence of the evil that destroys him?
Oh! there is nothing now in earth or heaven
From which we can derive such principle
Unless religion will bestow it on us;
For 'tis the deepest truth which moves mankind,
And which the Spirit of the God of all
Inspires with power to make man like Himself,
Who never is by evil overcome,
But aye doth overcome all ill with good.
Oh! if we can attain this principle!
'Twill tell us that this life is but a part
Of our existence—and that, far beyond
The moral ill whose shadows cloud the world,
There is a higher sphere ordained for man
Whose never fading and immortal good,
Explains the evil that existeth here.
In vain, if we ignore this principle

And dwarf our reasoning to the narrow bounds
Of this life's speck of space and point of time,
Shall we attempt to find a principle
That will determine this enigma for us ;
For, reasoning in the shadow of our life,
We cannot see the light above that makes it—
Not on the earth, from which man's prayers proceed,
But in the heaven, from which God's answer flows,
Exists the good that now explaineth ill.
Yes ! for the answer of the problem vast—
Whence do the mighty tides of nature flow,
And whither do the waves of life proceed,
And what is that transcendent power which moves
And sways the surge of nature to its will,
We must arise above philosophy
To that religion which alone can give,
The answer of a God to all who live.
By all the moral earthquakes of the ill
Impressed upon the history of man,
We must believe that man hath fall'n short
Of his Creator's great and good intent,
And never risen to the godlike height
Of God's most wise and merciful decree ;
Or else believe that He who made us thus
Has erred in forming what He did create ;
The last may be propounded by the mad,
The first must be accepted by the sane.
By praying, willing, seeking, doing good,
We find the truth by sense not understood ;
Why e'en in science, if we should confine
Our science to the world whereon we be,
And less than little day in which we live,
We can't the motions of that world resolve,
Nor trace the force that moves the ocean-tides,
And sways the beating of earth's burning heart.
We have to raise our eyes beyond this world
Unto the heavens which throne yon orbs of light,
To comprehend the origin of earth,
And to explain the motions of its life ;
And from the glorious fountain of our day,
We must exalt our vision to a sun
Whereof the solar orb is but a ray,

Before the mind can even hope to find
The point round which the wheels of nature roll,
And matter's orbit through the gulf of space;
And in the moral worlds we also seek
From one sublimest, highest life of all,
The answer to the mysteries of the lowest,
The lowest from itself could never give:
For as our summer, winter, day and night,
Alone can be explained by reference
Unto a brighter, better, higher sphere;
E'en so the motions of the moral world
Remain enigmas which we can't resolve,
Apart from the existence of the God,
Whence came the inspiration of the Word,
Whose godlike utterance speaks from truth beyond
The gloom of nature, and the graves of time.
God's glorious and immortal future good
Alone can harmonize the mind of man,
Unto the evils of our present state.
If answered so, what will such evil be
But like a tempest that blew over time;
But whose dark clouds shall be for ever lost
Amid the eternal glory of God's day!
The faith of science—greater than her fact—
Anticipates the future to resolve
The great enigmas that she can't explain;
E'en so religion to the future, too,
Doth point, for the solution of the ill
That sinks too deep for less than God to solve.
And greater far than man's most godlike thought,
More pure, more noble than the grandest prayer
That innocence e'er sobbed from earth to heaven,
God's answer shall be to the ills of man,
The prayers of nature. and the tears of time;
For Christ himself shall speak it to mankind;
And man shall hear his Maker's still small voice
Breathe through his life, more kind than all the tears
That e'er were wept above the dust of death
By love, by pity, and by penitence!

A sublime burst of sacred music is suddenly heard sounding in the distance, accompanied by the voices of a great multitude.

Max. Hark! 'tis Religion's voice, which sounds afar:
She comes this way, to speak to us e'en now,
And tell us more than reason e'er can teach.
Could reason of itself solve every ill,
We then need more than reason to sustain them!

The music approaches nearer, while the singing becomes louder.

An immense Multitude appear in the distance, approaching the Rock on which ORLANDO, RUPERT, *and* MAXIMILIAN *stand, all marching, like an army, in regular order; ten thousands of Males on one side, and ten thousands of Females on the other—many Bands preceding and accompanying them, all playing together, as one, sacred music, to which thousands of voices sing, like the mighty sound of many rushing waters, the following, as they advance along the sea shore.*

Religion only can impart
What reason never can bestow—
The grace unto the wounded heart
Which heals the deepest wounds of woe.

And Jesus only can restore,
What we without Him seek in vain—
The innocence our prayers implore,
That makes the man a child again.

'Tis prayer alone can from the skies
Evoke the power not understood
By all the wisdom of the wise,
Which changes evil into good.

For from our anguish it distills,
A heavenly balm for earthly pain;
And with celestial mercy fills
The chambers of the darkened brain.

The music changes into a bolder measure, and again the voices of the Multitude are heard accompanying it, Males and Females alternately:—still approaching the green Amphitheatre where MAXIMILIAN, ORLANDO, *and* RUPERT *are grouped.*

Males.

Without the knowledge of the Word,
How poor is all the mind can gain;
Without the wisdom of our Lord,
In outer darkness we remain.

Females.

But if His glorious Spirit light
And g ide us on our devious way,
Oh, then, in sorrow's darkest night,
We walk in mercy's brightest day !

Males.

And round the darkness of the soul,
We view His worlds of wonder gleam ;
And watch the wheels of nature roll,
To ends surpassing aught we dream.

Females.

No matter what our fortune be,
And what misfortune on us fall ;
If lighted by His grace we be,
We are in harmony with all.

They all advance upon the scene, and form themselves into an immense sémicircle (the Females on the inside, the Males without) upon the declivity which faces the Rock canopied with Trees, where ORLAND RUPERT, *and* MAXIMILIAN *stand.*

Again the music peals forth and ten thousands of voices sing the following—whose echoes roll around the hills, sound along the water, and reverberate across the plains.

Ere from the caves of chaos swept
The dazzling starry hosts array ;
Ere from the urn of darkness leapt
The suns that strew the Milky Way.

God brooded o'er the silent skies,
And contemplated nature's plan ;
Then bade to life creation rise,
And called to being earth and man.

That God, be sure, has not doomed mind,
Its eyes to open to the light
For one brief moment, but to find
Them quenched by death in endless night.

The God who gives us life and joy,
Who gives us reason, truth, and love,

Will ne'er, be sure, the mind destroy,
His own voice bids aspire above !

The music changes again, and ten thousands of voices again chant altogether—

Age on age we see s ce ding,
As the billows rise and fall ;
Present, past, and future speeding
To the tomb that yawns for all.

Hastening, view all generations,
To the dark and dreary grave ;
From the dust, where sleep the nations,
What shall snatch ? or who shall save ?

Kingdoms once immortal deemëd,
Lost in dark oblivion lie ;
Empires which eternal seem ëd,
Lo ! in dust their glories die !

Life but speeds to death tremendous,
To the fatal, final hour,
Oh ! where is the might stupendous
To preserve us from its power.

Doubt no more, all-feeble reason !
Broken is destruction's awe ;
Truth to doubt, to truth is treason,
God hath said, whose Word is law.

That the soul shall perish never,
Though the body may decay ;
We shall live—and live for ever,
When this world has past away.

Maximilian kneels down to pray, and all kneel with him.

Oh, Father ! of the nations of mankind,
To whom man's prayers ascend from every shore ;
Oh, Thou All-merciful, Almighty Mind,
Whom all the ages of mankind adore ;
Oh, grant us Lord, through Christ, what we implore !
And teach our spirits how we ought to pray ;
Upon our hearts Thy grace, oh ! Mercy pour,
And guide our steps on life's bewildering way.

Yet shines Thy Word across earth's darkling wild,
And through the clouds that round this world are cast;
Thy presence, Lord! has on thy servants smiled,
Like fading leaves now falling on the blast!
And round the earth the light of mercy cast,
That through its tempests, and its storms of woe,
Shall shine for ever glorious as the vast
Expanse of heaven from which Thy wonders flow!

Far as the light of nature flings its ray,
Thy mercy shineth, and Thy power extends!
Fair as the beauty of creation's day,
The great reflection of Thy love descends!
Around our little life; which it transcends,
Like yon great heaven of light surpasses all!
The little world beneath its grandeur bends
As low, as man beneath Thy life doth fall!

Again the music peals forth a sublime symphony, and ten thousands of voices sing together—

How sweet it is to worship God,
Beneath His heaven's exalted shrine;
To kneel upon this mortal sod
And bless with tears the Lord divine!
Who but permitteth pain and ill,
To wound, for what grief cannot see:
But which exalt the chastened will,
As high as good's eternity!

O! bless the Great Creator's name!
We are unworthy all to know,
Whose wisdom all His works proclaim,
Whose goodness all His mercies shew;
Bless Him, whose mercy bids us pray,
With hymns of joy his name adore,
Whose love's too great for heaven to say,
Upon this world's contracted shore!

Along the storms of earthly ill,
We hear the heavenly music roll;
Whose life-exalting thunders fill,
The eternal palace of the soul:

Hark! like the harping of a God,
It peals along creation's spheres,
And murmurs round this mortal sod,
The rapture of immortal years!

Maximilian. In the 119th Psalm, the 105th verse, you will find these words:

"Thy Word is a Lamp unto my feet, and a Light unto my path."

Our form material is in harmony
With that material world our senses scan,
And is endowed with powers which can supply
The physical necessities of man;
But man's a mental, moral being too,
Whose higher—as his lower, nature ought,
To harmonize with all the facts we view,
And satisfy the cravings of his thought.
Without the star that shines o'er nature's strife,
And links us to the world its truth doth give,
It is impossible that human life
With place can harmonize in which we live.
It then along the infinite descends,
And seeks in vain through reason's starless plain,
The end to which the course of nature tends,
If but a grave—is all that man shall gain;
But from the gloom of such a creed as this,
It never from the fount of truth can flow,
Or error unto man imparts the bliss,
Which truth on man refuses to bestow.
The prophets who have perish'd for mankind,
Beheld afar religion's heavenly dawn,
To which the wisdom of their world was blind,
And from the grandeur of its truth have drawn;
A godlike tone of feeling and of thought,
Which raised them o'er the ignorance of their time;
And made their souls with inspiration fraught,
Whose music fell from good's celestial clime:
They hailed the dawn of truth's advancing light,
E'en as the lonely traveller gone astray,
Beholds the sun emerging from the night,
With heavenly smile to light him on his way.
So falsehood's darkness ever melts away,

As truth's advancing glories on us rise;
And with enlightened vision we survey
The grand serene of God's eternal skies.
So ever do we greet the light of truth,
So ever hail its high and hallowed beam,
And turn with joy in uncorrupted youth,
To watch the glory falling on the stream.
With fine emotion as we heard afar,
The doctrine that would bid man's murders cease,
For ever down with nature-blasting war,
And reign for ever, earth-exalting peace!
E'en as we hear resounding o'er the wave,
Great Alexander's glorious mind decree,
The eternal freedom of the Russian slave—
That latest triumph of humanity.
Oh, yes! a godlike feeling thrills the soul,
As we the expanding truths of time survey;
With glorious speed advancing to their goal,
And bearing man to mercy's brighter day.
As we behold the gardens of the mind,
With fairer and with fairer beauty glow,
And watch the aspirations of mankind
More noble in the light of wisdom grow;
Did ever new-born truth oppress the mind,
Or wrap the heart in anguish or dismay?
Or does it murmur music to mankind,
That soothes their woes and charms their doubts away?
But to the information that would chain
Our life imperfect to this stormy sphere,
Where ignorance ever rules, and tyrants reign,
Say—do we listen with enraptured ear?
Oh, do such tidings o'er our spirit roll,
Like nature's music over nature plays;
And do they fascinate the human soul,
As nature's beauty fascinates the gaze.
If in the present sphere of life and thought,
Truth's revelations so enchant the mind;
The end and aim of all truth should be fraught
With life-exalting pleasure for mankind.
But if the creed material were right,
Instead of truth doing what we now survey,
Arising like the morning o'er the night,

It rushes like the darkness over day—
Eclipsing, and for ever, nature's bliss,
If all the gladness truth to life e'er gave,
But lead us to a truth at last like this,
'Life is but dust in death's eternal grave!'
But let us now revert unto the day,
When but a plain was deemed this earthly ball,
O'er which the sun, with all the stars' array,
Revolved each day through Jove's olympian hall.
Behold from age to age, by truth revealed,
The plan majestic of the mighty scheme,
The clouds of ignorance from mankind concealed,
As long as they were wrapt in error's dream.
Throughout this history progress we survey,
From man's poor notions to God's godlike thought;
But take from man immortal life away,
And then we retrogress from God to naught:
In one case we behold the human mind,
Attain the starry temple that we see;
Where o'er the fallen systems of mankind,
Ascends the dome of God's immensity!
And in the last we seek to undermine
Religion's temple once a tribe did hold,
And then expanded to the christian shrine,
Whose walls the wisest states of earth enfold;
To give to man for heaven's eternal fane,
The house which each philosopher doth rear,
For the next great man to pull down again,
And build as true and lasting fabric there!
Religion in the first case gives the mind
A worthy goal for all the truths we trace;
A chaos in the last confounds mankind,
Which tombs the truth of all the human race!
Saying to man, thy mind may mount the sky,
And high as highest heaven thy thoughts extend;
Yet, though as far as light thy truth should fly,
In death's eternal grave thy truth shall end!
But Christianity bids man aspire,
As high as from the dust his thoughts can climb;
Exalting from the earth our low desire,
It sings of worlds beyond the reach of time!
Saying, He who doth the body's wants supply,

Will not destroy with ill, what good began.
Nor bid the truth which brightens nature's sky,
E'er blast the soul with death's eternal ban:
But from yon heaven the sun of truth doth glow,
That speaks like God, in love's eternal cause;
And radiates the light round earth shall go,
To prove the majesty of mercy's laws;
To battle doubt with faith, and ill with good,
Error with truth, and all with love assail:
To make Christ's message rightly understood,
And bid his heavenly power o'er man prevail.
Above the low and little things of time,
Hark! how that voice breathes round this stormy shore,
The organ-utterance of the truths sublime,
More great than all the suns that round us soar!
See! from God's day descend the quenchless light,
Whose rays of life immortal, now illume
The gloomy shades of this material night,
And point the soul to worlds beyond the tomb!
Where, in the glory of immortal bliss,
Your souls o'er deathless worlds for aye shall soar;
And far above the tears which water this,
Shall shine, the stars of life's eternal shore!
Oh! blaze o'er nature bright immortal ray!
Redeem the world to light you have begun;
And like the dawn advancing into day,
Oh, Star of Mercy! brighten to a Sun!
Whose rays reflected from man's broadening mind,
Shall cheer life's pathway with immortal beam;
And shed athwart the errors of mankind,
A heavenly light, whose grand majestic gleam,
Amidst the gloom of this material night,
The lorn shall comfort, and the lost shall save;
And from the heaven of uncreated light,
Shall with its halo glorify the grave!

Again the music peals forth—the voices of ten thousands of Females chanting—

Sublimely o'er the spirit rolls,
The hope that we shall stand,
And flourish with immortal souls,
In love's divinest land.

Where warrior never shall enslave
A world unto his will;
Nor banner e'er of battlewave
Immortal life to spill.

But where the streams of life shall pour,
As they through Eden rolled,
And glorious forests grandly soar,
Fretted with skies of gold.

Where answering all the prayers of time,
God's great reply shall be;
The light and love of Mercy's clime,
Through heaven's eternity!

Again the music changes, and ten thousands of voices sing Males and Femàles alternately.

Males.

The spread of truth, is like the dawn
Which o'er our leaden orient flies;
Then blushes into beaming morn,
And bursts in splendour round the skies.

Females.

Man sees his systems fall to dust,
Misdoubting what Christ died to prove;
He'll try all things, before he'll trust
The law, and Lawgiver of love.

Altogether.

Man's laws of pain, and wars of crime,
His stabs of hate, his words of woe;
In every age, in every clime,
The fire of hell through nations throw.

Males.

Yet rising o'er the night of time,
And piercing through the clouds of hate,
The truth at last shall burst sublime,
To brighten earth's forlorn estate,

Females.

Which teaches; wisdom, virtue, might,
Beset by ignorance, crime, and scorn,

Though strong as God, should but with light
E'er strike a man of woman born!

Altogether.

Though faith may suffer, do not sigh,
Against your Maker's wise decree;
'Tis sweet to live, and sweet to die,
Assured of Christ's divinity!

Maximilian.—Let us pray.' They all kneel down together, and ten thousands of Male and Female voices, repeat aloud, with one voice, the following prayer:

Oh! Father of the millions of mankind!
How shall Thy little children come to Thee,
And stand before the Everlasting Mind,
Whose habitation is immensity?
Can sinful man approach the Eternal King,
His wants to utter, or his woes to sigh,
Except the righteousness the Saviour bring,
For which from heaven to earth he came to die?
Amidst the myriad-million suns which blaze
Round Thee, Most-wise, Most-perfect, and Most-fair,
Thine eye this little world of life surveys
With all that time has ever written there.
Among the thousand million souls who live,
And die upon this little ball of clay,
Thine eye, All-seeing, doth our souls perceive,
With all they have been—all they are to-day.
Oh, shield us, Lord! from every earthly ill,
And guide us on the path we fain would tread;
And let Thy grace its softest dew distill,
To heal the wounds of every bruised head.
No matter what the ills which make us sigh,
By faith in good e'er let us guided be;
And Oh! whate'er Thy providence deny,
Yet leave us love and gratitude to Thee!
And so the desert which so dark appears,
Shall bloom to beauty as we onward go;
And what now seems a barren waste of years,
The highest good shall bring that man can know.
For reason is confined to things we see,
And to the truths her vision now may scan;

But faith's the prophecy of good to be,
Which, from the future years, shall smile on man.
And, with our noblest praise, we would adore
The God whom, not to worship, is to be
Without the wings by which alone we soar,
Unto the highest good the soul can see.
Without religion, reason is but blind
Unto the truth it was designed to gain;
But God to worship doth exalt the mind
Unto the noblest growth we can attain.
God sheds on reason, wisdom's purest light,
In answer to the fervent prayers of man:
He arms our weakness with celestial might,
To shield the good that evil tries to ban.
And what the heart, bereft of hope, would be,
The soul, devoid of heavenly faith, must prove,
Imprison'd to the narrow spot we see,
And shut from yonder heaven of light above.
Then let us worship now the God of truth,
Whom reason bids our lips and lives adore;
Who gifts us with the graces of his ruth,
And graces with his gifts for evermore!
And so we shall expand from good to good,
And not from evil unto ill decay;
And, purified by Christ's celestial blood,
Shall rise o'er death to life's unending day.

The music peals forth again, and ten thousands of Male voices chant the following:

Oh! Thou whose mercy heard our prayers,
Accept our poor ungrateful praise;
For all the joys that bless our years,
And all the peace which crowns our days:
Enlightened by Thy grace at last,
The wisdom now is understood;
Permitted all the evil past,
To teach us all our present good.

And now, Oh Lord! Thy truth we know,
We mourn, oh God! we did not bless
Thy mercy in our deepest woe,
And praise Thee in our worst distress!

For all its anguish, was but sent,
To lift our souls to truths sublime;
And crown our life with that content,
That smiles at all the storms of time.

After a short pause the music peals forth again, and the Assembly chant alternately—

Females.

How sweetly fair athwart the clouds of gloom,
The light of truth celestial, Lord! doth shine:
Whose heavenly rays this earthly night illume,
To guide the soul to love's eternal shrine;
Serene as peace, transporting as the clime,
Where angels sing beyond the storms of time.

Males.

Yet oh! how faint! how tame and cold appears
Our noblest praise for all the blessings given,
Unto the burning and soul-breathing prayers,
Which sigh our wrongs, and sorrows unto heaven,
When helpless souls before His footstool fall,
Who hears the prayer of each, and answers all.

Females.

Oh! could we speak the thanks to God we owe,
Our songs of gratitude o'er earth would rise;
And round the spheres of life and nature flow,
Commingling with the music of the skies;
Breathing such plaintive notes into their hymn,
As would make e'en the eyes of angels dim!

Males.

Thy goodness, Lord! is like the boundless sky,
Upon whose bosom suns and systems rest
In doubtless faith, as sleeping infants lie,
Misdoubting nothing on their mother's breast;
Enclasped by love, which doth alike embrace
All worlds—all life—all things in time and space.

Maximilian.

In this blest state of mind in which we live,
We've naught but gratitude to God to give;

Our prayers are turned to praises, not a sigh
Of doubt disturbs the music of our sky;
And naught hereafter can the faith disprove,
Now breathes its blessings to the God of love!
Love from our spirit every fear hath cast,
Grace cheers the present, as it blessed the past:
Christians! adore with me the mercy-ray,
Hath guided us from darkness unto day.
Called sweetest harmony from discord's night,
And led us into mercy's marvellous light.
Once by a crown of thorns His brow was torn,
Who crowns us here with flowers without a thorn;
And we have naught but gratitude to give,
To Him who makes it happiness to live.
No terror now our future sky deforms,
No doubt of discord, and no dread of storms;
The spirits fraught with truth's serenest light,
Can never more descend to error's night;
The hearts exalted to celestial bliss,
Can never sink again the dust to kiss;
So rich our blessings, and so vast their store,
We have no need of prayers to ask for more!
And we have naught but gratitude to give,
To Him who makes it happiness to live.
To God, be praise, and glory evermore,
Let what our lips can't breathe, our lives adore;
Oh waft our praises heavenly Lamb and Dove,
Unto the Father's Mercy-Seat above!

Maximilian—Let us now sing the Hymn of the Redeemed. To a sublime burst of music ten thousands of Male and Female voices chant the following:

Oh Thou whose all-creating might,
From chaos called us up to be;
And decked our brows with crowns of light,
Which shine above eternity,—
How shall we sing our praise to Thee,
Enthron'd on heaven's eternal calm,
Upon the skies Thine angels see,
Now chanting love's immortal psalm!

Enthron'd for ever o'er the choirs,
Thy Mercy-Seat, Oh Lord! surround,

Beyond the flash of all the fires,
Which time, and space, and darkness bound;
Thou sitt'st with light array'd around,
Above the thrones whereon we shine,
Which fall like shadows on the ground,
Beneath the glory, Lord! of Thine!

Below, around, afar, and near,
Thy starry universes play;
Revolving round each burning sphere,
We all the worlds of space survey;
Now dark with night, now bright with day,
As each from gloom to glory roll;
And all the changing scenes display
Of life, to time's remotest goal.

We view the many-color'd seas
And mountains of each crystal shore,
Where flower the fair immortal trees,
By streams more blest than Eden bore:
And bright as constellations, pour
Their glory through the gloom of night,
Around their golden cities soar,
The beings of those worlds of light.

While, from the heaven whose arms embrace
The worlds within its glory shine,
Enthroned in God's high dwelling-place,
Our praise ascends in hymns divine
To Thee, who called from death's confine,
Each bright and blest immortal soul,
And bade round heaven their glory shine,
As nature's suns o'er nature roll.

Oh Thou! whose all-creating might
Called every system up to be;
Whose morning's but a ray of light
That shines from Thy divinity,—
How shall we sing our praise to Thee
Enthron'd on God's eternal calm,
Upon the skies Thine angels see,
Now chanting heaven's immortal psalm!

Again the music changes, and all the immense multitude march off

the Scene, a hundred abreast, Maximilian and Rupert accompanying them, in the same order in which they came on, chanting altogether, the following:

Oh! let each heart to rapture rise,
Before the Everlasting King,
Who formed the earth, and sea, and skies,
And all the worlds which o'er them spring.
In chorus let our voices sing,
In one majestic thunder-roll,
Till heaven's high arch, with music ring,
Shall speak the worship of the soul!

Responding to the music's swell,
Whose tuneful thunders o'er us play,
Oh! let our hymns adoring tell
The gratitude we fain would pay
To God—too great, too good, to say:
Who gives us all the joy we see;
And on our darkness sheds the day
Of Christ and immortality.

Manet. Orlando, who, as the last echo of their chorus dies away in the distance, bursts into tears, and repeats in a passion of weeping

THE PSALM OF AFFLICTION.

"Hear my feeble and incoherent prayer, merciful Lord: let it rise unto the Mercy-Seat, and come before the majesty of the great God. Let it climb the circle of the heaven that spreads before me, to the habitation of Him, whose pathway is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known, and bring down a blessing upon my head.

"Few and evil have been my days, and full of trouble have been my years. Time has robbed me of the sweetest years of my youth, and sorrow has ever eclipsed my being with pain. My heart has been a desert without a spring, a world without a shower, a sky without a day. My life has wasted away in misery, and bound with bonds of iron. I have been compelled to eat the bread of dependence, and drink the waters of humiliation. My soul has pined in a desert of horrible monotony, like a leper exiled from the sweets of nature, and the delights of love.

"O forget not! but remember in the records of Thy truth how the inhumanity of man destroyed the struggling hope of my youth,

and the tyranny of unreasoning ignorance cast its abhorrent eclipse around the glory of my days. No calm days of comfort or sweet prosperity e'er blessed this martyred heart, O God of mercy! Remember how my heart was an hungred, and there was none to give it meat—how my soul was athirst, and there was none to give it drink—how my life was sick and in prison, and there was none to pity or deliver me. For adverse fortune e'er eclipsed my life, and left me to the mercy of the winds, and stript me naked to the storms of heaven, to blow their blasts upon me. Not for me came down manna from heaven and dew from God; and in the anguish of my long despair I distrusted the faith that could alone support my soul, and forgot the gracious Spirit which had sustained me under my evils, and prolonged my days, and would have led me to unending good. Yet, O God, most mighty! Lord God most merciful,—compassionate and beneficent Saviour! whose name man is unworthy to utter, and whose glory he is unworthy to see,—my spirit would fain return to the faith of my youth, and the hope of the former days. The glory of Thy morning illuminates the heavens, and the beautiful summer has renewed the face of the world. The flowers are blossoming in the fields of nature's paradise, and the great woods wave their green and glorious boughs rejoicingly in the breath of heaven. The little birds are singing happily in the branches, and nature, arrayed in her immortal charms, divinely smiles, as when she first arose and stood in the presence of her God.

"O Thou who givest their food to the cattle grazing on the plain, who created the corn that is springing on the hills—Thou, who givest to the little birds a home and a habitation, a nest for each little bosom, and a mate for each little heart! From the throne of Thy majesty and the glory of Thy power—from the temple of Thy love and the habitation of Thy mercy, vouchsafe, through the merits of the Martyr-Son—the Lamb which was slain to take away the sins of the world—to regard a man who was created in Thine image, and whose reason is a ray from Thine eternal and infinite Mind. Look upon me, who raise my arms towards heaven, to seek Thy love—whose tears now fall on earth to find Thy mercy. Oh! how shall the tongue of a mortal man speak to the Eternal King! How shall the breath of my lips move the spirit of the unchanging God! Have pity! have pity! have pity on this wounded, this bleeding, this lacerated, this outraged heart! Have compassion on this afflicted head—bruised with the blows of unutterable wrong.

"Thou, the great, and wise, and good God, dost not judge like

those who cannot see the soul. Like the dew to the desert, like the smile of heaven to a benighted world, let Thy compassion distil its balm upon this aching brain. O let Thy mercy descend upon this wasted heart. From the seat of Thy glory and the habitation of Thy power—from the palace of Thy being, and the paradise of Thy love—hear me, for Jesus Christ His sake, and answer me with the beneficence of a God!

"Thy justice, O God, is the mercy which is the highest form of justice, for Thou art Love; and through the blood of Him who died to save mankind, I here implore and invoke from heaven Thy blessing on my head. O send me not empty away! My heart is hungry—give it meat; my soul is thirsty—give it drink; I am sick and in prison—Oh! save and deliver me! Let a tear from the eye of the All-merciful fall upon my brain this night, and bless my being with the everlasting health and peace of God. May the white hand of Thy love, O Creator of mercy, be ever spread above my head! May Thy grace ever guide, and Thy spirit ever guard me. Let me live in the protection of Thy laws, and die on the bosom of Thy mercy. O protect me, who am and ever was unable to protect myself! Oh help me, who have been utterly disabled by the ignorance and inhumanity of man from helping, and from the hope of helping myself. Hear me, oh! God of earth and heaven! Thou who art sorry for the sons of men, shalt Thou be angry at my deepest sorrow? On me, who have ever been oppressed by man—send down in deed and in truth the beneficence of a God. In the spirit of this prayer let me live—in the spirit of this prayer let me die!

"White-handed God of mercy, bless the soul before Thee, trembling now with hope and awe, that Thou wilt hear me and wilt answer me. Like the smile of morn round nature—like the gates of paradise to the lost—fair as Thy love, and beautiful as Thy mercy—let the blessing of my God descend upon my soul. Lead me to Thy kingdom—the lowliest of Thy subjects—the greatest monument of the mercy of God.

"O Thou Almighty King! who yet art compassionate as the tear of mercy trembling in pity's eye; far above the troubles and sorrows of mankind, Thou sittest in light unapproachable to reason, in the glory that veils Thy Being from the gaze of nature. Yet Thy blessëd Son hast felt the nature of humanity, and Thou knowest whereof we are made, O Eternal Justice! into whose awful presence sullied man cannot come, save through the atoning blood that can alone restore to guilty humanity, the purity of its primal state of innocence.

"I beseech Thee, in Jesus' name, to look upon me now. Have pity on this houseless head! Have pity on this homeless heart! O let my prayer knock at the gates of mercy, and bring a blessing on me. The innocent little wild flowers are blooming on the hedges—they are sending up the tribute of their incense to Thee. O hear me, as I stand amidst the beauty which Thou hast made so lovely, and feel that it is good and gracious for me to pray. Before this divine universe of morning shall fade from my vision, and vanish from my eyes—before my head is laid where I cannot lift it up again, in the darkness of death, and the corruption of the grave, answer, oh! answer me with the beneficence of a God, as I walk on, each step nearer to the grave, through the green and flowery fields of a world made so fair. Not by eloquence is Thy favour won, or Thy mercy gained, but by the faith that is ever true to Thee, and by the life that is never false to good.

"Thou holdest the universes of infinity in Thy hand, as a tree holds a branch of leaves; yet the smallest of the atoms that compose them is known, and weighed and counted by Thee. O Lord, I am an atom rising from the awful and unknown past, and tending to the future—only known to Thee. Small is the space and time which I occupy betwixt the future and the past. Life is escaping me, and death is approaching me. Ever has my being been the sport and prey of unutterable pain. Oh, before I depart hence and be no more seen, bless me with the blessing of a beneficent God. Hear the voice which cries from earth to heaven, and send down the deliverance for which I'm utterly disabled from doing more than weep to Thee! Thou sawest my spirit, when in my happy childhood I wandered around yon distant hoary shrine, which afar now lifts aloft its ancient spire to the sky. Oh, behold me now! look now upon my soul, and bless me with Thy blessing evermore. Or if this cannot be, O then, my Father and my God—my God and my Father—dissolve the stubborn bonds of life, which bind me on the rack of this base world, to feel more sorrow. Hear me, O Lord, and answer me, for Jesus Christ, His blessëd sake. AMEN."*

* If I have erred against good taste and true judgment in inserting the foregoing prayer, I am sorry; and, in obedience to their dictates, would withdraw it if I could, and will withdraw it, should such be the case, if ever I have the opportunity. Yet I would rather be too bold in speaking the truth than too timid in this case—I am aware that I am here speaking to and for the weak-hearted and downtrodden, and so far as I am able, to enlighten the strong. Some good meaning people seem to imagine that we all ought to be strong all "muscular

After a pause, he repeats the following prayer, The gleam of light through the night of despair.

Oh! my Creator, who didst form my soul,
Who framed this heart where varied feelings roll;
Behold it now deep-yearning unto Thee,
And panting for the peace it hopes to see.
For oh! I've suffered much; for years the prey
Of tearless grief and speechless agony;
But let me from these memories turn away,
In hopes to see a brighter, happier day:
For there's a holy feeling at my breast,
Which cries to sorrow's billows be at rest;
A ray of hope and joy shoots through my heart,
Bidding woe's weary darkness hence depart;
And from distracting grief and sorrow free,
I hope yet happier honored years to see;
Nay! feel quite sure, without one doubt at last,
God's blessed future shall repay my past!

After a pause, he sings—

Though misfortune trample o'er me,
Till my life be crushed in death;
Let my spirit, Lord! adore Thee,
Bless Thee with my dying breath.

Oh! I cannot speak the morning,
That is dawning in my heart;
Rising over every scorning,
Smiling now at every smart.

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christians," but the Creator has no more created us all excessively robust, than He has placed all the treasures of the earth on the surface of our planet and not any of them under it. By all means let the body be improved by all gymnastic and manly exercises (nobody has been fonder of them all than I) as well as the mind with all mental and moral ones—but cultivate the body in subordination to the mind, since the process reversed is the state of the ancient Britons or any barbarians you've a mind to mention. In the foregoing prayer I wish to show the down-trodden, the weak-hearted and helpless, where, and in what spirit, they must go in the night of their great misery and oppression, for support and strength—either to live to see happier days, or a greater mercy even than that, to die in the spirit of the christian. Like a burst of glory from the gloom, God's answer finally comes to sincere heartfelt prayer, if the utterers of it have done all they could previously, in thought and action, to propitiate God's favour. We must not expect the Divinity to work miracles for us, though we pray to Him ever so fervently, to extricate us from troubles which

Health and hope may aye forsake me,
Gracious God, be with me still;
Let no evil ever make me
Murmur at Thy righteous will!

Thou art Love and Truth united,
Thou art Pity's very soul;
Thou whose power my reason lighted,
Let Thy grace my all control.

Though the storm should thunder o'er me,
Till its bolts my reason blast;
Let my spirit, God, adore Thee,
Bless Thee, Mercy to the last!

SCENE IV.

(Seven years are supposed to have elapsed between this scene and the last.)

Scene—*A Gàrden attached to the Cottage of Orlando, in which his Wife is seated at work, little Children playing about. Time,—Summer.*

Orlando strikes his harp, and sings to

THE EVENING STAR.

Bright Star of peace, whose glories shine,
Above yon boughs of beauteous green;
Thou lights't my soul with joy divine,
While gazing on this tranquil scene:

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we have brought upon ourselves by neglecting to do what we ought to have done, or could have performed. God, by His inscrutable providence, does indeed work miracles by those who strive with all their might and main, by thought and action, to help themselves; and He will only act for those who cannot help themselves, or who can do no more for themselves than they have done. When I consider that there are 60,000 lunatics in Great Britain and Ireland, and that about 1.400 suicides occur yearly in England alone, I am convinced that the unintentional and intentional unchristian unkindness, inhumanity, and natural barbarity of man to man, though not so stated in the records of science, have a deal—and a great deal—to do towards assisting in the production of the above appalling amount of unutterable human woe. In our small country, with its dense population, all living in such close proximity to each other—every unpleasantness tells with much greater force than it could do if we were simply spread out on a more extended area. I am convinced, from what I have seen and experienced, people little know what great

The strife is past, the storm is o'er,
And through the parted clouds I see,
Above the time that comes no more,
The calm of God's eternity.

Fair heaven! thou palace of the spheres,
Whose systems throng creation's frame,
Whose orbs, through earth's revolving years,
Speak forth in myriad tongues of flame;
Lo! from the light that on thy breast
Dost like a golden curtain shine,
A beam is on my life impress'd,
Which lights my soul with peace divine.

A pause, after which, Orlando declaims—

Domestic bliss, thou only bliss below,
Thou light of love in nature's night of woe,
Thou charmëst life with love's enrapturing beam,
As heaven displays its gold upon the stream;
Thou cheerest life with joy's irradiant form,
As God displays his sunbow on the storm;
Reflecting on this tempest-darken'd shore,
The stormless heaven to which the soul shall soar.

He turns to his Wife, and exclaims—

Oh! my dear partner—ever near to me,
With what affection turns my heart to thee;
My all of beauty, who my life below
Hath blest with all the joy that man can know;

---

suffering they often inflict upon their neighbours—through not paying a due consideration to their rights and to their feelings.—If I have rendered myself justly liable to the censure of competent judges—for the latitude of expression which I have allowed myself in the foregoing prayer of a human soul in the darkest moment of its conflict with evil, I ask their pardon—if not, I shall be very indifferent to criticism which is not judgment. I could subserve no good end, to give such a spirit a hesitating or timid utterance—in deference to cut and dry rules, or in fear of conventional judgment. It is not with a doubtful utterance that the human soul, in the hour of its distress, appeals to, and pours itself out before the footstool of the Deity. No! it pours itself forth on the full-flowing tide of its emotion—into the bosom of God—like the flood of a full-flowing river into the sea. It would be a mistake to identify the personality of the present writer with the foregoing prayer—I have no grievances against my fellow-creatures and the world. My [illegible] feeling in reference to both is included in the hope to live to be more [illegible]

The joy which souls like thine alone can give,
Whose love creates the heaven in which I live;
Whose sweet affection every care beguiles,
And banishes all sadness with its smiles.
Oh! how can wedded lovers e'er grow cold—
I thrill with joy each hour I thee behold:
How sweet on such a loving heart to rest,
And clasp my all of beauty to my breast!
To clasp thy form love! and behold thy face,
And feel around me cling thy dear embrace;
The sweet embrace of innocence and youth,
Of woman's loveliness, and virtue's truth,
Which to my life such happiness have given,
That greater only can exist in heaven!

He strikes his harp again and sings—

I've got a cot in a pleasant spot, whither I can flee,
My head to rest upon a breast, by heaven reserved for me;
Her loving smile it might beguile an angel from the sky;
Oh! she's a gem, a diadem, were all too poor to buy!

The form of grace, with beauty's face, in her are both combined,
But first and last are both surpast, by the beauty of her mind;
And even this though pure the bliss, its rich gifts doth impart,
Doth poor appear to the virtues rare, enshrined within her heart.

And, Oh! that heart it doth impart its all of love to me,
That love so sweet with love I meet as true as love can be,
Thus blest my state with such a mate, I lead a happy life,
And envy not an emperor's lot, in the arms of such a wife!

Constance, his wife, sings, while Orlando plays the harp.

My spirit has folded its wings,
And contentedly sank to its rest;
No more through creation it springs,
But happily sits by its nest:

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to both than I have hitherto been permitted to be. They have treated me better perhaps than I should have treated them had our positions been exchanged. I would here beg to return my sincere and most grateful thanks to the many hundred kind friends in Nottingham, whose kindness alone has enabled me to print my amateur effusions; trusting that amidst the errors which they may contain, there may be found some grains of truth, to prove to them that their kindness has not been misplaced, or wasted upon unprofitable soil.

It sings not of life, truth or love,
But drinks the delight of the three;
As happy as angels above,
In the cottage that's under the tree!

Oh! fair as the sunshine, whose beam
So pleasantly rests on the bough;
My thoughts through my consciousness gleam,
And happily smile on me now.
And sweet as the music of day,
The birds are all singing to me;
So pleasantly life glides away,
In our cottage that's under the tree!

Orlando responds—accompanying himself on the harp.

How sweet is the being of man,
When affection is blessing his life,
With all that can hallow its span,
The loves of home, children, and wife;
Like an exile to freedom restored,
A slave from his dungeon set free,
I feel, as I clasp my adored
In our cottage that's under the tree!

From the grief and the gloom of despair,
My life is delivered at last,
Whose praise cannot speak like its prayer,
Nor songs, equal sighs that are past.
Yet, Oh! my content would be small,
And worthless my spirit would be,
To think of myself, and not all
In our cottage that's under the tree!

Orlando strikes the harp again, and his wife, and he, chant together, the following duet:

As fair to the sight as a river of light,
Our stream of existence is gliding away;
As happy and bright, and as swift in its flight,
As the sunny delight of a midsummer-day.

With content we're so crown'd, and our gifts so abound,
Our prayers are by blessings converted to praise:
Such harmonies sound, from the joys that surround
The home we have found for the rest of our days.

His eldest Boy runs up to him, exclaiming—"Papa! papa!" and he takes up the child in his arm, and thus addresses him:

Thou portrait of thy mother when thou smils't,
Thou picture of thy father when thou weep'st;
Afar, who with my mother's look beguil'st,
Now from thine eyes my father's anger peep'st:
Fair little child! unwittingly thou reap'st,
From thy fond mother's love thy feast of joy;
And in an atmosphere of pleasure steep'st,
Our hearts, our home, our hopes, our all, my boy!
I wonder what will be thy life's employ,
Shall business, law, or science be thy cause?
Or shalt thou aim at truth without alloy,
And practise what thou preach'st of Mercy's Laws?
Whate'er the part by heaven ordained for thee,
May it more useful than thy father's be!

His children gather around him, exclaiming—

Oh! papa, papa, do sing us a pretty song,

To which Orlando exclaims—

Listen, my children, and I'll sing you one.

He sits down to the harp, and sings, to a bold, irregular measure, the following—

For you, my children, I now strike the lyre,
To offer on your mother's natal day.
The simple tribute of affection's lay;
Oh, may the muse my soul inspire
With heavenly fire, whose flame may shed
A light along the path which ye shall tread.

Blest with health, and strength, and youth,
With quick intelligence and fearless truth,
You from the height which these I trust shall gain,
Above the ground that millions e'er attain,
Will start in life with every promise fair,
Of an unchequered prosperous career.

Oh, may the promise realizëd be,
In a long life of pure felicity,

Which Wisdom e'er shall actuate,
To think, and dare, and do;
Which Virtue's self shall consecrate,
Unto the good and true!

So when old age shall come at last,
And youth, with all its joys is past,
The memories of the time that's fled,
Shall brighten life's decline;
And on each hoary honored head,
A crown of virtue shine.

If health, and strength, and virtue bless,
How vast the fortune which you shall possess;
Youth, health, and wisdom, with an honest name,
Wit to win wealth, and soul that truth shall claim;
Such priceless treasures, if but rightly used,
Ne'er by impulse precipitate abused:
But by unswerving wisdom ever swayed,
And by unfaltering principle controll'd,
Richer than Rothschild with his realms of gold,
By their fruition shall your life be made.

Wisdom, like Wellington, marshalls all her powers,
In ranks that concentrate as on they roll,
Gathering the strength from all the passing hours,
Which sends her on at last to victory's goal;
Unreason, with unsteady march and aim,
And force undisciplined, in vain may try
To storm the citadels of wealth and fame,
Her banner on their ramparts ne'er shall fly,
But in the dust she shall defeated lie,
As Wisdom with her host comes conquering by.

How poor the being, bounded by a line
Within which self doth like a prisoner pine;
Whose barren circle only doth contain
Poor Self, without another's joy or pain:
How lost the life unto itself confined,
Without one thought or deed to bless its kind;
But you, I'm sure, are made of warmer clay,
And bear within your breast a better heart.

Shall scorn within the sphere some men pourtray,
To play their selfish and ungenerous part:
Oh! ever be this prayer, your prayer to heaven—
God's Spirit ever guide, what God has given!

Youth passes like a transient dream,
With all its gay and gilded treasures,
The night will fall upon the stream
Now sparkling with the morning's pleasures.
Oh! when the summons shall be sent,
Which bids ye yield this mortal breath,
The memory of a life well spent
Transform to day the night of death:
And light your souls with Christ to live,
On wings that God alone can give!

After a long pause, he strikes his harp again, and chants to a sweet and solemn tune—

I fain, O Lord! would speak the praise,
And sing the thanks I owe to Thee,
Who hast from ill preserved my days,
And set my life from anguish free;
But oh! though I should speak in tears,
I cannot, Lord, Thy goodness tell,
Who hast with mercy crowned my years,
And made my life in peace to dwell.

Let every thought and action say,
What words are all too weak to sing;
As unto Thee my griefs did pray,
So let to Thee my pleasures sing:
And teach my spirit to express,
The gratitude it owes to Thee;
In silence now alone can bless,
The grace of Thy Divinity!

After another pause, he strikes his harp again, and sings—

Oh! Thou, who saw my every tear,
And made in heaven the high decree,
That from my spirit cast my fear,
And bade me live to love and Thee;

Oh! never, never let me be
Engulfed in that tremendous night,
From which Thy mercy set me free,
And led me to Thy marvellous light.

Oh! let Thy grace our spirits guide,
And let Thy power our souls befriend,
Whatever fortune may betide,
Until our lives on earth shall end;
And send, O Lord and Saviour! send
The Comforter to cheer and save,
When our poor being shall descend
Into the darkness of the grave.

HYMN FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1860.

Another year has past away,
To shine on earth no more;
Another year begins to day,
As that began before.

Change is inscribed on all we scan,
On all we seek or crave;
A journey is the life of man—
A journey to the grave.

Yet on the Sabbath of our Lord,
We greet the new-born year;
And in the spirit of His Word,
We meet to worship here.

With praises for His mercies past,
With prayers for grace to be
Among the faithful found at last,
Who Christ their Lord shall see.

Oh! Great Redeemer! guide our feet
O'er earth's bewildering way,
So that at last we all may meet,
In heaven's eternal day.

Where trouble never shall annoy,
Or sin with evil dim;

Or sorrow e'er eclipse the joy
Of love's eternal hymn.

Enlight our spirits with Thy Word,
Till all our years are past;
That we may stand before Thee, Lord!
In heaven our home at last!

NEW YEAR'S EVE, Dec. 31st, 1859.

The termination of another year naturally sets the reflective mind a moralizing. Many a gallant, many a gentle heart, which warmly beat to life and love at the commencement of the 59th year of the 19th century, before its termination we have seen for ever stilled! Low lie the heads of thousands, now engulphed in that dark night whence of themselves they shall never lift them more, to the sweet sunshine which but yesterday shone on them. Green the grass grows on the piled-up graves of manhood cut down in its strength—of age prostrated in its weakness—of childhood stifled in its promise—of woman laid low in her beauty. Who amongst us is there who has not the loss of parent, wife, child, husband, friend, sister, or brother to excite our sorrow, and awaken our regret? Truly we are like the fading leaves of the forest; with every breeze some fall, with every evening some decay, till the blasts of winter strip away the growth of each generation, leaving but the bared and naked skeleton of what has been.

"To this complexion must we come at last."

Our life is but a journey, but a journey to the grave.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, Jan. 1st, 1860.

From the past we turn to the future, from memory to hope. A happy new year to all mankind—including all the dear womenkind of course. May Great Britain become greater still! May churches, and chapels, and schools be filled; gaols, workhouses, and madhouses emptied. May wise men grow wiser, and fools become wise. May wages rise and poor rates fall—profits increase and taxes diminish—tradesmen flourish and farmers prosper. May the late hour system be converted into an early hour system—and may it be as easy to find meat for our appetite as appetite for our meat. May zeal in religion always be guided by judgment, and judgment in religion ever be inspired with zeal.

May the rich become more generous, and the poor become more rich. May our magistrates be all upright men, and every M.P. a downright M.A. May our towns become the homes of happiness, and our country the garden of felicity. Good fortune for ever abide with us, and misfortune depart for ever from our confines; and, in conclusion, may the ensuing year be rendered for ever memorable in the annals of Britain, by the invasion of three greater Generals than Cæsar, Bonaparte, and Wellington, to wit, General Peace,—General Plenty,—and General Satisfaction.

OH! AFTER WE HAVE UTTERED ALL WE CAN.

Oh! after we have uttered all we can,
There's something left behind we cannot sing,
As limitless as is the mind of man,
From which all human thoughts and actions spring:
And even though expression forth could fling
Its latent power in one lightning-ray,
That loftier life to which shall climb its wing,
Our utterance would be powerless to pourtray.

Yet what a little power the mind is born,
Which spreads into the infinite around,
Ascending higher each returning morn,
Expanding into space without a bound:
Whose depth, and height, and breadth no power can sound.
Save His alone who did create mankind;
And with capacity so mighty crowned,
As all the speech of man hath ne'er defined!

For boundless as the space which we survey,
There is an universe within the soul,
Which doth through parting clouds sometimes display
The grandeur of the mind's appointed goal;
Where thought above the stars of heaven shall roll,
In God's unclouded and eternal clime;
And armed with powers that death shall not control,
Shall soar to truths beyond the clouds of time.

SONNET.

How fast events are marching round our shore,
And moving all the nations of the earth

Together, as they ne'er were moved before,
  Which must by mighty changes test their worth.
It is as though the rivers rushing forth,
  From their old beds in new now sought to run;
Moved by the agency which gave them birth,
  Striving this hour to mingle them in one.
Without a deluge could this e'er be done?
  Then what will be th' effect upon mankind
Of revolutions which have now begun,
  In all the streams of matter and of mind:
Shall Indo-China-Creeds from earth be hurl'd,
And Europe's Christian Genius rule the world?

LINES

Composed on the presentation of a Public Testimonial to JOHN HIGGINBOTTOM, ESQ., F.R.C.S., F.R.S.,* *on his Resignation of the Presidentship of the Nottingham Christian Temperance Society, Monday, July 4th,* 1859.

HAIL! honest champion of as good a cause
As ever merited the world's applause!
Thou e'er hast practised what thou hast profest,
The faith, which wisdom doth approve the best;
The faith, whose friends can say unto its foes,
Will ne'er increase the stock of human woes.
We fain would pay a tribute to the name
Of one whose worth is not unknown to fame;
But whose remembrance will be handed down,
Among the worthies of our good old town,
As one whose mind on useful thought intent,
New modes of healing did to man present;
Whose writings, easy to be understood,
Productive were of unassuming good;
Whose genius, in the lists of science found,
Was with its high and hard-won honours crowned;
Whose constant mind, by truth at last prevailed,
Against the prejudice which long assailed;
Whose aim and actions worked for good alone,
In blessing many, and in injuring none.

* Hon. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 1844.—Elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, in June, 1852.

Thy name implies a good old sound oak tree,*
And 'tis a fitting name for such as thee!
Whose trunk is sound, although its leaf be sere,
Oh! may it stand for many a future year!

A SONG FOR THE HEROES.

(Written for the same occasion.)

Air,—"*St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.*"

A song for the heroes with evil who battle,
Whose souls never shrink from the roar of its blast;
But despite of the bolts that around them may rattle,
E'er rise from the struggle triumphant at last.
A song for the sage whose prescription, if taken
Betimes by our youth, would prevent many ills;
Ne'er letting men's reason by spirits be shaken,
But preserving them often from blisters and pills.
A song for the heroes with evil who battle,
Whose souls never shrink from the roar of its blast;
But despite of the bolts that around them may rattle,
E'er rise from the struggle triumphant at last.

A song for the vet'ran who's uttered his mission,
Whose words will survive, and whose works will endure,
Because he has wrought like a noble physician,
Who thinks that prevention is better than cure.
We'll honour his name, it is written in story,
And wish for his age all the good that we can;
Though our praise cannot add to the light of his glory,
Whose life's been one act for the welfare of man.
Three cheers for the hero with ill who has battled,
Whose soul has ne'er shrunk from the roar of its blast;
But despite of the bolts that around him have rattled,
Is crowned by the judges the victor at last!

FAMILY REMINISCENCES.—A SKETCH.

My father was born at a place called Barrowcott Hall, in Derbyshire. I cannot describe the place, for I never saw it, or heard it described to me. My paternal grandfather removed soon after

* "Higginbottom" is a corruption of the German "Ickenbaum" = oak tree."—See *Lower's English Surnames*, page 142.

my father's birth to a farm of about 150 acres, which he held under Squire Newton, I think, who resided near Mickleover, in the county of Derbyshire, This farm is known by the name of "The Bonehills Farm" at the present time; a name derived, perhaps, from the fact of some battle which may have been fought in its vicinity many centuries ago.—A direct descendant of the family occupies it at this day—who may say or sing, in the words of the old song,—

"I can trace back the time to a far distant date,
When my forefathers toiled in this field;
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
Is the same that my grandfather till'd."

Of my paternal grandfather I know little. He once walked to London—a distance of about 150 miles, to buy off one of his sons who had enlisted as a private soldier, and returned in the same primitive fashion, without having accomplished his object. He was a good old Englishman of the brave primitive type. One who feared God, loved his neighbour, and honored his king; and minded his own business so well, as to accumulate a fortune from the proceeds of his farming.—In the midst of rural scenes, where men inhale the sweet breath of nature as pure as she exhales it, uncontaminated by the deleterious gases of great cities, my father grew up with his brothers to a stalwart maturity; the least of the family not being much less than six feet high. People talk about the Book of Fate, the blank leaves of that book are the days which we live, upon which each one of us inscribes his good or evil fortune, and records his history—by the thoughts and actions traced by us upon the book of doom. The good old farmer attained above the threescore years and ten of man's mortal life, and he and his good old dame were laid to rest beneath the church tower which had stood many hundred years, and around whose ancient walls reposed many preceding generations of his family. His eldest son, Thomas, a gigantic man—built like a tower, would have succeeded to the farm, and might have perhaps retained it as long as his father, only, unfortunately for himself, while driving home a loaded waggon one dark misty winter's night, he came into violent and unexpected collision with another, was thrown off the shafts of his own, the wheels of which immediately went over his head as he lay stunned on the ground, and killed him upon the spot.

The second son, John, was the cleverest fellow of the family. He was altogether a very superior man, with an original and

well cultivated mind. He was an occasional contributor to a popular London magazine, where his mathematical questions, philosophical queries, and answers to them may be seen with his name appended to them at this day. One of the former, I remember, runs thus:

"A space I jumped on level ground,
The length of which six yards was found;
The height I flew above the plain
Was only one.—Hence Gents explain,
How high above the earth I must
Be, twice that space to leap o'er just?"

In another communication on dreams, he says—"Strange tales and events do certainly make deep impressions on a man's mind, and often cause him to dream thereof, in which the things seem present to his 'mind's eye,' or interior senses; but in a manner greatly magnified. When our senses are locked up in sleep, and our books closed, we think without reasoning; clouds of darkness are then before our doors of perception, a mist hovers round our intellectual faculties, in which everything seems highly magnified. Thus in dreams 'where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,' we have naturally a magnified representation of things to our innate ideas, which, from our boundless imaginations, may be increased to almost infinity. It is not surprising, therefore, that we should, through the telescope of fancy, see and dream of such things and appearances that never were or ever are likely to be in the course of nature."

John had attained a lucrative and responsible situation in the principal town of his native county, with as good a prospect of future advancement as a moderate man could well desire. He, however, was not satisfied with it, for his ambition aspired to greater things. He went to the metropolis, formed a connection there with a gentleman of capital, and travelled in France and Flanders; transacting business in those countries as a general merchant, establishing commercial relations with many continental houses, and clearing in this way £2000 in one month, with every prospect of realizing a very large fortune. Unfortunately, it was just before the wars of the French revolution, and by their outbreak he lost all. He was in France, I believe, during the reign of terror, and, by what I have heard my father say, had a narrow escape from the guillotine. He was in the French dominions when Bonaparte had all the English arrested throughout

France, and only escaped a second imprisonment by passing himself off as an American. In Paris he married a French lady—the widow or daughter, I believe, of a great government contractor, who had left her all his fortune, which, however, consisted in great part of claims upon the imperial government which never were legitimately liquidated;—one of them, for the cost of the robes in which, and the throne whereon, Napoleon was crowned. My uncle John followed the French army into Italy; in order, if possible, to obtain some indemnification for his claims, or some appointment in lieu of them. After passing through a variety of adventures, he was ultimately appointed Controller of the Royal Mint, under the government of king Joachim—an appointment which was subsequently cancelled, and afterwards confirmed by the Bourbons. In the possession of that office, he lived to the age of about threescore years and ten, and then died of an old asthmatical complaint. By the shore of the beautiful bay of Naples, at the foot of the burning mountain, he drew his last breath, far from the tombs of his fathers, and the fresh vernal fields of the land in which he had drawn his first.

The following are *verbatim, et literatim* extracts from his letters, addressed to his father and mine. The perusal of them has excited singular emotions in my breast; it is so strange to see the thoughts and feelings of the distant past emanating from so near a relative—vital as the hour in which they were first expressed—when the mind from which they proceeded, and the hand that traced them, have pass'd for ever from this world away.

His first letter, dated London, 13th August, 1791, and addressed, Honored Father and Mother, begins thus—"Here I am, in this great city, quite at home and quite happy. I arrived at nine o'clock last night. I went afterwards to see some illuminations in different parts of the city, in honour of the Prince of Wales' birthday. You must not make yourselves in the least uneasy about me, as I am certain that I shall do very well here."

In his next, dated July 3rd, 1792, he says—"I duly received my brother's letter of the 23rd inst. I expect that I shall have an opportunity of taking him to live with myself in the spring; I have already made a commencement in a good line of business, having shipped a quantity of goods abroad, for houses which I know to be as sound as possible. I have very little doubt—indeed, I have none—of succeeding; and hope that the plan agitated with two or three others here who are men of capital, will be carried completely into effect. In the worst case, as regards myself, I have a very good prospect before me. I intend going

again to France soon, with a cargo of goods. When I was there before, I disposed of some, on my own account, very advantageously. I expect to see you soon, but wish to bring that event in with a business journey I am about making to Manchester in company with a gentleman with whom I have great hopes of forming a permanent connection. Indeed we are now in treaty concerning it; and I hope to bring about a partnership in the best manner possible, by slow but sure degrees."

In the next letter, dated 24th January, 1793, he writes:—"You will, I doubt not, have heard before this reaches you, of the death of the king of the French. From the appearances, and likelihood of war, I am greatly afflicted, as it will be so great an injury to me; and I am sure this nation will have to repent. If there had been no war, I should, as I intended, have placed Benjamin either in France or Switzerland next spring: if there unluckily should be war, I trust that it will not continue long."

His next letter is dated Paris, 17th September, 1796. He says—"I have not had the happiness to hear from you for a long time. I desire greatly to hear of your health and happiness, and of the welfare of all my brothers and sisters: I beg you to inform me particularly of their respective situations. I wish the demon of war would cease to ravage nations: I would immediately visit my friends and native country—till then I cannot well hope for this happiness. It is with pleasure I inform you of my present prosperous and happy situation. If peace permitted me to pay you a visit, I should desire to take back and provide for two or three of my brothers. I advise you to let them instruct themselves in the French language; but if the bent of William's mind be for farming, I do not know but that it is the happiest life, if made a little easy.—Be persuaded that riches alone do not make us happy. My wife desires to be remembered to you; she burns to see you, and to tell you how she loves you. My little girl is well; she springs up like a mushroom,—she begins to say 'papa' and 'mamma,' and rolls about on the carpets all day long."

His next epistle is dated Naples, August 29th, 1815. He says—"I wrote you three months ago from this city, whither I have been pushed by the most cruel rubs of fortune. I have not as yet been fortunate enough to receive any answer. I beg that you will give me some tidings of yourself and family, hoping to heaven that you are still living. I have not received any letter from you the last twelve years; and should I be so unhappy as to be deprived of one or both of you, this letter will fall into the hands of some of my brothers. In any case, I desire an imme-

diate answer, enclosing me an extract of my baptism from the Parish Book, signed by the clergyman. I hope to be ready to embark with my family for my native country by the time I receive an answer."

The next letter is addressed to my father. He says—"I have received, only two days ago, your letter of the 15th July. Good heavens! I have lost father, mother, and my eldest brother! and all three within the short space of three years were blotted out from the book of life! Pray which of you was near them in their last moments, and what were their diseases, &c.? I would have given a world, however shocking such moments may be, to have received their last blessing, and to have assisted them in their last wants before their eyes closed for ever. I desire to know the dispositions of the last will of my father; whatever may be my portion, I shall always and for ever bless his honored name. How came Mary to marry an officer? what was his name? where is she? has she any family? What is Edward doing in America? And you, my dear brother; are you married? and have you any family? if so, kiss them and your wife lovingly, for me and for my lady. How came you to be an Iron Merchant? and where did you learn your business? It seems you were at Paris about a year ago; how came you there? I and my wife left that city more than ten years since, to follow the heads of the government into Italy, to try to obtain a many, many thousand pounds they owed me. I was put off till their return to Paris; but I could not immediately follow them, on account of my lady being near her *accouchment*. At this time there came out some thundering decrees for the arrest of the English where I was, and for the confiscation of their property. I escaped being arrested, by passing myself off as an American. Not feeling disposed to risk myself further in such times, by returning to France, (having previously had a taste of French imprisonment, for the sole reason of being an Englishman, during the former war,) I abandoned debts, credits, &c., all to providence, and moved further off, and so lost a very handsome fortune which I had acquired; I had, therefore, under this cruel oppression to begin the world again, and am not yet reduced to beggary I have lost besides, in the last changes here, more than a thousand pounds; and what is worse, have been cut short in the advantageous line that I was in. We are winding up our odds and ends which remain; that finished, we intend to weigh anchor from this country and sail for Old England. You see, my dear brother, my letter is very interrogatory, which you will excuse, after an ab-

sence of more than twenty years from my family: whatever concerns their happiness, constitutes a portion of my own. Though I have been far from you during the most interesting years of life, and time has in great part obliterated from my mind the characteristics of your person, my heart will be eternally yours, and I doubt not of a warm return."

His next letter is dated Naples, 13th December, 1815—"My dear Brother, I received on the 10th April your letter of November 4th. The money which I lost, I lost on the account of Napoleon and Josephine, and the Imperial Troops. He is indebted to me for his throne on which he was crowned, his robes for the ceremony, &c., &c.;* this was the line of my lady. I was a general merchant: the rest you know. Soon after leaving you, in 1791 I believe, I travelled into France and the Low Countries, where I formed good connections and laid the basis of the business I soon afterwards undertook, in partnership with Mr. Benjamin Bakewell, of London, in the Manchester line, I had wound up things to such a pitch, that in the month preceding the war we cleared about £2000; but all went to the devil, in consequence of the war, and the cruel measures adopted by the French government against Englishmen and English goods. I do not know, my dearest brother, if you will be able to understand my English; not having spoken or written it more than once or twice for more than twenty years, it has become a foreign language to me. Kiss Miss Julia for me; I love her doubly for her name—I ask her in marriage for my son Ben, a little wicked rogue eight years old."

His next letter is dated November, 1816—"You ask me, in your letter of the 9th of June, what is the reason of delaying so long; I have a claim due yet, for about £1000: I desired to see this business finished before leaving the country. My hopes are now reduced to one third, which I am inclined to believe that I shall receive in course of time, and suppose the rest will be lost. I desired, too, to make the experiment if we could not strike up some business together with this country, to have cultivated afterwards, when I should have returned to England. To these reasons there is now added another, and a very potent one, which I little expected. On the 28th June last, by an order of the King in council, I was appointed Controller of the Royal Mint; a place I had under the past government, and of which I was de-

* I shall be very happy to show any one the original letter from which this extraordinary statement is derived.

prived on the re-establishment of the present state of things, when all foreigners were dismissed. The happiness of seeing you may be delayed till the present great coinages be over. I am determined however, if these coinages be protracted too long, to present a petition for a five months' leave of absence, so great is my desire of seeing you and my native country, and the tombs of our lost parents; I shall take it hard, indeed, if the power who governs our destinies does not permit me, at the last, to repose beside them. Were my children in a position to provide for themselves, I would set out to-day, and not to-morrow, to finish my days in my native land."

In his last letter, dated May 4th, 1821. he thus concludes:—"I am a grandfather, as you suppose. I am indeed grown old, and ages seem to have rolled away before me. I have one foot in the grave. and am hastening to the last scene of life. I often endeavour to recall you to my mind; but all that I can recollect of you is that you were a little lad when I left you, and I cannot imagine what sort of a grown up man you must be. From your sentiments, and from your blood, I recognize a dear brother,—and I am, for ever, yours most affectionately."

We have never received any communication from my uncle's family since the date of the above letter, except one from his widow announcing his death; and I do not know what has been their fortune amidst all the recent incessant civil and foreign wars, massacres, earthquakes, and revolutionary struggles, both at Naples and throughout all Italy. They may have survived or they may have all perished, for aught that I can tell: I have reason to believe that my father's relations at Mickleover were in communication with them prior to 1848.

My father was the third son: of him I shall speak more anon.*

Edward, the fourth son, was the scapegrace of the family,—one of the fast-going men of the period;—a regular dare-devil who would do and dare anything in the spirit of a man who feared nothing; a private, and what some people would think, amusing detail or two in his letters, testify to the truth of this. He eventually enlisted as a private soldier in the Royal Artillery. He went with Wellington through his Spanish campaign; afterwards he was engaged in North America, in the expedition in

* I cannot give the exact order of the births of my father and other brothers, for I do not remember it; but the truth of the remaining details will not be invalidated by the want of exact correctness in this particular instance.

which the English army was compelled to retreat into Canada, in consequence of the capture of our entire fleet by the Yankees on Lake Champlain; from America he went to India, where his military career and life terminated together, but not before he had attained (so I have been informed) the rank of a commissioned officer, and realized a handsome fortune, which, however, he bequeathed among his brother officers.

The following are *verbatim et literatim* extracts from his letters addressed to my father. The first is dated "Zafra, Spain, June 16, 1812; I shall be very happy to have a little more communication with you than what I have had lately. You say my father is now in a low, weak state; I am sorry to hear it, but it cannot be expected to be any otherways, as he is now a very old man. I am afraid I never will see him any more; I should be very happy if I could, but as I am at present, circumstances will not permit. Major Hawker is now in England; he is my best friend. I am in Captain Maxwell's company; he behaves very well to me. I received a letter from Major Hawker, when at Lisbon, previous to his embarkation for England, and in it he said that he would do all he could for me on his arrival, when an opportuity offers; I have no doubt but he will, as he has often told me that I was fit for a better situation, and he would do all in his power to get it me. I wish you would get Major Newton to write to Major Hawker, and I am certain that I should be advanced, as I am daily expecting it. If you would write to Major Hawker yourself he would be very glad to receive a letter from you, and he would answer it with pleasure. He was wounded at the battle of Albuera, I suppose you little thought that I was there; that day was a shocking one, I can assure you. Badajoz has fallen, but with respect to Spain, I am strongly of your opinion; and could give you sufficient reasons, if I had more room and time. We have lost a number of fine men at that place; I was in it two days after the surrender, on my way to Elvas, which is three leagues distant, and a more shocking sight I never saw. General Phillipon said, after taking that place, the English would take h-ll. Without we can get the French out of Spain, we never can keep Portugal, except* with a large British army in it. I am in General Sir R. Hill's division, and have been this year-and-a-half past; I was with him at Rio—(something, I think Mellaney), he is a fine man, and uncommonly fortunate."

The next letter is dated Spain, May 9th, 1813. He writes—"I

* Or "even," I cannot decipher which.

Cheerful he was unto his latest breath,
And died contented as he smiled at death,
I saw him in his coffin with a sigh,
I saw him in the last dark mansion lie;
And often to the silent spot I stray,
Where fourscore years now moulder into clay!
Peace to his grave! beneath the bending tree,
He died in peace, who lived in honesty!

I have reason to respect his memory. His industry, wisdom, and goodness combined, have provided for a man who was utterly disabled from providing for himself. If it had not been for him, I should certainly have lived and died, to earthly eyes, the most forlorn and wretched of all possible paupers. The society into which circumstances would have forced me, would have driven me hoplessly insane,—and I should have finished my days at the pauper's end of a lunatic asylum. Yet even in that case, it is my belief now, that God would have drawn so near to my soul, and spoken to me in such a manner, that all that I have hitherto written, or shall live to express, would not give the remotest idea of.—And we cannot estimate now, to how many poor, forlorn, downtrodden pauper lunatics, and suffering poor men, that God is speaking now, in accents which the fortunate favourites of this world never hear. That expression of Westland Marston's outweighs volumes of modern poetry, where he says so very finely—

"The courts of heaven
Are peopled with the outcasts of the world."

My good old grandfather lived to the age of eighty-six years.

My maternal grandmother was a kind-hearted woman, of a high and poetical spirit withal. She delighted in reciting poetry, of which she had a great store in her memory; and whatever poetical predilection I may have evinced, I think I have inherited from her side of the family. She would have my brother and myself called into her apartment a short time before she died, at the age of eighty-seven years—and she sate right up in her bed and delivered to us both as fervid a sermon as ever I heard, and one which made as great an impression upon me at the time, as anything I ever did hear at any time. She had always been very kind and good to us both—to myself, even in circumstances where many would have been as harsh as she was indulgent.—I can see her now! vividly pourtrayed before my mind's eye; as she stood in the Market Place, bargaining

with the country folks, dressed in her light drab-colored cloth cloak and silk hood, and black silk bonnet, on a cold winter's morning; and then coming towards me, with her kind old face pinched with the cold—as I impatiently stood, half ashamed of my business, on the broad flagstones of the South Parade, waiting to receive the well-filled basket and carry it home for her—for which she never forgot to give me my Saturday's penny, which was a fortune to me then. I cannot do better than conclude these slight reminiscences—with something like an imitation of the address she made to us,—premising that it is quite an imaginative poetical rendering of it, and yet not so good as that which she actually delivered—indicating in spirit more than she could express in words;

My dear children,—Upon the truths of religion alone, my soul now rests secure, in this awful hour of dissolution—when the bravest tremble in the shadow of the unseen world, and the soul of the strong melts like wax, in the grasp of one mightier than they. I have passed through many troubles and much sorrow in my pilgrimage through life, and I have arrived at the hour in which I must die; and then, as now, I have felt how vain was anything but the life which is revealed in Christ—to sustain the human heart through all the trials and terrors which it must undergo. But our modern philosophers want to know too much; they want to be as wise as God, and in striving to overleap the boundaries of the human mind, like vaulting ambition which overleaps itself—they fall on the other side. This world stands in unknown relation to the plan of its Omniscient Author. How can we know the universal, who are ignorant of the partial? We think we ought to comprehend God, and we cannot even understand ourselves. Reason could not support me now, my children; but the religion of mercy lifts my confidence as high as God. The glory of His salvation passes before me, and my soul brightens up in the daybeam which points from His abode. I lay me down to die as calmly as ever I laid me down to sleep. Death approaches to drag my body to the grave; but Christ is smiling immortality on my soul. Love each other, my children;—love and honour your father and dearest mother; worship your Creator in the days of your youth, ever truly, tenderly, tearfully; for nothing can support you when you come to die except the goodness of your God. I go, my children, through His Sacrifice who died for all, through the gates of everlasting rest.—And she bowed her head, and we looked, and she was clay. I saw her afterwards,—her face, though she was eighty-seven years old,

appeared to be without a wrinkle; I touched her cheek with my hand—and it felt soft as the cheek of a child.—Father, Mother, Sister, Grandfather and Grandmother, now all lie together in one grave. So shall they repose—till the trump of Judgment shall sound from heaven—and the existence that first dawned from God shall return to the source from which its glory came.

"Oh, Lord God most holy! Oh, Lord most mighty! Oh, holy and most merciful Saviour! suffer us not at the last hour of nature, for any pains of sin or death, to fall from Thee!"

SAMUEL BROWN.

We should not to the dead confine the pen,
But honor living merit now and then;
Among the living worthies of our town,
Truth does inscribe the name of Samuel Brown.
Who, twenty years, with judgment and with zeal,
Has work'd to benefit the common weal.
His labours have been crowned with much success,
And been permitted many souls to bless,
By leading from the wrong way to the right,
And turning from the darkness toward the light.
Such social heroes as the man I sing,
To Britain's freedom worthy tributes bring;
And constitute a useful, glorious band,
To stem the tide of evil o'er the land—
Inspire new strength into our social state,
And with new moral life regenerate.
Brown is an orator whom nature fires
With untaught eloquence; whose truth inspires
The soul with all the good it would impart;—
It springs from, and it strikes at once the heart:
'Tis strong as work, if rude, perchance at times,
It hits the mark much better than these rhymes;
While Brown with work backs up what he doth preach,
As strong in action as he is in speech.
Heaven only knows the good which he has done,
Or good he will do ere his course be run;
Hundreds of homes with good his work has bless'd,
Which were before with wretchedness distress'd:
Hundreds of souls, now living in the town,
Have cause to bless the name of Samuel Brown.

We ought to honour such a man as he
Who's benefitted poor humanity!
I've penn'd these lines, moved by his worth alone,
To honor one to whom I'm scarcely known;
And dedicate them to this hero's name,
Who perhaps wo'nt read this tribute to his fame.
Such men as he regard not human praise,
A higher principle directs their ways;
And yet I think that none will blame who scan
These honest lines to such a useful man:
I'm sure no thinking man will e'er complain,
Or look upon such worthies with disdain.
If often rough in form, and rude in speech,
Yet very precious are the truths they teach;
And, oft unhonored on this mortal sod,
Their deeds are written in the Book of God:
Who raise the fallen, and the erring guide,
And save the lost, for whom none care beside;
Their souls, when this world's pageant shall be past,
Shall shine like stars around God's throne at last!

ELEGY

On the Death of a Young Lady, cut off in the spring-tide of existence, when life was fair and promised to be happy.

Oh! lost too soon! to life, to love, to all
The friends whose tears upon thine ashes fall.
Ah! why should death's inexorable power,
Thus blight untimely virtue's fairest flower!
And wound the hearts with desolation's woe,
Who watched its promise bloom, its beauty grow!
Alas! 'tis ever thus, in vain we sigh,
The gentlest, noblest, are the first to die;
Yet, oh! how hard! in youth's arising morn,
When iris-wreaths of Hope our skies adorn,
And love awakes to joy the virgin-heart,
From Hope, from Joy, from Love, from Life to part!
To bid farewell to Youth's unclouded day,
And close the eyes to all they can survey.

Hard is the task to heal the wounds of woe,
And bid the tears of sorrow cease to flow;

Yet when to Innocence the summon's given,
Which calls the child of virtue hence, to heaven;
Shall we her fate regret, her doom deplore
Who quits a painful for a painless shore?
Ah! though the tears of nature still shall flow,
Yet Faith shall soothe, and Time shall calm our woe:
She lived the life we should to live aspire!
She died in peace, as all to die desire.

Fair was her face, and fairer still the mind
Within her form of elegance enshrined;
Her tresses dark around a brow did flow,
Chaste as the whiteness of the winter-snow;
Yet that pure breast, with gracious feelings fraught,
The warmth of goodness from itself had caught;
But all those smiles that once so sweetly shone,
And all the charms love fondly deemed its own
Are faded now for ever, evermore,
Their grace departed and their being o'er;
And cold reclines the cheek in nature's tomb,
Where once beamed virtue's light through beauty's bloom.

Oh, from thy shore of neverfading light,
Far, far beyond this world's o'erclouded night;
Send, lovely spirit! from thy seat of bliss,
A smile to soothe the friends who weep in this:
And it shall fall across their weary souls
As sweet as through thy heaven its music rolls.
Oh, sing! thou standest on that sighless shore,
Where sin shall never come, or sorrow soar;
Where thornless roses bloom, where rivers run
Fair as our sky, and glorious as our sun;
Where love-enlighted heavens sublimely rise,
Far past the span of our contracted skies;
Where stormless oceans shine in mercy's ray,
And angels smile in God's unsetting day!
Oh! tell them deathless happiness is thine,
And bid them for their loss no more repine;
But bid them like thyself for death prepare,
A heart as sinless, and a soul as fair!

THE MIRACLES OF CHRISTIANITY.

AN ORATION.

I WAS once present at the delivery of an address against the credibility of the christian miracles, to which I made a reply in something like the following terms:

The gentleman to whose address we have just been listening, has cited two authorities—Josephus and Tacitus, in support of his assertions. Josephus, I believe, never alludes to our Saviour except in a passage which is denounced as an interpolation—Tacitus only refers to the Hebrew Religion and Christianity in terms of contempt. I have no desire to underrate Tacitus: his style, as an historian, is one of the best and most pithy styles that I ever read. But when he, a pagan writer and presumed adherent of the old heathen mythology—denounces Christianity as a pernicious superstition, such an epithet only demonstrates to us, that he was blinded by ignorance and prejudice to the good of that religion, of which he speaks so falsely and so contemptuously. I assert that Christianity, compared to the religion of Tacitus, was a blessed religion indeed—as his religion compared with Christianity, or the Jewish religion either, was a most pernicious and accursed superstition. Let us not be overborne by the authority of great names, which frequently prove very little arguments. Great men are not always wise; neither are fools always simple: all the wisdom of the world is not in print; nor is all the foolishness of the world out of it. The multitude may err oftener than the philosophers; but the philosophers err as well as the multitude. If it be rejoined that this reply is no answer, since it assumes for Tacitus the belief in a pagan creed, which he repudiated, inasmuch as "like all the philosophers of antiquity, he only outwardly conformed to the profession of a religion which he inwardly despised;" then, I say, such an assumption if true (and it is greater than mine), completely demolishes all the pretensions of Tacitus to be a judge in this matter. If he loved himself better than truth, he certainly cannot be accepted as a judge of the religion, whose promulgators assuredly loved truth better than themselves. But the gentleman who has just addressed us seemed willing to concede that there was a certain amount of truth in the christian records; it was only the miracles of Christianity which he altogether and unconditionally repudiated. But we cannot divest Christianity of its miraculous character—for we cannot take away from it the

character and teachings of its founder, the most godlike character that ever appeared upon the earth—compared to whom, that of any other is like a star of midnight to the sun of morning could only be what He himself asserted that He was. It is impossible that the most exalted moral character could be other than what he Himself represented; that would be to make Him a false speaker and an imposter. We cannot divest Christianity of its miraculous character, for we cannot separate from it the prophesies which, centuries before it appeared, foretold its advent and declared its coming, in such unmistakable manner and terms, that a continuous series of miracles can alone explain them. We cannot divest Christianity of its miraculous character; for we cannot take away from it the language and ideas of the Bible, which speak to the moral sense of man; to his heart and conscience with greater power, and to his intellect with greater sublimity than the starry heavens speak to the soul of man. A Book of such a character could alone be written by honest and sincere men—but the inspiration of it could only come from something more. Other religions cannot satisfy the heart of the philanthropist, and the reason of the philosopher; Christianity does more—it creates the one and transcends the other, Hume, after ransacking the records of all ages with the pre-conceived view of discrediting the christian miracles, can only adduce the comparisons; which make us exclaim in wonder, and is this all that so able and astute a philosopher can adduce in disparagement of the miracles of Christianity? So far from discrediting their veracity, they only confirm their truth; for the miracles of Christianity in juxtaposition with those which Hume adduces, appear like the coin contrasted with the counterfeit. More and better attested miracles than the miracles of Hume must be wrought, before the miracles of Christianity can be discredited. Hume does not adduce an ever-present miracle so great as the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, taken in connection with the advent, the character, and the history of our Saviour. He does not produce an ever-present miracle so great as that which has been wrought before us all our lives in the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, taken in connection with the past history and present state of the Jewish people. He cannot produce testimony so unimpeachable as that the Jews have unconsciously borne, and now are unwittingly bearing to the truths of Christianity. He does not produce a prayer like Daniel's, or Solomon's, or Habakkuk's, or Hezekiah's; a book like the book of Psalms, the book of Isaiah, or the book of Job. He cannot produce histories like

Elisha's: a spiritual law like the moral law of Christianity; or such a definition of such a Deity as Christianity alone has given to mankind. No! we cannot take away its miracles from Christianity, for Christianity itself is a miracle!—The greatest moral miracle yet wrought by the Divinity—for the spiritual regeneration, enlightenment and exaltation of mankind. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

But the gentleman, to whom I am endeavouring to reply, has stated—that miracles, if wrought, would only prove the weakness of God. No! they were wrought by God in pity to the moral weakness, degeneration, and spiritual grossness of man; who, without them, would not now know the All-Father God of Mercy who "forgives us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." Like the perturbations of Uranus, which proved the existence of an unseen world undreamt of by our philosophy, so miracles, the manifestations of a power above nature directly operating upon nature, demonstrated to man—*the* God that all our philsophy could neither have discovered nor conceived. Man is the weakest, the lowest of God's moral rational offspring—the last link in the chain of intellectual and moral life. It is no derogation from either God's beneficence, or His wisdom, that a miraculous interposition was necessary to reveal to mankind the God of Christianity. The mass of mankind, this day, are hardly rational beings, scarcely moral ones. They are only beings capable of becoming both moral and rational in God's good time, and at God's good pleasure. To have rendered miracles unnecessary, man must have been created not the last link of moral and intellectual life, but the first; and to desire that, is to impugn the whole order of God's creation and to charge our Maker with foolishness. Show me a better religion to believe than Christianity, and I'll become your disciple; show me the records of a religion that appeal more searchingly to the conscience, more sublimely to the intellect—than the ideas and language of the Bible, and I'll become its votary; show me a more godlike, purer, moral law to obey than that which Christianity alone teaches, and I'll fall prostrate before its grandeur; show me a Deity more divine than the God who is Love, and He alone shall be the Divinity of my adoration; show me a more godlike character to love, a more godlike character to revere—than our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I'll forsake all to follow Him;—but till you do, I must believe in Him who spake as never man spake before, and who acted as never mortal has acted since. He who planted the sun in the midst of heaven, has not left the higher

moral world in sunless darkness. Better ten sun be blotted out of heaven than the religion of mercy be exiled from the earth. What does this scepticism of the christian miracles amount to, plainly stated?—That the highest, the only powers with which man has or ever will have to do, resolve themselves ultimately into mere mechanical laws—that there is no other, no higher power than these, who is able, or who is willing, to interfere with the slightest operation of the least of them—though the object be the moral regeneration or salvation of an erring world—The operation of the mechanical laws of material nature are paramount to every other consideration; men may faint, empires may morally perish, worlds may spiritually fall, but the least operation of a material law of nature must not be interfered with—not even for the highest and noblest moral object which a man may see, or a God can know. The god of the science which repudiates Christianity is only a machine! but the Divinity has manifested Himself we say—not by violating the order of nature, but in strict accordance with its principles—only by adding another series of miracles to those which He had before effected, not by destroying either the order of, or the existence of, any which He had previously made. He has revealed to man that the God who is Love exists, whose power is superior to the laws of nature (which are all miracles) which God originated, and which did not originate God.

The differences of opinion among christians have been alluded to. The agreement of christians, however, is more than their difference;—whereas the difference of the sceptics is more than their agreement. From the first christian to the last, all agree that a Deity does exist; that the Bible is the Word of God; that Jesus Christ was sent from God; and that a life exists for man beyond the grave;—whereas, from the first sceptic to the last—from the deist to the atheist—there is this immense difference: a Deity does exist says one, and a Deity does not exist says the other. In the one case we have belief in a God and rejection of the miracles of revelation; in the other, belief in the miracles of nature and rejection of the belief in the Power who alone could effect them. We are born by a miracle; we breathe by a miracle; we move by a miracle; we hear by a miracle; we see by a miracle; we think by a miracle; we speak by a miracle; we live by a miracle; and exist in the midst of miracles so great, that all man's language is powerless to express them. And yet we cannot believe in miracles! The miracles which our eyes did not see, it is said, they were not effected, though their truth was attested by

the martyrdom of the generations of Christians. The miracles we cannot help but seeing—they, it is said, have wrought themselves,—the last assertion is as credible as the first. Christianity holds out the sole hope vouchsafed us of a moral future, more exalted than anything which man's immoral past has seen. If the simple precepts of Christianity were but obeyed by each individual, the complete and permanent happiness of mankind would be ensured. What more do we want, what better moral law do we need, what wiser philosophy do we require? Aye! that if makes all the difference: they never have been obeyed, and they never will be obeyed by men. Very well! so much the worse for them, and you, and me. The persecutions, erroneous doctrines, and ecclesiastical abuses of Christianity have been alluded to; but these things no more constitute a part of Christianity than the errors of Ptolemy, the dreams of the alchemists, or the vortices of Descartes constitute a part of true science or philosophy. If Christianity be false, what other religion can be true? and if no religion be true, nature is nothing but a dream—truth an ignis-fatuus—human life a phantasma—and all creation a delusion which never has existed and never can exist at all.

SAINT MARY'S CHURCH.—A SKETCH.

The chimes are slowly striking the last quarter. It is twelve, and midnight wraps her murky mantle round the isle. The stars far, far beyond the farthest sphere of our small system, blaze on the vast bosom of infinity, like eternal jewels on the breast of an Omnipotent God. Ancient temple! Gray old tower! solemnly lifting thy soaring pinnacles beneath their glory, above man's pigmian littleness; Pharos of religion! rising over the ocean of life, to beacon the "mariner man" through the vexed surges of tumultuous time, to havens of eternal rest; we will sit down beneath thee, upon the tomb within thy field of death, and listen to the sermon which the dumb but eloquent preacher, through revolving centuries pointing to heaven, while standing on his house of graves, has uttered on the vanity of this world, and the mortality of our race.

Mantled in the gloom of the earth, canopied by the glory of the skies, with the fitful breeze gushing musically, around the turrets and pinnacles of thy many-windowed-walls, thy gothic tower, that great stony colossus arises imposingly before me, like the stature of the past, arising grandly above the present time.

Ancient tower! centuries have fallen upon thee, like years upon a strong man,—their storms have beaten upon thy massive

crest, like snowflakes upon a hill! their passions have rage around thee like the seafoam around a rock! their generations have perished beneath thee, like grass beneath a stately tree! Unbound! unscathed! unshaken dost thou, Oh! ancient giant! still contemplate from thine haughty height, the fair river rushing down the green plain, like all away.

Imposingly as thou didst arise above the forest-surrounded borough of Elizabeth, so dost thou now tower over the great manufacturing city of Victoria! Thou standest like a prophet of God, betwixt earth and heaven, contemplating like a colossus with folded arms this generation, buying and selling in their shops,—toiling and moiling in their factories, resting in their houses—meeting in their market places, greeting in their streets. The smoke of their industry ascends far and wide above thee, and the roar of their machinery echoes along thine ancient walls, while unmoved thou calmly dost survey all the busy bustling pageant fading into the past, like the yesterdays that come no more.

Far and wide around thee for many and many a morrow will the outspreading country describe its great circuit;—from the bright eastern horizon to the blue western heaven, from the sunny southern-slopes to the sombre northern-hills. Day after-day infinity will spread over thee like an ocean of glory. Night after night will immensity arise above thy crest, glittering with all its stars. Winter will come with its tempestuous floods, for centuries around thy walls, and spring will blossom greenly over all the plain. Summer will repose upon iris-clouds of flowers in the valley, and autumn for ages will spread white upon the encircling hills; while thou through the darkening night, as through the brightening day, beneath the winter's storms, as below the summer's cloudless skies, above the future's promise as o'er the past's decay! through the broken years of centuries lying scattered at thy feet, wilt contemplate, as Memnon surveyed from his buried throne, childhood still expanding into manhood, manhood contracting into age, age sinking into death.

Pillar of piety! that time has darkened with the shadows of centuries which exist but in the past; Monument of generations who have perished at thy feet and who sleep beneath thy shade.

Looking to the past, whence thou springest, the future, over which thou shalt arise, we are humbled with the sense of our insignificance, and depressed by the briefness of the term alotted to poor mortal man.

Ages before we, whose eyes, O tower! glass a universe this

hour; whose mind this moment holds the vast conception of a thousand million worlds, centuries before this generation felt the consciousness of God, Life, and Nature, thou liftedst up thy stately head above the city of our fathers. Centuries after we too shall have passed into oblivion, here shalt thou remain, the mighty sentinel of Deity, challenging the passing ages with the solemn watchwords—death! eternity! God! Verily, O, hoary tower, as we contemplate thee now, wrapped in thy gray robe of ages, pointing to the far magnificences of heaven, we could almost imagine life abided with thee alone, while man, thy creator, mocked with but a fraction of thy years, perishes around thee like the morning insects, to whom evening becomes a tomb!

To-morrow we are no more! while thou, through the calm and tempests of uncounted years, shalt soar above our sepulchres and stand upon our dust!

Architect of this antique fane! founder of this hoar temple! Builders, who slowly, stone by stone, piled this soaring tower up so high! your hands have perished, but you work survives! Your mind has past away, but its thought is here! It has braved the tempests of three hundred years, and stands to defy the thunders of three hundred more, whilst ye, broken images of God! lie scattered at its base, your very bones confounded with the dust over which your life once proudly trod!

O life! O death! like sea and sky, your confines blend together; we weep as we begin to live; we are born, and we begin to die!

Sacred old shrine! how thy passionless peace, amidst the unbroken silence of this stilly hour, rebukes the mad contentions of ever-wrangling man. Thou liftest up thine head above his feverish uproar to the quiet of the stars, whilst, he immersed in his ever troubled atmosphere, "puts rancours in the vessels of his peace," and wandering wide away from the simplicity of nature, dies to true felicity, like a cast-off leaf, whirled by a tornado from its tree of life, to feel no more the freshness of the morning dews, which once made green, the being of its vernal prime!

One last look as we depart,—farewell! old church; farewell; to-night peace reigns around you; to-morrow the angry surges of life will rage around thy rock, but thou wilt rise above the tempests of this present time, as thou didst over the wars of the crimson ages, immoved, "calm as nature, that great image of God before a storm;" serene as heaven, tranquil as its peace.

O that thou hadst a tongue, titanic patriarch! to trumpet forth in tones as loud as heaven's thunder, the experience of thine age to an irreflective race.

Yet, afar, down the valley of our fathers, as we have stood musing beneath the moon, listening to thy chime, have we not heard rolling along the plain, and reverberating among the hills, the thunder-music of the bells that peal the funeral march of ages pouring on the ear of thousands, such an adjuration as this.

Mortals! during more than 100,000 revolutions of your globe, I have opened my doors to your birth, your marriage, and your burial. I have seen the child grow into a man, and the man sink into a child again. I have witnessed generation after generation blooming like the blossoms of the spring, and falling like the withered leaves the winds of autumn scatter to the wild. I have beheld the savage perish by the steel of the savage, and the civilized man, by custom more barbarous still. Darkened with the experience of more than 100,000 days, gray with the wisdom of above 300 years, I adjure you, I, who stood over the cradles of your fathers; I, who shall stand above the coffins of their sons; by the miseries I have beheld, and the sorrows I yet see; by the life which is so frail, and the death that is so near! curse not each other like your fathers, whose scattered bones lie broken round me, like sapless sticks the tempest rends and casts away; but bless each other with good, as the All-Blesser has blest mankind with the power of blessing man; set life to the harmony of nature; make it sublime as a psalm of God, strong as the thunder of heaven, sweet as the kiss of love, tender as the tears of pity, happy as a seraph's song; by the miseries of 300 years, and the madness of 300 more; arise, make life a prayer of actions to the All-Sublime, and death a triumph over nature's doom!

THE MORAL FREE AGENCY AND RESPONSIBILITY OF MAN,—AN ORATION.

After all the ages of experience which man has now had of his being, how ignorant are we at this hour of the true nature of the human mind. There are heights in it, which the wisest cannot scale, as there are depths in it, which the profoundest philosophy has never fathomed. The subject upon which I am about to speak appears to measure the difference betwixt the loftiest moral good ever attained by man, and the lowest depths of moral evil that ever were reached by his nature.

Man's existence is confined to a point in space, it is limited to a moment in time; yet within the boundaries of the globe on which he lives, man possesses a power of free action to traverse it at his will, and around the infinitely greater and ever-widening sphere

traversed by his vision and his thought, the wings of his mind wave, unfettered by anything but the limits of the time and space in which they move. And as the free motion of the body of man is only confined by the limits of the globe on which he lives, and as the free action of his intelligence is only bounded by the limits of the unmeasured horizon around which it freely plays—so, also, the action of each faculty of man, the operation of any or all the powers of his nature—are only circumscribed by the good and evil of that moral sphere to which the mind of man alone is elevated, above all created earthly beings.

From the highest moral good which man has ever attained, to the deepest moral evil into which he can possibly fall, measures the extent of the free moral agency which the Deity has permitted to man's nature. The stone which lies upon the earth, fixed to it by the law of gravitation, possesses no power of locomotion whatever except what is communicated by something external to itself; the drift wood that floats upon the waters of the ocean, for whatever power of locomotion it may manifest is indebted to the winds and waves, which carry it whithersoever they will; but man, whom we behold traversing the land at his pleasure, or marching over the big billows of the ocean at his will, and describing a line over the wild waters from one continent to another, a line which existed in his thought before it was traced by his act, evidently does possess a power not possessed by either the wood or the stone. Man possesses an independent spring of action in himself, which, amidst all the mutability of the changing elements and conditions which surround him, is capable of tracing in a line as long as his existence—a course as definite and decided, and self-determined as the line which the ship describes upon the deep, in despite of all the opposition of the winds, waves, and weather, to which it is exposed. Thus, man is not impelled by inexorable necessity, or driven by an unseen but inevitable chain of causes on to the rocks of moral ill, as he is not drawn by an inevitable attraction which he is unable to resist to moral good. As his body possesses a spring of action in itself, which enables it to overcome, at his pleasure—the direct resistance of the most universal law of matter with which we are acquainted (the law of gravitation, which binds, at this moment, all the worlds of matter in their appointed spheres); so, also, does the mind of man possess an independent spring of action in itself, This independent spring of action is the power of free moral agency; a power of free action betwixt moral good and moral ill which amidst the complicated operations of all the created material, men-

tal and moral forces of nature, asserts man's position in the scale of universal being to be that of a free moral agent and nothing less.

That man is the only organized being upon our world who possesses the power of moral discernment of the difference betwixt moral good and moral evil, is a fact which cannot be disputed. If man did not possess this power of discerning the difference betwixt moral good and moral evil, man could not be responsible for any moral evil that he might do: in fact, he would not be capable of committing either moral good or moral evil, if he were incapable of distinguishing the difference betwixt them. But being endowed with the power of discerning moral good from moral evil, and being placed upon a world where there are two paths—one the road to moral good, and the other the road to moral evil—and where some men take the upward way and others the downward way; I cannot see how they can take either, having the power of discriminating each, without first determining and knowing the way which they actually do take: I cannot see how they can take either way, without exercising the power of choice or a free moral agency in the matter. If it be replied, that it is not through possessing any independent moral spring of action in themselves that men take either way, but that an irresistible necessity or invisible chain of inevitable causes from whose operation there is no escape—impels some men down to moral ill, as an irresistible attraction they cannot resist attracts other men, as the magnet attracts the steel, up the path of moral good: if such were the case, I am unable to see how man can be any more responsible for treading either the path of moral good or moral evil, than he would be if he were altogether incapable of distinguishing the difference betwixt moral good and ill; and, consequently, incapable of doing either moral evil or good. If, no matter from what cause, or combination of causes, we are absolutely incapable, at any moment, of thinking or doing anything other than what we actually do think or do: if no matter from what cause or combination of causes—ages before we came into being—the part we should play, the thoughts we should think, the actions we should perform, nay, even the lightest words we should utter, were pre-determined, fore-ordained, absolutely settled, by no matter what power or combination ot powers, which leave us no power of choice, no free moral agency whatever, but of which we are the pre-destined mechanical agents; I cannot see, in that case, except in direct contradiction to this theory—that man can be responsible for any moral evil that he may do.

Though such a doctrine may leave to man the power of discrimination betwixt moral good and moral evil, it renders such a power of discrimination nugatory; inasmuch as it renders men only the steel to the magnet, of that necessity which attracts or repels them to moral good or evil—by the operation of a power which they must as necessarily obey, as the compass must obey the law which directs its every motion.

If such be the truth, why should the heart, hard as the nether millstone, of the most savage and remorseless of all our kings, quail in his dying hour, as recorded by the most sceptical of our historians—and tremble as the shadow of approaching retribution fell upon him, with that "poignant remorse" (the words of Hume) which is the convulsion of the soul of the deliberate, life-long sinner, beneath the touch of eternal justice. Why should the expiring soul of William the conqueror, who, in his day of power and pride, had turned men and their families out of their once-happy homes by thousands, to perish untimely of famine and the winter's cold—that he might have a forest to his royal will; why should he, or such as he, have felt or feel the poignant remorse which they have felt, and do feel—if necessity, and not they, were the author of all their crimes. Did they wish otherwise, they must have done as they did. Before mankind was born, it was decreed by the necessity of which they were the prefated instruments, that it should be impossible for them to do other than what they did. Why should the first Bonaparte, who also believed in necessity and fatalism—have felt that heavy remorse which the injurers and destroyers of their fellows never escape, if the fatalism in which he believed were all the truth? According to the memoirs of Fouché—which were pronounced genuine, from their internal evidence, by Wellington, who had personal cognizance of the times, men, and events to which Fouche's memoirs relate; Bonaparte, like Macbeth and Richard III., did experience that dreadful remorse. But why should he have felt remorse, if his fatalism creed were true? Let necessity stand aghast at the desolation which it had made; but why should its mere instrument be troubled for what necessity, not he, had done. Before Bonaparte came into being, his every action was foredoomed, absolutely settled, by that necessity which left him no choice as to any portion of the part which he had played. It was impossible for him to be anything different to what he was—to do aught other than what he had done. And it seems a mockery to say if such a creed is true, that he, and such as he—are born into a world where there are two paths, one leading to moral good, the

other to moral ill. No! they are born into a world where there exists for them, only the dreadful path of destruction which they took, the path that necessity ordained they alone should tread.

But if the power who created man has implanted in his mind a moral sense of right and wrong, which informs us, through the voice of our inner nature—that for whatever moral evil we may do, we ourselves, and we ourselves alone, and not necessity, or circumstances, or any other cause or power, are responsible; how, in the face of such a fact, can the doctrine be demonstrated to be true, which asserts the exact reverse of this. For it is to assert the reverse of this, to affirm that man, in all he thinks and does, is merely the instrument of necessity. The question, then, may be resolved to this: Does there exist an intuitive moral sense of right and wrong in the human mind? Amongst the truths of which I feel most certain, there is no truth of which I feel more assured. I have dwelt upon it many times. in many addresses—because I've seen it so ignored, and because it is the greatest and most impressive fact existing in human nature. There is a faculty within us be assured, that registers everything that we do, and say, and think; and which, if we do, and say, and think ill, and harden ourselves in evil—will prophecy at last with such tremendous utterance, as will make the most determined soul shrink aghast beneath its power, as beneath the thunder-blast of Judgment's God. A moral sense of right and wrong does exist in the centre of the human mind; inscribed there by the finger of Omnipotence,—a faculty which no ignorance or superstition can wholly obscure,and from which no scepticism can entirely escape. The Deity has not left the existence of Divine justice to be undemonstrated to us by the philosophers who can prove anything to be wrong, or to be disproved by the controversialists who can prove anything to be right. No! but the Deity demonstrates the existence of that supreme moral law to which all worlds must bend, by a fact which we always carry with us, wheresoever we carry ourselves: and that fact of an intuitive moral sense existing in the human mind, is at once the best natural proof of the existence and justice of Deity, and of the moral responsibility and consequent moral free agency of man. This fact demonstrated, (and rely upon it, the more it is discussed, the more manifest it will appear), establishes our case. And the fact of the free moral agency of man goes a good way in elucidating the existence of moral evil upon our world. If the Deity had based the foundations of our moral world upon necessity, man, by that necessity, would have been irresistibly impelled

to moral good; but he would not be the free moral agent which he is. Being endowed with moral freedom, he thereby becomes capable of moral evil, as well as moral good; and from the glory of the paradise created by his Maker, he turns to the darkness of moral ill. He has power to do so because he is morally free,—why he is permitted to do so to such an extent is one of those great mysteries which the future may answer, but which the present is only able to question, apart from the Revelation of God's will.

Animals that are incapable of discerning the difference betwixt moral good and evil, are by that fact rendered incapable of committing either. But man, who possesses the moral power which animals do not possess, by that fact becomes capable of committing both. Thus, the power which elevates man's being above the brutes, the power whereby man is rendered capable of attaining the highest good which he can win—is the same power which so often sinks him into the deepest degradation into which he can possibly fall. Awful! yet ennobling power, which can either raise us "as near the gods as man can go," or sink man into gulfs as dark and deep as those by his history disclosed. I do not wish to underrate the power of circumstances. I know the difference that exists in men's positions, light, organization, and intelligence; and in the scales of Eternal Justice shall all our differing conditions be equitably weighed. The hardiest plant may be distorted for want of air, light, or water; and the strongest human soul may be seriously injured for want of the truth that should enlighten it, the affection which should hallow it, or the religion which should save. Yet as the tenderest little plant, by virtue of its inherent vital force, can brave the wildest blasts of winter, or the fairest summer sunshine would afterwards shine upon it in vain—so does the most delicate human mind preserve a free moral spring of action in itself, even when crushed beneath the hoofs of the direst oppression.

A century ago men walked over the stones of the earth, kicking them aside as rubbish not worth the consideration of a rational mind.—Go now into the museum of any geological society, and behold what a most stupendous and amazing history those stones, once considered so contemptible, relate, when rightly arranged, to a mind capable of perusing the wondrous history which they tell.—Even so shall the story of human nature be read in some far, future day, beyond all the barbarisms of our dim twilight dawn. For as the Deity is not fettered by any, or all the created forces of nature, but sits on the throne of His

Omnipotence, superior to, and unbound by the operation of any other power than the power which inheres in His nature; so, when He bade the "heaven-erected face" of man arise out of the dust of the world which he had formed, lit up with the ray of intelligence reflected by man's soul from The Everlasting Mind; so, also, did God crown the being whom He had designed, with a beam of the moral liberty, unfettered as the infinity through which it played from the light where His nature was enthroned. And as the once chaotic heap of stones has combined, beneath the expanding day of intelligence, into the wondrous *real* order arising out of apparent disorder—which reveals to the instructed mind the amazing architecture of this magnificent world; even so—from the moral chaos of the past, from that chaos in which we live, from disorder which appears without an object and without an end—shall ultimately emerge a still more wondrous spectacle than that which all the rocks of earth present, relating a history as superior to that which geology has unfolded to us, as the mind of man is superior to the stones upon which the feet of his body tread. For the ultimate destinies of humanity are under the providence of a mighty yet benignant Power:—whatever He does—is done well, as the consummation of all things will most emphatically prove.

IS REASON CONFINED TO MAN?—AN ESSAY.

Is reason confined to man alone of all the organized beings existing upon the earth? or is there any other organized being besides man, existing on this world possessed of reason? To this last question, we think, that truth returns a negative answer.

What is reason?—Reason may be defined to be the faculty that apprehends the connection between cause and effect; and which discerns the analogies of things apparently different, and the differences of things apparently the same. But, then, reason is something more; for reason appears something too great to be compressed into the compass of any definition. It eludes the grasp of words, and transcends the power of language! Its nature seems indefinable, as the immensity of truth, which is ultimately focussed on its sensorium; its capacity as unbounded as the infinity in which it exists. The power of reason, in attaining, accumulating, practising, and bequeathing knowledge, can only be defined by the scientific progression of mankind. Without reason, there could be no progress,—no science,—or art,—which is the practice of science. Reason is perhaps best de-

fined then, as the faculty of progression; for without reason, not only is progress impossible, but its very name, as well as its nature, would be alike unknown. By this power, peculiar to reason, of indefinite expansion, in any individual being, undoubtedly endowed with reason, and of infinite development in a race of similar beings, we shall best ascertain in the case of other beings, fairly open to doubt as to their possession or non possession of reason, whether they really do or do not possess it. But the faculties of no other being besides man, with which we are acquainted, manifest any power of progress whatever, apart from the existence of humanity! Their existence begins in a point—and ends there. But though reason begins in a point, it does not end in one. From a point, it extends into a line; from a line, widens to a circle; from a circle, expands into a sphere; that is continually widening with the experience of nature, and enlarging with the lapse of time! Thus, there is a striking and unmistakable gulf of demarcation betwixt the faculty of reason manifested by man, and any and every other faculty manifested by any other being on the earth of which we have sensuous cognizance, as there can be betwixt the nature of one thing, and the nature of another, widely and entirely different. Judging, then, by this power of progress, peculiar to reason, as attested by the history of the past, and the observation of the present,—a power, about which, there is no metaphysical obscurity to bewilder the understanding, but that gives us a clear and unmistakable standard by which we can test the truth of the proposition under our notice, we can only come to the conclusion, that there is no other being besides man, existing on the earth, cognized by our senses, endowed with reason. Instances, and numerous instances, may be adduced, of extraordinary acts, of what we term sagacity, by the beaver, the horse, the dog, the fox, the elephant, &c.: and the most extraordinary instances (with the exception of those which are too extraordinary to be true) occur in the case of those animals which have been trained and tutored by man. But if we carefully consider them, without allowing any preconceived theory to mislead our judgment, we shall find that taken altogether, they are inadequate and insufficient to justify the inference of the existence of reason in any other organized being besides man existing on the earth. Like a bird taught to sing; a goldfinch to draw up water, like an old woman at a well; like a pious parrot tutored to jabber the creed and ten commandments, in which, however, so far from discriminating one idea from another, it cannot discern even any idea at all; like a mocking bird imitating every sound it hears; or an

elephant pulling the trigger of a gun, without, however, knowing or possessing even the capacity of being possibly made to comprehend the composition of the gunpowder, or the mechanism of the gun, the connection between the pulling of the trigger and the production of the spark, the connection between the spark and the explosion: so many animals can be taught by the reason with which they are brought in contact, consciously, either from memory, or an instinct of imitation, in one or two isolated acts, to imitate the action of a faculty that they do not possess. Or they may unconsciously imitate man as the babe ere reason has dawned in its little brain, imitates the smiles and gestures of its nurse. But we cannot admit that ergo they are possessed of reason. Reason assuredly is something capable of a growth in power, a development of capacity, a power of attaining, accumulating, and carrying knowledge into action, to an extent, to which no bounds can yet be assigned. But the so imagined reason of any other being inferior to man, is not capable of such progression and development. On the contrary, the bounds in which the manifestation of such imaginary reason will be infallably confined,—will be limited to a space, by comparison, narrow indeed. The reason of man expands with the knowledge whose boundaries are the limits of nature alone; it manifests itself in the progress unbounded as the time through which it moves; conscious as it does so, from its perception of the infinity around it, of powers far outstretching in their inherent nature, those of the limited faculties of the rest of animated nature, which live shut up in the finite, far below that infinitude in which reason revolves like a star, as her natural sphere.

Every animal has some perception of the light of the sun and moon, and of the world on which they live; but no other being besides man possesses a latent power capable of rising to the discernment of those occult relations existing between the earth, sun, and moon, and all the worlds around them. The imaginary reason of animals, accumulates no knowledge to bequeath to their successors, makes no progress to lessen the distance between their limited power and the illimitable mind of man. The last generation is only a repetition of the first. Their Alpha and Omega are the same. Man begins in a cavern and ends in a palace; animals begin in a nest or hole and there they end. We humbly think it would be as reasonable a theory to maintain, that man is not a rational being from all the proofs of irrationality written in his history, as to attempt to establish from the isolated imitations of intelligence written in the annals of

all the animals ever tutored by man, on a basis illusory and unsubstantial as the mirage of the desert—the hypothesis that animals are endowed with that reason, which possesses the power of analysis which has anatomized the frame of the world; and that power of synthesis capable of inferring the skeleton of nature from the articulation of a single bone. Why the veriest idiot that ever was born without reason, whom we cannot say possesses reason, unless we have first lost or renounced our own reason—yet, placed by the side of the most sagacious animals we can find, would manifest more intelligence than they. Let us take away from our consideration of this question all those cases where man has, by training and compaionship, impressed some of the rays of his intelligence on the animals who surround him, as he has also stamped its impress upon the lifeless matter which surrounds all; and how much of animal intelligence remains to support a theory which confounds the faculties of beings capable of infinite progress through all the ages of time—with the powers of beings capable of no progress whatever, apart from and entirely separated from the existence of man. We have heard of a sceptic, who, being once at a prayer meeting, and hearing it affirmed that the sick could be healed and the devil cast out of men, by praying and laying hands on them—asked in derision of the elders if they could not cast the devil out of him; to which one of the elders replied, "No; for if we did there would be nothing but your clothes left behind." And so when this hypothesis of animals possessing reason comes under our examination, we look at it, and discover that like a scarecrow in a field, it is an appearance without reality. When we are shown some animals that can not only comprehend the multiplication table, but able to carry that knowledge into practice, as man does. when we are shown an animal that can be made to comprehend that the earth is round, or that two parellel lines be they carried ever so far can never meet: when we are shown a parrot that can not only mimic our language—but carry on a conversation intelligently, as the veriest savage that was ever taken from the wilderness of nature can, or when asked if it is a reasonable being—can manifest by reiterated rational answers that it unmistakably is one—then, but not till then, will we believe that any other being upon the earth inferior to man is endowed with reason; till then we must believe in the truth of the following proposition, viz:—"That as the limited utterance of animals composed of instinctive cries only, and capable of defining no abstract idea—is to the unlimited speech of man, capable of

expressing and defining all ideas, in the abstract, as well as in the concrete, so is the highest faculty of any animal whatever, to the reason of man."

Animals have memory, have instinct of imitation, and through these and similar faculties, can be made to reflect back some of its rays upon the intelligence of man—as the moon reflects the light of the sun and shines only with a borrowed glory; but substract man from the world and what intelligence then remains to establish the theory, that lower beings than man are possessed of reason? No! as the dog's bark or whining is to man's speaking—as the canary's whistling to Mozart's music—as the monkey's jabber, or elephant's trumpeting, to Euclid's demonstrations, and Newton's principia, as the first and last obscure manifestations of the imparted intelligence of animals, is to the first and last palpable manifestations of man's reason, whose signature is stamped upon the solid globe in characters enduring as the world whereon it is imprinted, so are the limited and unprogressive faculties of animals, to man's progressive reason.

But the question may very pertinently be asked, "Where does instinct end, and reason begin?" or, what is reason as distinguished from reason? A great question, like many more, easier asked than answered. There are many different kinds of instinct, whereas reason is one. There are the migratory instincts of the swallow, &c.; the imitative instincts of the parrot, mocking bird, &c.: the constructive instincts of the beaver, bee, &c.; the detective instinct of the blood-hound; the instinct of self preservation, existing in all animals, which often causes them to do remarkable things to save that precious number—number one. There are the destructive instincts of beasts of prey, the secretive and cunning instincts of the fox and mag pie, remarkably developed in the first instance by being incessantly hunted; as even the fishes in our rivers, differ from the fishes in the American rivers, in this, that our fish require a bait to be put upon the hook before they will bite at it, whereas in America, they will bite at the hook alone, without any bait whatever on it, and this difference arises from this cause alone, that in all the rivers of our country, fishes are incessantly angled for, and in most of the rivers of the new world seldom so disturbed. To the number of instincts which we have named, we may add the amphibious instinct of the duck, which, when hatched by the hen, carries all the ducklings (as St. Patrick's curse sent the frogs and toads) right slap into the water, which causes Mrs. Partlet to lift up her voice and beak, in fear and alarm, and clap, and clutter her

wings in consternation and wonder. Then there is the universal instinct of sex. and the almost as universal instinct of love of offspring; to these we may add the æsthetic, and moral, and religious instincts of man. With which then of the instincts demonstrated by the experience of palpable facts, to exist in animated nature, can reason best be compared? with each, or with all? so as best to elucidate the difference between instinct and reason.

The eyes, the ears, the nose, the palate, the touch, though all apparently differing so widely from each other, are yet united in one common principle;—they all operate by feeling. The auditory nerve feels the vibration of the column of air that causes sound. The olfactory nerve vibrates to the touch of invisible gases brought in contact with it by the atmosphere. The optic nerve feels the rays of light undulating through the ether, and thus obtains its perception of objects by the different sensations of the varying rays impinging on the optic nerve. The palate, likewise, operates by feeling like the touch. But though all these five senses seem to be only the branches of a common principle, so widely divergent do they appear, that it would be a hard matter to say where touching ends, and smelling begins; or where smelling ends, and tasting begins; or where tasting ends, and hearing begins; or where hearing ends, and seeing begins; or what, in fact, constitutes the differences of things based upon a principle, common to all of them. So with reason and instinct. Providence has wisely and kindly rendered most animals amenable to the training, and docile to the government of man. The horse can be trained and broken in to all the paces of the menage, and the exhibitions of the riding school. Though not possessing reason, the horse has been formed by the Creator, so as to be susceptible to the impression and direction of an intelligent being. So with the dog: and though dogs and horses possess memory, they do not possess reason. Take reason from man, he would still manifest some memory, though utterly incapable of speaking reasonably or of understanding reasoning. Take reason from man, and there still remains a more intelligent being than any other with which we can then compare him. Animals acting instinctively appear actuated by an internal impulse, which effects a purpose without knowledge, as reason can only effect a purpose by knowledge. One acts by the intuition of nature, the other by the out-tuition. Before man can navigate the ocean his reason must first accumulate an immense stock of knowledge. Build man a bark, give him sails to waft him on his way; acting

as he must act—like an intelligent being—before he then can attempt to cross the deep, he will require a compass and chart, and some knowledge of the earth and the heavenly bodies; whereas, ages before man ventured out to sea, the swallow crossed the water, impelled and piloted by an instinct which would appear to be like a magnetic needle or fibre implanted in their brain by the power who created them, to impel and guide them; where, for the good of the world, they ought to go. The swallow required and requires no study, no previous knowledge, before it could do this. Like a bird imparting caloric to its eggs, without, however, understanding anything of the process of which it is the unreasoning agent, the principle by which it is developing life; so unreasoning instinct operates from an internal impulse, which really is inexplicable on any other theory than this, viz.: that the instinctive operations of these non-intelligent agents, operating by means and to ends of which it is plain that they have no cognizance—can alone have originated in the occult energy of an intelligent power, who, cognizant of both means and ends, has impressed upon non-intelligent agents unconscious of both ends and means, in a mode of which man will ever remain ignorant, powers, to attain ends that only an intelligent power could perceive; by means which only an intelligent power could originate. Like the non-intelligent watch, which is constructed to measure the time of which itself is unconscious, although its hands reveal it—like the wires of the telegraph transmitting a message, though quite unconscious of the means that waft it, or the end it will attain,—in like manner, the instincts of animals appear to indicate the will of an intelligent power impressed on animated nature by the laws of instinct; inasmuch as instinct operating without knowledge of ends and means—yet operating between two points, whereof it can have no intelligent cognizance, by the shortest line which can connect them—must derive such power from some intelligent power, who perceiving both ends and means; by that perception, imparted the link which connects them together. The bee completes its cells at an angle which by mathematical calculation, can be demonstrated to be the best angle they could employ to economise space and material. It would be preposterous to the last degree, to imagine for a moment, that bees (though there are no animals in nature that approach nearer to man) are intelligently conscious of the mathematical principle they operate on, any more than the chronometer understands anything about the time, which it unconsciously measures and reveals.

One conclusion only remains to account for a phenomenon

otherwise inexplicable, viz: that as the watch which is unconscious of time, demonstrates itself to be the creation of an intelligent being, cognizant of the time whereof the watch is unconscious: in like manner, the bee operating upon mathematical principles, of which it has no more cognizance than the watch of time, demonstrates by that fact, that the bee is the creation of some intelligent power, who must have understood the mathematical principles on which the bee constructs its cells. Thus, we may arrive at something like a definition of instinct, viz: instinct is the energy of an intelligent power, directed to effect a given end, by being impressed in a mode whereof we are as yet ignorant, in the shape of an instinct on the being of an intelligent or non-intelligent agent: as the intelligence of the mind of man is impressed on a calculating machine, every bar of which is working to a given end; or on a galvanic battery, in which the zinc, the platinum, the copper wires, the glass fountain, the magnet, and dilute sulphuric acid, are all combined, to produce a stream of power—which varied, at pleasure, produces a host of most valuable and most various effects.

The same reasoning applies to the constructive instincts of other animals. Before man can construct a bed, house, or cradle, his reason must first accumulate a good stock of information. But bring up a number of birds separated from all other birds, before even they have chipped their shells, and place them in an aviary where they cannot possibly have any external communication with their kind, and they will pair instinctively, construct nests instinctively, hatch eggs instinctively, feed their young instinctively, without requiring any instruction from their predecessors. Thus instinct—blindly, if we consider only the beings who manifest it; not so, if we consider the great intelligent power indicated by instinct—anticipates the highest manifestation of reason—foresight; and constructs a cradle-home for an invisible something, it knows not what, a long time before that invisible something becomes visible. We are struck with wonder—as every man must be who considers these things—these ever-recurring prophecies and miracles of nature. Reason can only learn from and after the event; but here, we have instinct acting before the event, in a style that reason acting after the event could not surpass. In fact, instinct is at once something inferior and superior to reason. Instinctive hunger and thirst inform us of that, which reason cannot do, when we require drink and food. Reason acts by the tuition of nature; instinct from the intuition of nature. Instinct sinks lower, and rises higher than reason. Man possesses within himself instincts higher than reason. In-

stincts of beauty, harmony, and moral, and religious instincts that operate beyond the reach of reason, by indicating existence that exists beyond, and superior to, this sensuous world of man. Who shall say, then, where instinct ends and where reason begins.—Instinct begins with the lowest forms of animal life, and in as many protean shapes as there are diverse forms and manifestations of existence, runs up through the chain of animated being, higher even than the intelligence of man.

To say what instinct and what reason are, so that the one may stand off from the other, like land from water, is somewhat difficult. The child just born into the world, exhausts the air in its mouth and causes the milk of the mother to flow into its stomach, by instinct. It required ages of experience of the laws of nature before the reason of the philosopher discovered the principle in nature, on which the child blindly operates. Substract man from the world, what is left? a crowd of animals destitute of reason. Substract instinct, and only matter remains.

Even the æsthetic, moral, and religious instincts of man of higher nature than reason; yet apart from reason, what are they? like the sky which is greater than the sun, but which would be simply darkness, if the sun were taken away; or like the brain which is greater than the eye, but which, without the eye, would be shut out from all the objective glories of this majestic universe of light. Instinct is confined to one. The inherent nature of reason attempts to grasp the all. Every thing is the pabulum of instinct. Every idea of every thing the food of reason. Instinct never mistakes. Reason often errs. Instinct is the power that moves the vessel,—reason the pilot who directs its course. And to bring this paper to a conclusion, we affirm:

That as indefinite progress in power, in the attainment of ideas, the accumulation of knowledge, and carrying knowledge into practice, is the best test of the existence of reason, in any being, inasmuch as man who undoubtedly possesses reason, is by virtue of possessing that faculty a progressive being; and as no animal, with which we are acquainted, can be proved to be a progressive being; we, therefore, modestly affirm, that what is strictly called reason, is possessed by no other being lower than man, existing on the globe, but is confined to man alone of all the material beings existing with him on this world.

NOTTINGHAM.

Beside the Leen's meandering flood,
And rocks, which now we scan;
Around which Sherwood Forest stood,
Nottingham began!
For up the sandstone rock, above the wave,
A beaten tribe ascended to a cave!

Great marshes filled the heavy air,
With vapours dark and dank,
In wilds reserved for time to clear,
The grass, grew thick, and rank;
The Leen and Trent along the vale,
Roll'd through the changing weather;
And could tell many a curious tale,
Of what they saw together.

The Druids lorded o'er the scene,
And from their House of Caves,
Beheld the wild tribes tread the green,
And fight beside the waves!
And chase the wolf, and bear, and roe,
And in rude chariots tame
Their flying steeds, to meet the foe,
Until the Roman came;
And on yon wasted rock arose a tower,
Their citadel of strength in danger's hour!

Hark! through the silence of the night of time,
The Cæsars' brazen trumpets peal sublime;
And bursting on antiquity's amaze,
Behold the legions marching on their way,
Whose brazen helmets like Jove's lightnings blaze,
As on they come in battle's grand array!
To be the rulers of the land,
Four hundred years or more;
And then withdraw from Albion's strand,
Unto Italia's shore!

And soon beside the silver flood,
Snodengaham in Mercia stood!
The Midland Country of the Kingdoms Seven,
Combining under Egbert into one,

Which by Canute was from the Saxon riven,
Then from the Danes when his two sons were gone;
When Saxon Edward long from sea to sea,
Reigned o'er the stalwart people, strong and free!

Throughout this period Snodengaham stood,
Its quaint old buildings, made of wood,
And thatched with reeds and straw,
With a turreted wall,
Around them all!
Of as antique build as ever time saw:
And where now, other buildings stand,
Monasteries arose above the land!

Then Norman William came on Hasting's field,
To conquer England weakened in the fight
With treacherous Tostig; who his sword did wield,
In civil war 'gainst Harold's better right,
And foreign soldiers ruled on England's shore,
Who'd bowed her neck to foreign priests before!

And in the feudal bondage all were bound,
And Saxon-villeins into dust were cast;
And from yon rock the Norman Castle frowned,
Upon the Saxon-borough of the past!
And Knights, and Squires, and Ladies gay,
Through yonder archway went their way;
Some to the feast, and some to the fray,
Of Venus, or of Mars!
And lordly mail-clad warriors shone,
Round Kings and Queens upon their throne:
And Oh! what tales yon rock could say,
If it might but speak of the perished past,
Whose pageant long has past away,
That seemed as if it aye would last!

Bold Robin Hood with his foresters good,
They reign'd over Sherwood's sod;
And swore by the rood, they'd be kings of the wood,
And kneel to no lord, but God!
They shot the wild deer that went wandering where
Their songs from their souls gushed free!
They bearded the lord on the green, green sward,
And caroused by the trysting tree!

They drew the long bow, which an arrow could throw
Five hundred yards, or more;
The Bishop they tithed, until he writhed,
And Priest, until he swore;
Then past away, for many a day,
And below the turf they lie!
But where they repose, there's nobody knows,
Except that they're under the sky!

Then the wars arose of the red and white rose,
Of Eliza and Cromwell after;
And Queen Ann; all which, the muse can't disclose,
To such an extreme they would waft her.

And many quaint-dress'd, girdled, long-robed ages,
Within as ancient dwellings did abide;
Whose portraits now appear on history's pages,
In all their truth, reality, and pride!

Who was the man, the first brick made
Of Nottingham, is not known;
By whom the last brick shall be laid,
By time, is not yet shown!

But in the Victorian age, of all the pride,
Nottingham's growth outstrips all growth that's past,
And change so quick before our eyes doth glide,
I fear the growth's almost too swift to last!
While the town expands o'er the feudal lands,
Its halls of lace, become quite grand;
So massive and strong, as almost to mate
The old cathedrals, grand and great;
Tall chimnies are rising,
In numbers surprising!
A thousand steam engines are whizzing and fizzing,
Ten thousand machines are clashing and crashing;
The press and the rail relating their tale,
The telegraph telling its story,
In currents of lightning,
Our period brightning,
With flashes of deathless glory!

And Nottingham high seated on her rocks,
With all her temples, looks across the land,

And with industry, which misfortune mocks,
Beholds her palaces of business stand,
Firm as the rocks beneath them, and expand
To such proportions as amaze the mind;
And through her confines spread a growth so grand,
As leaves the wonders of the past behind:
And still it grows towards a future time,
As high above the present age shall climb,
As this great century which has come at last,
Arises o'er the centuries of the past!

Oh, Nottingham! thou lofty town,
What goodly visions greet the eye!
That through the Lace Mart walketh round,
To view the wonders there we spy;
Like rocks, thy halls of commerce stand,
And high above thy caverns climb;
To watch thy boundaries far expand
With all the progress of the time.

From Mapperley to Charnwood hills,
From Derby's tower, to Lincoln's wall;
Thou see'st the light of morn that fills
The concave of creation's hall;
And round the green expanse below,
And o'er the blue immense above;
Behold'st the universal glow
Of nature's world-enlightening love.

Till like the horizon of thy sense,
Shall grow the horizon of thy soul;
A wide expanse,—extending hence,
Unto the future's grander goal;
When distant ages shall survey,
The great horizon of thy mind;
Spread round thee bright, with wisdom's day,
And leave the barbarous past behind.

GENESIS AND GEOLOGY.—AN ORATION.

Science rightly understood, and theology truly known, can no more come in hostile collision with each other, than the depths of the seas below, can come in contact with the heights of the heavens above. How often have we heard the recent facts and

more doubtful theories of geology adduced as utterly destructive of the claims of the Bible to be a Divine Revelation. But are they really so? We have seen one able man after another striving to reconcile the facts and assumptions of a science fifty years old, with the account given us of the creation in the Oldest Book in the World, without having yet succeeded in harmonizing the discrepancies between them, in such a way as to demonstrate the truth of their theories, mainly because I think that all whom I have read have gone a wrong way to work. The Bible is not one book only, but a collection of many. It was not produced in one age only, but it constitutes the divine development of the faith and expansion of the spiritual life in man of a multitude of generations. And every book of both the Old and New Testament rests on its own independent and separate testimony, as to whether it is canonical or not. If Genesis, then, appears to be opposed to Geology, the fault must be either in the wrong interpretation of the words of scripture, or of the erroneous theories of the teachers of science—perhaps both. Sure I am that the validity of God's moral revelations can never be destroyed by any physical fact or science which man can discover. But the Bible contains two revelations, distinguished by very broad lines of demarcation from each other:—the Jewish and the Christian; or, the religion for a nation and the religion for a world. This fact, may serve to indicate to us in what direction we must look, to discover the truth which will harmonize what otherwise may seem irreconcilable. That truth is;—that all the truth we know, or ever can realize—is, and will be, relative and not absolute truth. All the truth we know constitutes only a part of what is—an approximation towards the absolute truth which will ever remain unknown to us in our present state. As we can only see in part, we can only know in part, for we are only capable of seeing in part and only capable of knowing in part. There will be as great a discrepancy betwixt science now, and science 5000 years hence as the discrepancy betwixt the cosmogony of Moses and Lyell. So if you were to square Genesis and Geology according to your ideas now, it would only be like setting the hour and minute hands of the clock together to-day that will diverge again to-morrow. If you say, that in God's spiritual revelation of Himself you ought also to have the entire revelation of His material works too,—I answer, No; it is not the truth that man could and has discovered, but the truth essential to man's moral life, which man did not know and never would have discovered, which the Divinity has revealed to us. What man could discover, He permits himself

them. Thus, in regard to the account of the creation given by Moses the lawgiver of the Hebrews, in Genesis: in simplest terms, yet with a sublimity of idea and a power of expression which the best writers on geology do not emulate, much less equal; the great revelation is made to the little, sensuous, idolatrous mind of man, that the earth and sea, and skies, and all which in them be, are the creation of the One Invisible but Omnipotent Deity whose command went forth along the primeval night of chaos, saying, "'Let there be light;' and light was." Of the God who proclaimed Himself "The Lord;" "The Lord God merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty."

To have revealed to a world in its infancy, the science which only a very few minds possess even in its manhood; but which to the great majority remains even now unknown and incommunicable, would have been as reasonable as for us to be preached to in a language which we do not understand, or told of truths as much beyond the limits of our present experience and knowledge, as they extend beyond the boundaries of the knowledge and experience of the patriarchal time.

What reception would even the generation of our great grandfathers have given to the message of a prophetic mind who should have told them all the scientific wonders of the present day?—Why if they could rise from their graves to behold them, they would think they had got into another planet, and would immediately and earnestly sigh to return to the good old-fashioned simplicity of their ancient world, where they could again rest, undisturbed by the new-fangled and oppressive sciences and discoveries of our more advanced time.

BROUGHAM.

UNRIVALLED Brougham! great spirit of our age,
Thou grand old genius of our era, hail!
No future seer can e'er surpass our sage,
Or turn his everlasting glories pale.
How much the life of Britain owes to thee
In knowledge, freedom, and expanding laws;
Friend of the Slave! Enlightener of the Free!
The greatest Statesman of Truth's righteous cause

Thy matchless powers of action, thought, and speech,
Have stamped thy name upon the present time;
And thy great memory will survive to teach
And light the future, like a star sublime:
Shining among the greatest that we see,
Enlightening earth with their eternity!

IN MEMORY OF ARTHUR MORLEY, ESQ.

Died Jan. 7th, 1860, *aged* 48.

Friend of the poor man pass'd from life away,
We mourn thy sudden and untimely doom;
And to thy memory dedicate this lay,
Which truth inscribes upon thy honor'd tomb;
O'er which thy virtues, with perennial bloom,
Display their epitaph above thy dust;
And with the happy hope of faith illume,
Which hallows the remembrance of the just;
Whose mortal forms at heaven's commandment must
Resign to death the breath he does destroy;
But in the glory of the God they trust,
To taste the manna of eternal joy:
Yet thousands mourn thou wert so early ta'en,
Who shall not soon behold thy like again.*

AFFECTION AT THE GRAVE OF HUMANITY.

Scene—*A Churchyard by Night.*

Oh! can the soul that lights with life the form,
Be quenched within the grave eternally?
From darkness dost Thou call us up to day
To gaze upon Thy glories, and to die
In night foreseen? shall never know a morrow?
Dost Thou create us but to give to death
The life that sighs to soar to heaven and Thee?—

* Only a few months ago, I remember in what a kind manner Mr. Morley gave me his name for the book which the reader has before him. How little did either he or I imagine, when he was in the very act of writing his name down among my list of subscribers—that he was giving me his name for a book which he was never to see; but one in which, solely on the ground of the worth of his character and the public estimation in which he was held, his death would be recorded, and a poem inserted to his memory.

To give to man, for love that made him blest,
An endless woe to make him ever wretched?
Is He who reason made, less reasonable
Than is the mind, was but a thought of His?
Maker of earth and heaven, art Thou less kind
Than is the nature, formed, Thine own to image?—
Than was the Christ who wept o'er human sorrow?
Dost Thou create good but for evil still
To triumph o'er the good—which flows from Thee
Like morning from the sun?
Oh! did a God create the all-conscious mind,
For blind unconsciousness to uncreate
The soul, from nothing but a God could spring—
A God omniscient as omnipotent?
No, no! upon God's Word I base my hope
Of brighter and of happier things to be:
From earth's sublimest books, the growth of time,
The truth and hope of ages draw the faith
Which rises o'er the dread of death's decay,
And all the evils of mortality:
As glorious as Isaiah's sublimity!
As beautiful as Christ's divinity!
And o'er this form, hid in the grave of time,
I lift my eyes unto the shores of heaven,
The starry portals of infinity:
And my soul brightens in the happy light
Which shines beyond the reach of earthly sorrow,
Like the sweet hope of immortality;
Until I fain would kneel below the dust,
To worship and to bless the God of all!

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

O'ER the clouds creation veiling,
And the night which nature shrouds;
Like the rising sun prevailing,
Through the gloomy tempest-clouds:
The daybeam is lightning
O'er ages unborn,
The blackness is brightening
And melting in morn;
Appearing sublime,
Like the gold of the orient unroll'd

Oh! man, above sorrow and time,
The land of the promise behold!

Lo! what forms of sinless whiteness,
Moving in that jewell'd brightness;
See! their angel-faces shining,
From the bowers above them twining:
Over fields with beauty glowing,
View the light of mercy going;
Happiness immortal flowing,
Round the world for love created!

Rejoicing, the rivers
Rush on to the deep;
From the fountains' full quivers
The light arrows leap:
By the bright mansions gleaming,
The white palace-walls,
The pearl-waves are streaming
The silver spray falls,
Where saints are lowly bending,
On their world of hateless love,
Like an eagle aye ascending,
Toward the Life of life above.

TO A YOUNG LADY UPON HER FOURTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

How swiftly pass the fleeting years
That bear our being on their tide;
With all our hopes and all our fears,
And all our love and all our pride,
Unto the still and solemn shore,
Where rest the myriads gone before.

'Tis fourteen years this very day,
Since gentle Lady Anne was born;
Time like a dream hath flown away,
Since shone from heaven her natal morn:
A child but yesterday she stood,
Now verging upon womanhood.

Fair Girl! may God thy guardian be,
And guide thy soul upon its way;

And may thy parents live to see
Thy future life their cares repay—
With love like that which on thee smiled,
When first they saw and bless'd their child.

Oh! could we see how much we owe
Unto our parents' tenderness;
How much for us they undergo,
What troubles bear our lives to bless:
Our hearts with gratitude would burn
To make for all the right return.

May'st thou reward thy parents care,
And round their soul a blessing shine;
This is the noblest, grandest prayer,
That I, fair girl! can make for thine:
Such virtue will rewarded be,
By years of true felicity!

INNOCENCE.

Oh! Innocence, beauty, and grace of the soul,
How blest is the being that's hallow'd by thee;
The troubles of time o'er its bosom may roll,
But guided by good shall its destiny be.
No danger can daunt, and no anguish dismay,
The soul of the mortal with Innocence blest;
No pleasures can charm the dark terrors away,
From the soul of the man who by guilt is opprest.

Like the shadows of midnight that rest on a grave,
Are the thoughts of the sinner whom error defiles;
Like the sunbeams of morning that dance on the wave,
Are the thoughts of the spirit where Innocence smiles:
The darkness of horror eclipses the mind,
That stands in the sunshine of nature with sin;
But Innocence, even in darkness confined,
The glory of virtue illumines within.

In the music of nature, a something divides
The soul from its pathos that guilt doth surround;
In the discord of man, happy harmony glides
Through the shrine of the spirit with Innocence crowned:

In the gloom of the storm, it more beauty can see,
Than guilt in the brightest smile nature e'er gave;
In the chains of oppression is Innocence free!
In the robe of a freeman is Guilt but a slave!

THE SOLILOQUY OF SOLITUDE.

How tranquilly all nature seems to lie
Beneath the night, investing earth and sky,
As here I wander on the mountain's steep,
And gaze across the world-embracing deep,
Whose breakers foam along the darkened shore,
Too far below for me to hear their roar;
The stars are rising from the distant gloom,
Like souls immortal soaring from the tomb,
Above the night of earth, the clouds of time,
To God's clear heaven, and stormless spheres sublime.
The sombre woods ascend around my cave,
Serene as night, yet solemn as the grave,
And not a sound disturbs the midnight air,
Except the cat'ract which is falling there.
Great God! how blest a thing it is to be,
To talk with nature, and to walk with Thee!
Afar from crowded cities barren strife
Oft blinds the soul unto its nobler life.
If sweet the being of each tiny flower,
The beauty-blossoms of Thy mighty power,
This life of reason is indeed divine,
Wherein all beauties bloom, all glories shine!
Aye! let Thy light shine through me, God to show
Myself to me,—that I myself may know,
And guide my feet along Thy happy way,
From which to wander is from life to stray;
For sin's the only sorrow can be found
Upon this world, or all the worlds around;
We make that only evil of our state,
For Thou, Allgood! can naught but good create!
Majestic night! whose peace invests the scene
Of sea, and sky, and woods, and mountains green,
Your voiceless calm now pauses on my breast,
Like God's unclouded blessing on the blest.

Poetical Philosophy.

CANTO I.

Before me now there stands a glass,
We call it empty,—'tis not so;
'Tis full of air's life-feeding gas,
Composed of elements we know.

I'm wrong,—for though we can resolve
And prove what gases air contains,
Yet what they are we can't evolve,
Unknown the ultimate remains.

We say the sun arises, sets,
It is not so,—'tis earth doth move;
What false impressions sense begets,
Till science comes the truth to prove.

My chair is moving as I sit,
Near seventy thousand miles an hour;
This science proves, but not a whit
My senses feel earth's motive power.

For sense alone appearance sees,
And of appearance only part;
The world our sense would cease to please,
Did nature all to sense impart.

How sound would crash, how sight would blind,
How everything would sense appall;
If nature had not sense confin'd
In kindness—not to tablet all.

Could we perceive our moon's full mass,
Revolving hugely through the sky;
The eye an Etnæn scene would glass,
Whose monstrous ribs would stupify.

The river that we view so clear,
Would be a mass of rolling strife;
And all its charms would disappear,
Lost in animalkian life.

We must not trust to sense alone,
  Must we our faith from science borrow?
But then some truth must be unknown
  To-day, which will be known to-morrow.

Then science too must have her faith,
  Yes, faith in what she yet will do;
Her past will seem as dark as death,
  To what her future eye shall view.

Time broadens still the mind's survey.
  E'er rendering the obscure, plain;
Had Socrates foretold our day,
  His had been deemed a frenzied brain.

The world's just opening its eyes,
  They have been closed for many an age;
What truth in nature's library lies,
  We look but on each title page.

By general laws see nature acts:
  Complex effects, from simple cause;
She never seems her power to tax,
  But one cause from another draws.

Thus, from the flowret falls the seed,
  And from the seed springs up the flower;
Thus, from the seas the clouds proceed,
  And from the clouds descend the shower.

The lung's adapted to the air,
  Adapted to the air the blood;
The ear unto the atmosphere,
  The teeth and stomach to the food.

To masticate good food is sweet,
  With pleasure doth the mouth revolve it;
But vainly life would taste its meat,
  Unless the gastric juice dissolve it.

And vain the action of the juice,
  Which has to chyme transformed the food,
Unless a thousand-chanelled sluice
  Convey the chyle into the blood.

If but one nerve of all go wrong,
It may with madness fire the brain;
Or down to weakness dash the strong,
Or make of life a living pain.

Changed but the relative position,
Of but one least sequential agent;
And life is struck with death's perdition,
And dashed to dust this being's pageant.

Thus things adapted are to things,
Throughout the universe we see;
From what doth adaptation spring?
Which is not of necessity.

To occupy a space in space,
Through that infinity we scan,
Seems of necessity—a place
Must any given portion span.

If everything that we can see
Did from a cause like this arise,
Were cause—effect—necessity,
Necessity produces eyes.

But eyes might be, though quenched all light;
Or light might be, yet eyes be blind:
Necessity then gives not sight,
Which gives creation to mankind.

For light proceeds from cause without,
As eyes proceed from cause within;
Necessity, we cannot doubt,
Ne'er each to each adapts the twin.

We know that matter is combin'd,
Upon our earth in combinations,
Whose relative proportions find
Our seers by their eliminations.

Man's form, we find, is organized
From matter, in such combination
As chemistry has analyzed,
And science proves to demonstration.

That matter of necessity
  Is not in such proportions fixed,
We in some aerolites may see,
  In different proportions mixed.

Ideas from mind alone can glow,
  From what then say doth reason beam?
From non-intelligence if it flow,
  Its source is lower than its stream.

What is machinery? Ideas wrought,
  The thought of mind impressed on matter;
Can aught, with every power but thought,
  Create machines howe'er it batter?

A man's a wonderful machine,
  Suppose but made for locomotion;
Confined to that alone, I ween
  We must admire his powers of motion.

Was nature's complex plan combined
  By power that knew not what it wrought;
The world of thought and sense designed
  By what had neither sense nor thought?

That not alone form'd mind, machines,
  But by them has created ours;
For where would our machines have been,
  Had we possess'd no mental powers?

The study of a hundred ages
  It took to find the calculation,
Which, wielded by the sage of sages,
  One law resolved by demonstration.

Were problems then, which task the mind
  Of ages to elucidate,
By non-intelligence combined,
  Which mind alone can demonstrate?

As well might leather form a shoe,
  Or wheat go knead a loaf and bake it;
As could the order which we view,
  Combine without a mind to make it.

As well may clay the bricks create,
And then the bricks the city rear,
And both the city populate,
As man from less than mind appear.

And principles mechanical
Are manifest in nature's frame;
The something which created all
Must surely have perceived the same.

All matter plainly is deduced
From something simpler than we see;
As compound powder is educed
By mind combining substance three.

Imponderable agents stream
Around our earth we can't resolve:
And mightier systems o'er us gleam,
Whose far-shot rays we can't evolve.

The potent source whence being flowers,
Our dust-eyed science cannot scan;
She indistinctly views vast powers
Around her move, like air round man.

Proves gravitation's mighty cause,
Life traces to its magnet-bower;
Views nature's most recondite laws,
Elude her analytic power.

And this anatomy we see,
May turn to dust before our eyes:
But science proves vitality
Is something she can't analyze.

Say brain's the magnet of the mind,
The nerves the telegraph of frame;
Round nerves and brain is something twined,
Connects both with life's viewless flame?

Which subtle link connects the mind
With life, when body sinks to death;
A vital power in man enshrined,
Beyond the power to live by breath!

That latent life in man may live,
And man of life unconscious be,
Is true—the demonstration give—
A dreamless sleep proves this to me.

A portion of a fractured skull,
Indented on the pulpy brain,
Entranced a man a twelve-month full;
Trepanning, conscious made again.

The tide of thought a twelve-month stayed,
Life's mechanism worked the while;
The blood along its channels played,
Imparted food, imparted chyle.

Perchance you'll say, this proves the mind
On organism must depend;
And when death's blow the brain shall blind,
All mental being too shall end.

Yet life precedes, the organic form
That it assumes, as someone's stated,
Life's not created by the form,
But life the form anticipated.

Cut from a man who cannot write
The tongue whereby his thoughts are spoken;
Does that act quench expression's might,
Whereby its instrument is broken?

Our life is linked to mechanism,
As mind's connected with the eyes;
When fractured is this organism,
It does not follow either dies.

Suppose your skull were made of glass,
And we the brain within could see;
Could we see thought along it pass?
No! yet you know there thought must be.

We see the brain, but cannot scan
The mind and thoughts which there have place;
This proves the life and mind of man
Too subtle are for sense to trace.

And if the world where spirits live
  Were now before our eyesight brought,
We could no more that world perceive
  Than through a glass-skull see your thought.

To ask of nature sense to show
  What placed before us, sense in vain
Would task its faculties to know
  And strain its fibres to attain.

It is to ask, to see, a hearing
  And grasp a shadow in our hand;
To say let mind to sense appearing,
  Now pass like matter o'er the land.

Doubt is an instrument whereby
  Sparks from truth's magnet are evinced;
From opposites' collisions fly
  The truth whereby the world's convinced.

And as industry and skill
  Alone from earth can plenty draw,
Man but can Wisdom's garner fill,
  By mind obeying reason's law.

Could we from death save every mind,
  To death should generous spirits go,
Then can we deem ourselves more kind,
  Than is the power that made us so?

By what can we infer a whole,
  But by the part which we can scan,
Then from the frame infer the soul,
  And from the mind the fate of man!

CANTO II.

What makes the heart this moment move?
  With thought, the brain, this instant glow?
We live by *what* we cannot prove,
  And think by *what* we do not know!

No mind a minute can suppose,
  Unpreceded by a minute,
Time's very concept does inclose,
  An ever-flowing fluxion in it.

No world we know but is in motion,
No planet independent rolls;
But like the tidal waves of ocean,
One cause moves all, and all controls.

As move the planets round our sun,
So does each star, too, that we see,
Around another centre run
The magnet of its galaxy.

Matter we may to one resolve,
(The simple bodies, compoundations)
From one, all bodies may evolve,
By varying but its combinations.

From many centres life doth beam,
Hath separate source in each sunball;
Or from a general cause doth stream,
That is—a cause embracing all.

To this conclusion reason brings,
As light is everywhere the same;
From all-pervading power it springs,
And unity links nature's frame.

Light points to universal cause
So does motion, all to one;
Is life produced by local laws?
If life exist round every sun.

Are yon bright systems life-devoid?
Is ours the only world in heaven
Where light is seen and heat enjoyed?
Are million suns to blindness given?

Are Venus, Saturn, Mercury, Mars,
Deserts of death and graves of gloom?
Does life, 'mid myriad million stars,
But round one world of one star bloom?

From many centres life doth flower,
Where one seems impossible we've more
than one creation;
Or from some all-pervading power
All being has origination.

Where seems impossible a light can be,
  One light supposed, by that, all lights we see;
It multiplies impossibility by impossibility,
  Attempting to derive life from multiplicity, not unity.

If mind exist beneath the skies,
  Of suns whose glories round us glow;
Did it on every point arise?
  Or from one point to all points flow?

The thing we call vitality,
  Analagous with flame doth seem;
Trillions of tapers lit may be
  From one, and that not lose a beam.

Millions of tapers space illume,
  Is each a self-illumined ball?
What blaze the suns of nature's dome?
  A general cause enkindled all?

As a sunbeam, through a glass
  Can tip a taper-point with flame;
So mind may from its Author pass,
  Impart mind, yet itself remain.

Howe'er life here was first created,
  'Tis now produced by different laws:
Ere like its likeness generated,
  What then was like's producing cause?

The fossil animals we see,
  What can those perished forms restore?
If mindless matter bade them be,
  Let matter make them be once more.

But no! those perished forms you say
  No power again can reproduce;
If perished all mankind to-day,
  What power again could man educe?

If man *was not*, what power could bring
  His life unto the light once more?
Man *was not* once—whence could he spring,
  If *was not* cannot be therefore?

We may be told Monet's old tale,
That man's an ape-begotten thing;
And if his race were now to fail,
Yet monkeys live whence he might spring;

A million births affirm a law
Which makes from equals same proceed;
Then where shall we the knowledge draw
Which says the less, the greater breed?

If species do the same beget,
How draw superiors from inferiors?
When eye has never witnessed yet
How what has like begets superiors.

Why should this grand progressive law
So potent in the meanest thing,
A line you through creation draw,
Stop when it comes to tellus' king?

If animals inferior can
Superior animals create,
Why does not all-superior man
Superior something generate?

Can life from non-existence flow?
From th' formless, living forms proceed?
From stone alone can statues grow?
Or twisted nets from hempen seed?

Can life by nonexistence be?
Life now sires life by generation;
The life-producing law we see
Says, but from life comes life's creation

And knowledge demonstrates a day,
When earth was void of human kind;
Whence came man and his reason? say!
Was *power to think bestowed by what possessed not mind?*

Knowledge cannot on mindless agents flow,
As blind as blindness to her science glowing;
Mindless once earth was, now has man to know,
Was power to know derived from what possessed no power of knowing?

the works of nature demonstrates itself to be, by its nature and extent, the production of an infinite intelligent power. It is impossible that anything devoid of intelligence can originate design, since design is the very principle whereby we discriminate the agency of intelligent power from the operation of power without intelligence; and it is impossible that any intelligent power less than a more than finite power, and, consequently, an infinite power, could originate the illimitable design of nature. The existence of design—in any form, at any place, or at any time—does necessarily, by the nature of design, define itself to be the creation of nothing less than intelligent power. By that power only can it possibly be originated; for design is the very handwriting, superscription, signature, and seal of intelligent power, and intelligent power alone. There can exist no possible exception to the universal truth of the proposition we have laid down. If there can, then the temple may be creating the architect in one world, while the architect is originating the temple in another,—reasoning may produce mind as often as mind may produce reasoning; and it is as credible that unintelligent things should create intelligent power, as that intelligent power should combine unintelligent things. The design impressed, then, in such broad, luminous, and unmistakable characters on the pages of the book of nature demonstrates itself to be an effect whereof intelligent power, and intelligent power alone, can be the cause. Now what do we understand by the term "Nature?" By the term "Nature" I understand the sum of matter which scattered in aerolites, comets, and meteors, supposed in ether, radiated in light, and grouped in galaxies of suns, worlds, rings, and satellites, appears coextensive with the infinity wherein it exists.—In a word, in the term "Nature" I here comprise all the solid, liquid, gaseous, and imponderable bodies which exist in space,—for the material is ensphered and contained in the immaterial, not the immaterial ensphered in and contained by the material. Nature, therefore, being of illimitable extent, and the design of nature being coextensive with the existence of nature, by the same reasoning as that which leads us to infer the agency and existence of intelligent power from the design of nature, leads us also to the inference of a more than finite intelligent power—that is, an infinite intelligent power—who alone could possibly originate the illimitable design of nature.

Beyond the bounds of man's sensuous experience, it is possible that a personality may exist without organization;—all human experience put together does not negative the possibility of this. But

that beyond the bounds of man's sensuous experience any design should exist without a Designer, is an impossibility that all human experience put together does not render possible, but the reverse. The personality of a Deity, reason certainly must be prepared to anticipate, must be an essentially different personality to the personality of a man, an animal, or any other personality which we can conceive. Is it at all reasonable to suppose that the personality of the Designer of Nature, must absolutely be exactly the same sort of material personality, and none other, as any material personality to be found in our little world? Are the material personalities which exist on this little atom of matter, called earth—to be set up as the standard of all possible personality, beyond whose miserable and microscopical limits, none other can possibly exist? Certainly this is a bold proposition for any one to seek to maintain, and such as no philosopher can subscribe to. The personality of the life underived, must be an essentially different thing to the personality of any life imparted. Such a personality must necessarily comprehend in it, besides the incomprehensible principle of self-existence, other principles as incomprehensible to human reason. This it must do, for a similar reason, that the personality of a human mind must ever remain incomprehensible to any being lower than a man, or that the personality of a mind like Newton, or Shakspere, is incomprehensible to a child just learning his alphabet, or a baby studying his coral, or his rattle, as he bites one or shakes the other. Or to give another illustration;—the personality of the Infinite Designer must remain incomprehensible to us, for an analogical reason, that the personality of Watt, Brunel, and Scott Russell—Oersted, Wheatstone, and Morse will remain unknown and incomprehensible to an Australian Savage gazing on a steam ship, like the Great Eastern,—or watching in Melbourne, a clerk working the future oceanic telegraph betwixt Australia and Great Britain, Reason, upon entering upon the consideration of the personality of the Infinite Designer of Nature, must necessarily anticipate that there must be more difference betwixt the mode or modes of existence of such a being, and that of any other; than between the lowest and highest sensible truth, the least and greatest material existence in nature. We may illustrate our argument by comparing the creations of man, with the creations of nature. We see man originating the wonders of science, art, literature, and manufactures, and as we gaze, we not only behold the creations of man, but we can also trace and define, most precisely, every step in the process of man's creations. But though we have seen the

term is often employed to signify the innate consciousness of any individual, which, amidst all the unceasing changes of his material form,—changes which leave it at the end of every ten years, without a single particle of the matter in his body which composed its all ten years before—preserves a man's individual consciousness of thought, feeling, and recollection one and the same, and this unchanging personality of man which thus preserves his unity of thought, feeling, and recollection intact, may be an immaterial personality for aught that any one can show to the contrary. To say the least, as good reasons can be adduced that it is immaterial as that it is material. The natural theologian affirms, that the more than finite intelligent power that originated the illimitable design of nature, must have possessed that unity of existence, consciousness, intelligence, and power which the design of nature evidences that the power from whom it emanated must have possessed to originate it. If such an intelligent power alone could originate the design of nature—such an intelligent power cannot be an impersonal power, for by an impersonal power we can understand nothing more than a power unconscious of its own and every other existence, and consequently a power without intelligence, which at least must possess self-consciousness and consciousness of everything upon which it operates. The existence of design in nature demonstrates the existence of a Designer, who existed before the design of nature could possibly exist, since design is something which can be produced by intelligent power alone, and cannot possibly be originated by any power, or combination of powers, devoid of intelligence. That Designer cannot be an Impersonal Designer, for that is a contradiction in both terms and sense, something like the expression—a personal undesigner—who would be something like St. Denis

> "Who when his head it was cut off,
> He didn't care for that;
> But picked it up, and carried it
> Ten miles without his hat.".

If design can be proved to be the result of intelligent agency in one case, design must be the result of intelligent agency in all. Design cannot possibly be an effect of which sometimes intelligent power is the cause, and sometimes power without intelligence; for, if so, two and two may be four in one place, just at the same time that two and two count for five in another, and the temple may be creating the architect in one world while the archi-

tect is creating the temple in its neighbour. Since, then, the intelligent Designer of the design of nature cannot be an impersonal being, he must possess a personality; using the term "personality," as before explained, to denote the unity of intelligence, consciousness, existence, power of such being. It is impossible that the personality of such a being can be an organized personality, or a personality connected with, or dependent on organization. The personality of the Designer of the design of nature—by the terms of the natural theologian's argument, as deduced from the irrefragable facts of nature must have existed before the existence of any design whatever was possible, and thus must have existed prior to and independent of all organization whatever; since, in all organization whatever, there is design. Therefore, to say that a Designer must exist before the existence of design is possible, is only saying that an intelligent power, apart from, and independent of all organization whatever, must exist before the existence of any organization whatever is possible, since all organization whatever includes design. It is utterly impossible, as we have seen, that design can exist without a designer. No future experience could make such a proposition possible; and all past experience unanimously, without one dissentient fact, testifies to the reverse. No experience can make such a proposition possible, unless such experience can prove that contrivance and noncontrivance are the equivalents of each other, and, consequently, intelligent power and nonintelligent power identical in their nature and results. But that the underived personality of the Designer of nature should exist before and above all design and organization, is only what all designed and derived existences unite in testifying to us of the nature of the underived and undesigned self-existence, which existed before the existence of any derived or designed existence was possible. The assumption of such a truth involves us in no such manifest contradiction and insuperable difficulty as the assumption of any hypothesis which they have adduced who object to it. An immaterial existence, in fact, has preceded all the material existences of nature.

The end of our investigations into the origin of and existence of matter, brings us to an existence which is not material, apart from, or before which, it is manifestly impossible that matter can have existed; but posterior to whose existence the existence of all matter must have been originated. An immaterial existence preceded the existence of everything material. It is impossible that that immaterial existence can have been produced from, or

by any material existence.—It is impossible that any material existence can exist otherwise than posterior to the existence of an immaterial existence. In the order of external nature, an immaterial existence exists prior to, and independent of all material existences. In the order of external nature, all material existences exist posterior to, and dependent on the pre-existence of an immaterial existence, whose pre-existence is assumed in any possible conception of the existence of any and every material existence. If matter were all, as the materialist contends, matter would contain all—so far from that, all matter is contained in, and is subordinate to an immaterial existence. After this brief digression, we may thus summarize our previous argument:

The existence of any design, in any mode, at any place, or at any time, within the limits of human sensuous experience, of necessity demonstrates the pre-existence of a Designer.

The existence of any design, in any mode, at any place, or at any time, beyond the limits of human sensuous experience, of necessity demonstrates the pre-existence of a Designer.

The conclusion is as inevitable in the last case as the first,—if it be granted in the first case, it must be conceded in the last

The existence of any personality, in any mode, at any place, or in any time, within the limits of human sensuous experience, demonstrates itself to be a personality connected with organization.

The existence of any personality, in any mode, at any place, in any time, beyond the limits of human sensuous experience, we cannot as necessarily infer to be a personality connected with organization. The conclusion is not as inevitable in the last case as the first, and though we are obliged to grant the conclusion in the first case, we are not obliged to concede it in the last.

In the first two propositions,—if the inference is inevitable in the first; it is equally inevitable in the second.

In the last two propositions.—though the inference from the first is as inevitable as in the first of the former two, it proves to be not an inevitable inference, but an inadmissible inference in the second.

In the first two propositions we have a principle laid down, which, if true anywhere must be true everywhere: if it be true in one case, it must be true in all.

In the latter of the two propositions, we have to do—not with a principle of equally necessarily universal application, but with a fact which is true here and of every being which our eyes can see,

but which is not thereby demonstrated to be true everywhere, and of all the beings whom our eyes cannot see. It may be true of all derived beings, but is not thereby demonstrated to be true of the underived existence from which they have all emanated.

Therefore, in comparing the reasoning and considering the inferences of the two former and the two latter propositions which have been postulated, it is more reasonable to admit an underived personal existence independent of, and anterior to organization, the mode of whose existence transcends our little local sensuous experience, rather than admit that to be true which is contradictory of reason as well as experience; and which, in fact, makes reason and madness identical, inasmuch as it confounds together the broad and unmistakable distinctions which divide the agency of intelligent power from the operation of power apart from intelligence. It is more reasonable to admit the existence of a self-existent immaterial Designer we cannot see, who exists above the limits of our senses, rather than admit the design which we do see can exist without a designer, contrary to both the evidence of our senses and of our reason.

We cannot indeed show the Divinity to the eye, as an astronomer might show through Rosse's reflector an universe of suns, invisible to the unassisted vision. But though we cannot have such sensuous cognizance of the nature of the Deity, though the mode and nature of His existence transcends our experience, occupying, as it does, but a moment in time, an atom in space, yet the fact of the existence of Deity is certainly inscribed upon the face of nature and reflected on the disc of our consciousness. Even though Deity should be as invisible to our mental, as Deity to our physical vision—yet Deity is always present to our moral sense, either in unrest or peace.

An underived, self-existent infinite intelligent power has created and combined all unintelligent things and beings upon whose consciousness are reflected the rays of His life and intelligence, as the rays of the sun are reflected upon the disc and existence of his surrounding asteroids and worlds.

There is an immaterial existence ever before our eyes, whose existence is surrounded with something like the same difficulties as those which surround the existence of the Deity; and yet that existence existed, and does exist, in spite of all those difficulties which some deem insuperable. That existence appears like an immense hieroglyphic of Deity, expressing to the human mind the infinite, underived, everpresent, self-existence of the Divinity which contains all, and pervades all. Sir Isaac Newton, I believe, went

so far as to term infinite space, the sensorium of the Deity. We are ignorant of the essential cause of space. I shall not attempt, then, to define the indefinable, but when the dogma is so confidently put forth, that matter comprises everything, and that nothing exists besides matter; that is a sweeping assertion, which is at once refuted by the greatest fact in the order of external nature, whereof the senses and the mind have cognizance. That fact is, the existence of infinite space, which, according to common sense and the dictionary, of what constitutes the immaterial, as contradistinguished from the material, is an immaterial existence. Infinite space begins before the existence of matter—pervades all the existence of matter—and by its nature stretches beyond the existence of all matter. It is impossible that infinite space could be derived from, or generated by matter. It is impossible that matter could be generated out of space. Matter comprises all the solid, liquid, gaseous, and imponderable (light, heat, electricity, ether,) bodies of nature. Matter comprises nothing more, and nothing less. Infinite space is not solid, is not liquid, is not gaseous, is not an imponderable body, is nothing material, but something immaterial, pervading and containing all material things. But it may be replied, if space is not solid, is not liquid, is not gaseous, or imponderable, what is it? Are you not making it nothing? But how can space be nothing, since space is greater than all material things? for it pervades all material things, and contains all matter. If space were nothing then, as I think, Dr. Watts, remarks, "two mile stones standing a mile apart, with nothing but that space between them ought to touch." To say that space is nothing, is to say, that the space which contains all matter is infinitely less than that which it contains. Let us just imagine for a moment that all the solid, liquid, aeriform, imponderable bodies of nature were to cease to be, what would be left behind? Any matter? No! nothing but space. What is a mathematical point? position without magnitude? Space comprises all position, we cannot imagine a mathematical point anywhere out of space. Space is everywhere; there is nowhere but what space is. Infinite space, then, which is assuredly not a material, but an immaterial existence,—the greatest something we see, certainly teaches us that verily, there are other and greater existences in existence than material existences. Matter must once have been non-existent, for to however remote a period we ascribe the existence of matter, we ascribe to a still more remote period the existence of infinite space; since, in any conception of the existence of matter which can

possibly be formed, (as before stated,) the pre-existence of the space in which it exists, and apart from which it cannot be, is taken for granted. As for time, it is not an existence, but only the measure of the duration of existence. The immaterial existence of infinite space then, may teach materialist philosophers not to dogmatize so confidently against the idea of the eternally, self-existing, omnipotent Deity, since, in the existence of infinite space which exists before their eyes, and whose existence cannot be denied, without our gainsaying the evidence of the mind as well as the senses, are involved, something like the same difficulties which are adduced as insuperable objections against the existence of Deity. The existence of infinite space demonstrates at once to the senses, as well as to the mind, that the creed of the materialist, is utterly false and fallacious. Man exists in only one or two modes, the Deity may exist in more, and yet preserve the same unity in all. We may say in the words of George Herbert—

> "Thou art in small things great, not small, in any,
> Thy even praise, can neither rise nor fall;
> Thou art in all things one, in each thing many,
> For thou art Infinite in one and all."

It is impossible that the prospective design manifested in nature, could exist without the action of an Intelligent Designer, for the design of nature is composed of an infinity of opposite and heterogeneous things, elements, and principles evidently linked together by intelligent power, and intelligent power alone, and from which, if we substract the manifest design which unites them all together in harmony—making 10,000 opposites, at once march together to one end, and combine from all directions in one direction for one purpose, that evidently without the links of intelligent power which so connect and direct them, would remain eternally separated and apart. Substract those impalpable but demonstrable links of intelligent power from nature, and the whole fabric of creation, would at once become what a scrap-heap is to a machine, a blotch of colours to a painting,—a heap of stones to a building,—a chaos to a creation,—a world of confusion, shapeless forms, and mindless night, to a world of order, life, law and beauty. The design of nature reflects as manifestly the intelligence of a power greater than nature, as the moon is revealed by the light of a world incalculably greater and higher in the order of nature than itself. Our imparted or derived life can only exist by the power of an intelligent Deity. It must first have existed in the life of

Among primeval forests vast,
Their shelter to the Druid gave:
Whose wizard-eye beheld thee lave
The pastures of his desert-wild;
And naught saw of our epoch—save
The river that before him smiled.

And fair as youth's rejoicing soul,
When lit by love's immortal ray;
Thy fresh, expanding waters roll
From this, to many a distant day:
Till latest ages shall survey
Thy crystal flood through history gleam,
Uniting all the long array
Of life, in one unbroken stream.

And woods will then above thee rise,
And fields around thee smile as fair
As those which now before mine eyes
So beautiful and blest appear;
And from yon heaven's exalted sphere,
The rising sun shall light thy wave;
And silver moon at eve appear,
Her image in thy flood to lave.

And I, who once beheld the scene,
No more shall see thy glorious tide
Roll over this majestic green,
From clouds that over ocean ride;
But this poor breast, through which now glide
The beams of heaven's exalting day,
Shall cold in darkness rest beside
The forms that now in dust decay.

Farewell! oh! bright majestic flood,
Beside thee I shall roam no more;
Nor muse again where oft I've stood
Upon thy green and graceful shore:—
On other eyes and ages pour
Thy glorious, music-gurgling stream;
With ancient memories shaded o'er,
Yet bright as hope's immortal beam!

CLIFTON CHURCH.

STANDING within its own secluded ground,
Upon a hill which o'er the water rears
Its steep precipitous, to form the mound
Which on its crest the Hall of Clifton bears:
The ancient tower of Clifton Church appears,
Beyond a lofty and romantic glade
Of stately trees, the growth of many years,
That round it spread their green, umbrageous shade.

And very gray appears that antique tower,
Amidst the leafy boughs of sunlit green,
Forming a striking contrast which hath power
To make us pause in that enchanting scene;
As we behold the summers which have been,
And left their shadows on that church so gray,
While through the boughs our summer's golden sheen
Doth shine like them, as soon to pass away.

Oh, many ages hath this temple stood,
To watch the darkness fading from the sky;
And hail the morning, dawning on the flood,
Before the shades of evening but to fly;
Beneath whose heaven it saw the centuries die,
With all their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Whose thousand mem'ries round its fabric sigh,
The lost existence of departed years.

Reposing in the dust around them thrown,
What vanished forms repose beneath this shrine;
Whose figures, carved in monumental stone,
With prayer-clasped hands within these walls recline:
The mail-clad warriors of the Norman line,
And lovely dames whose forms beside them rest,
Who in their feudal state no more shall shine,
Nor tread the turf that here their feet have press'd.

And their retainers rest around their lord,
The serfs, who shall no more his voice obey,
In death's long slumber laid beneath the sward,
The vassals with their chieftan here decay:

Whose memories like their lives have pass'd away,
Their deeds unnoted, and unmarked their name,
As is the turf whose sod conceals to-day
Their all of history, valour, strength, and fame!

The church stands o'er them, where the dews of morn
Fall on the spreading country fresh and green;
Where summer wanders over fields of corn,
And noble woods surround the lovely scene;
Whence, looking o'er the vale—we view between,
The plain-divided hills the Trent flow down
The smiling landscape, toward the horizon's sheen,
Upon whose verge appears the distant town.

WOLLATON HALL.

Palace of beauty, whose elegant form
Appears in the distance to gladden the eye;
Now white in the daybeam, now dark in the storm,
As sunshine and shadow chase over the sky!
Who, gazing afar on thine edifice rare,
Enthroned on the eminence flanked by the wood,
Could dream that a palace so graceful and fair, [stood?
Unchanged through the storms of three centuries had

How oft has thy pleasance, so vernal and blest,
With the charm of its beauty my sorrows beguiled;
And evoked from my bosom a sigh for the rest
Of a scene that as happy as paradise smiled;
Awakened the fancy to roam through thy glades,
As the deer wander free o'er thy beautiful sod,
And pass all my life in thy beautiful shades,
Communing with freedom, and nature and God!

What thoughts of past greatness around thee entwine!
What grace and what beauty have smiled on thy green!
Whose white robes no more through its branches shall shine,
All glittering with gems as they moved o'er the scene!
And he who erected thy beautiful walls,
Shall feast in his palace of grandeur no more;
Nor ride forth the lord of the beautiful halls,
Whose pinnacles now o'er his monument soar!

THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

Born, January 25th, 1759. *Died, July 22nd,* 1796.

Oh where is the mind that shall blazon his story?
And which is the bard that can honour his name?
Who has brightened the world with the beams of his glory,
And sent through its ages the sound of his fame;
What words of the minstrel shall utter his merit,
Whose soul is in Britain's for ever enshrined,
Or tell us how much from the bard we inherit,
Whose songs have expanded the heart of mankind?

To the blast of the tempests, whose clouds gather'd o'er him,
He struck the Great Harp of his country sublime,
To picture the land that rose grandly before him,
And its music to breathe through the ages of time;
The glories of Scotland her minstrel inspired,
The charms to express which he best could impart,
The magic of beauty her worshipper fired,
The raptures to sing that she woke in his heart.

The sea-girted shores and horizon that bound him,
The change of the seasons as onward they roll'd,
The heather-clad hills, and the woods waving round him,
Now mantled in green, and now melting to gold;
Their lights and their shadows in harmony blending,
By nature herself on his soul was impress'd,
As clear as the scenes o'er Loch Lomond impending,
Reflected appear in its beautiful breast.

And such is the spell, as from nature he caught it,
That gives to the world what she gave to his mind;
In the language that breathes of the mountains he taught it,
In songs which the genius of Scotland enshrined;
The scenes he beheld he displays to our vision,
As the image of each on his spirit was thrown,
And sends through our bosom the rapture elysian,
The graces of beauty awoke in his own.

The fern-covered glens and the storm-shadowed mountains,
They gleam'd through the strains as their grandeur he sung,
The roar of the forests, and rush of the fountains,
Whose light-flashing torrents around him were flung;

They swept o'er his breast like the breeze o'er the ocean,
And breathed in the music that gushed from his soul;
While chanting to heaven each changing emotion,
Which love can awaken or beauty control.

With sympathies wide as the bounds of creation,
There was nothing too humble or high for the mind
Whose thoughts have gone forth to each civilized nation,
To live till shall perish the last of mankind;
He'd a smile for all joy, and a tear for all sorrow,
And oh! when affection awakes in the breast,
And the heart would fain utter its love, we must borrow
The words of the poet who pictures it best!

Oh! fair were the forms that the minstrel delighted,
Whose beauties he sang in such rapturous lays,
And blest were the homes which his spirit excited
To strike the wild harp of his soul in their praise!
And great was the land that the patriot fired,
With the world-thrilling freedom he breathed thro' his song;
And glorious the faith which his being inspired
To utter the prayers that escaped from his tongue!

Though his heart was the seat of the generous emotion
In the breast of the poet by nature enshrined,
Yet stern as the lone rock that battles the ocean
Independence the monach was throned in his mind!
And grandly he chanted whose words cannot perish,
The dignity, freedom, and greatness of man,
Asserting the truths which as Britons we cherish,
For with them the glory of Britain began.

Like the trumpet of Freedom her battle-peal sounding,
The soul of the patriot echoed her cry,
When Bruce with his thousands 'gainst tyranny bounding,
Advanced altogether to conquer or die!
From the light strains of fancy, wit, friendship and feeling,
To the pathos expressing love's tears as they fall,
And utterance majestic the prophet revealing,
The Minstrel of Scotland was master of all.

Oh! fair as the gold of the morn that shone round him,
And fresh as the breeze from the mountains which blew,

So fresh were the feelings to nature that bound him,
And lovely the visions which dawn'd on his view!
And true as the tear-drop of deepest devotion,
The songs it inspired gush'd warm from his heart!
To create in the breast of mankind the emotion
The language of nature alone can impart!

While the foot of a pilgrim round Coila can wander
His spirit shall hallow the scenes that he sung;
While the waves of the Ayr o'er their bed shall meander
His glory shall spread far as Freedom's is flung!
And long as the day-star shall linger in heaven,
The soul of the poet undarken'd shall be,
That arose on the Doon, and that set on the Devon,
Depicting the north on the pages we see!

From the woods o'er the Nith and the Clyde that are waving,
To the Frith which expands to the waves of the Forth,
From the dale that the Tweed with its waters is laving,
To the Grampians which darken the Lochs of the North;
Like the red moon that gilds with a lustre unbroken,
The scenes of romance which his pages recall,
The genius of Burns by a magic unspoken,
Exalts in its glory the grandeur of all!

His errors we leave to the Wisdom that knows them,
To Him from whose spirit his soul did proceed;
Unable to judge them, we shall not disclose them,
But leave them to mercy we all of us need;
And oh! how he sang in magnificent numbers,
The grandeur of virtue and truth to the brave,
Whose voices, above the deep trance of his slumbers,
Their harmonies hymn o'er the gloom of his grave.

His memory shines a Corona of Glory,
Round the mountains which girdle the land of his birth,
Whence the breezes of heaven are bearing his story,
And wafting his name to the ends of the earth;
The nations afar with his soul to inspire,
Whose genius arose like a prophet sublime,
To teach the soft pity that gushed from his lyre,
And humanity breathe through the ages of time.

Oh! honour the land where the minstrel reposes,
Our songs on the blasts of its mountains shall roll,
As we sing of the peasant whose language discloses,
The God-flashing-grandeur they breathed thro' his soul;
Oh! hallow the spot where with "Jean" he is lying,
And be all all his errors entombed in the sod;
By the music of mercy his ashes are sighing,
Oh! leave them to sleep in the mercy of God!

All hail! to the land of the moors and the mountains,
All hail! to the pine-shadowed glens of the north!
Where the cold breezes blow o'er the fresh-springing fountains
In shadow and sunshine that proudly leap forth;
May spirits like Burns, whose remembrance we're singing,
(The sunbursts of Freedom which brighten our shore,)
On the gloom of the tempest their glory-blaze flinging,
Enlighten the nations till time is no more!

Oh! where is the mind that shall blazon his story?
And who is the bard that can honour his name?
Who brightened the world with the beams of his glory
And sent through its ages the sound of his fame;
What song of the minstrel shall utter his merit,
Whose genius in Britain's for ever enshrined,
Or tell us how much from the bard we inherit
Whose thoughts have expanded the soul of mankind?*

The Broken Secret.

A DRAMATIC STORY.

Dramatis Personæ.

ANSELMO, *Duke of Otranto.*
ALONZO, *Nephew of the Duke.*
LANCELOT, BONNIVARD, } *Gentlemen of the Palace.*
ANTONIO, *an Officer of the Palace.*
MARGARET, *Duchess of Otranto.*
LAURA, *Niece of the Duke.*
BIANCA, JULIA, } *Ladies of the Palace.*

Lords *and* Ladies *of the Court, &c.*

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SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Ducal Palace.*

Enter Lancelot and the Duchess.

Duch. I AM surprised, a cavalier like you—
Such a complete and finished gentleman—
Can view the fairest ladies of our court
With such indifference as you seem to do.

Lanc. Dare I imagine, madam, that, your grace
Might for a moment rank with such as I;
You would have far more cause to be surprised
To see one so unworthy as myself
Attempt to offer you his services.

Duch. There's not a lady now, I will be sworn,
But would be proud in having such a lover:
Try any of them, sir, and prove it so,
Oh! what despite you do to all their charms,
In manifesting such indifference to them:—
If any of them may command your choice,
I will spare nothing to support your suit
And make you happy, as you ought to be.

Lanc. Alas! your grace, my heart is such a traitor,
That were it once denied, or fear'd, or slighted,
I never then could taste of pleasure more;
Besides, my share of merit is so small,
I am assured there's not a single lady
Can be desirous of my services.

Duch. I'm sure, sir, you have but to make your choice:
Whoever of them can secure your love—
The very loviest lady of them all—
Would to your vows respond with perfect pleasure,
And crown you with the happiness you merit.

Lanc. Your pardon, madam; I can ne'er believe
That there can be a lady of the court,
Who is unfortunate and blind enough,
To dream of insignificance like mine.

Duch. Suppose that fortune favored you so far,

Yet notwithstanding this, I hate him so,
I cannot bear to look upon such a villain;
Such a complete, smooth-tongued, and vile dissembler!
This is the reason, why I keep my room,
And lose the honour of your company.
I do beseech, your grace, to pardon me,
And not to keep him longer near your person;
For after such a criminal attempt,
The fear that you will perhaps be warned of it,
May cause him to attempt a blacker treason.
Behold my lord! the source of all my grief,
Which seems to my poor mind quite cause enough
To justify me in complaining to you,
And seek redress for such an injury.

Duke. What, Lancelot! my favorite gentleman!
And has he dared to think of such a crime?
What do I dream? and is it really true,
That he whom I have cherished from his youth,
And treated with th' affection of a father,
Loaded with wealth and honour past his peers,—
Would this man like a serpent sting me thus,
And pay my love with black ingratitude,
That would have answered for his life with mine?
There surely must be some delusion in it;
I scarcely can believe the fact, my life!
It is so hideous and unnatural.
I cannot punish him as he deserves
For what such villany deserves is death,
And I can punish but with banishment.
So tender that regard which still I bear him.—
What ho! within there!

Enter Antonio.

Ant. What is your grace's pleasure?

Duke. Go seek out Lancelot, my gentleman;
And say to him that it is our command,
That he withdraw a season from the court
To Sanbellon, the estate I lately gave him,
There to remain, and wait our further pleasure:
Should he be found when this night's course is run,

Nearer the precincts of the ducal court,
His life shall pay the forfeit of his treason
Without a hope of mercy: hence and find him!

Ant. I shall, my lord!

SCENE III.—*The Gardens surrounding the Palace.*

Lancelot and Bonnivard.

Bonn. I'm weary of this service, Lancelot;
'Tis not the Duke who rules us, but the Duchess:
She bends him at her pleasure to her will,
And with her grace I am no favorite;
Too blunt in speech am I for such a lady.
I think that I shall ask to be dismissed,
And on another soil go seek my fortune.
Look how old Gasparo has been disgraced!
And all his life-long service counts for nothing,
Because, forsooth, he did displease her lordship.

Lanc. The Duke, our sovereign, is a gracious master
Whom better men than we are proud to serve.
Oh! speak not of his wife in such rude terms!
I honour her because she is his lady;
'Tis not for us to scan with curious eyes,
The state of those, we're bound to love and honour.

Bonn. Tush! man, don't speak to me in such a strain!
I scarce believe but what you think as I do;
And if there's not a change, I am resolved
I will not waste my life in dancing here
Attendance, sir, on such a lordly lady.

Enter to them Antonio.

Ant. Sir Lancelot, it is his grace's will
That you retire forthwith to Sanbellon,
There to abide and wait his further pleasure;
Should you be found one hour beyond this night
Nearer the precincts of your sovereign's court,
Your life will pay the forfeit of your treason:
Such is the dread decree he bade me utter.

Bonn. What mad command is this you bring to us?
Why, Lancelot! what is the meaning of it?

Lanc I cannot tell—I'm innocent of ill,
Yet, dare I speak—no matter, I'll obey him;
Yet Bonnivard, my true and trusty brother,
I do beseech you, by our mutual love,
To bear the message that I fain would send,
Unto the ear of my most noble master.

Bonn. Trust me, I will not fail you in this matter;
Fear not I'll prove a faithless messenger.

Lanc. Then say unto the Duke my princely master,
I wish not to dispute his high command,
But shall obey him like a loyal vassal;
Yet—as I am assured that I am free
From any thought or deed of base intent,
Which may, perchance, have been imputed to me—
I do beseech him, as his humblest servant,
That should some base report, whose source I know not,
Have brought upon me now this great misfortune,
Of being banished from his court and person,
That he'll vouchsafe me but this single favour,
To just suspend his judgment for a time,
Until instructed better of the truth:
And then, I dare to hope he will discover,
That nothing wrong can be imputed to me,
Who am indeed quite innocent of any.

Bonn. His grace shall hear what I have heard from you,
I'll speak to him as you have spoken to me;
There is some curious mystery in this business,
Which time and circumstance will bring to light,
When we shall meet again, till then, farewell!

Lanc. Farewell!

They embrace and exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Apartment in the Ducal Palace.*

Duke and Lancelot.

Duke. Come hither, Lancelot—I've heard your story.
And after heedfully considering it,
I've caused you to be brought from Sanbellon,
To speak to you, and see if you have aught
To say, that may substantiate the doubt,
Which in your favour pleads for further question;
For heaven forbid that I should prove unjust,
To you, of all men whom I loved so much!
Your comrade, Bonnivard, has vexed my ears,
With his complaints about your banishment,—
Swearing most roundly that some strange mistake
Alone could ever rob you of my favour;
For he would pledge his fortune for your faith,
And stake his life upon your innocence.

Lanc. I'm much beholden to him, my good lord,
'Tis like his character so frank and loyal.

Duke I never could have dreamed that one like you,
Whom I have always treated like a son,
And honoured and advanced beyond your years,
Would ever cause me to repent my favour,—
Or seek to put so base an outrage on me,
As to attempt the honour of my wife,
And load me with eternal infamy.
I feel this wrong so very sensibly,
That you may well believe, were I assured
Beyond all doubt, such were indeed the truth,
You were already doomed by my just vengeance,
And punished secretly for that offence,
Which you have offered me in secret.

Lanc. I am so innocent my gracious lord,
Of this offence, which you impute to me,
I scarcely know how I should answer it.
Yet, I beseech your grace to have the goodness,
To tell me now who has accused me thus;
The accusation being of a kind
Which better is discussed by lance and sword,
Than feebler pleadings of a guiltless bosom.

Duke. The only arms which your accuser bears,
Are those of honour and of chastity;

For 'tis no other than my wife herself,
Who has informed me of this vile attempt,
Invoking from my power just vengeance on you.

Lanc. Her grace, can say, whatever she may please,
What can my tongue reply to such a lady?
You know her better than I do, my lord;
You know too that I have not seen your spouse
Except when in your grace's company.
Yes! once indeed she deigned to honour me,
By speaking to your servant very briefly.
Your judgment is as good, my gracious lord,
As that of any prince in Christendom;
And I beseech you, that you will consider,
If e'er your grace has seen in me a sign,
That could create against me one suspicion;
Such fires as these are seldom hidden long,
They must break out perforce some time or other;
And so betray themselves to heedful eyes.
I do intreat of you this grace, my lord,
That you'll believe two things of your poor servant,
One, that I am so faithful to my master,
That even were your spouse, my noble mistress,
The fairest lady that now graced the world;
Love could not cause me to conceive one thought
Against, your grace, my honour, and my duty.
The other is, though she were not your lady,
She is the one of all I ever saw,
To whom I do feel most indifferent;
While there are others, perhaps less fair than she,
For whom I readily could form a passion.

Duke. And so I ne'er could fancy, Lancelot!
For all along I hoped some misconception
Had surely caused a very strange mistake;
And so you can resume your former duties,
And if I find the truth is as you state,
I then shall love you better than before;
But should I learn that you have played me false,
Your life is at my mercy, look you to it!

Lanc. I thank your grace upon my bended knee,
And here submit my fortune and my life,

Unto the most tremendous punishment
That can invented be for such a traitor,
If you, my lord, can find me culpable.

SCENE V.—*Apartment in the Ducal Palace.*

Duke and Duchess.

Duch. You seem, my lord, to trust your mortal foes
Much better than you treat your dearest friends;
And should some great mischance befall us both,
Or you be poisoned by a traitorous hand,
'Twill be the due of your credulity.

Duke. Be not disquieted, my dearest life:
If it appear that you are not deceived,
Then be assured that young Sir Lancelot
Has only four-and-twenty hours to live:
But as he has protested solemnly
That you have been mistaken in his speech,
And as I never yet have found him false,
I cannot think that he would play the traitor
Without some clearer token of his treason.

Duch. My lord! your goodness makes you blameable;
What better proof, in sooth, do you require,
Than seeing one like him indifferent,
To all the ladies who now grace the court?
Oh! be assured, my lord, without the thought,
The vain, presumptuous thought he cherishes,
He would not have this hour to choose a mistress.
Never young man was so morose as this is,
He passes like a hermit through the crowd,
And keeps aloof from all society:
The reason is,—his thoughts are fixed so high,
That, blown by his vain hopes beyond all bounds,
He dreams of greatness far beyond his fortune.
If you believe he can hide nothing from you,
Then make him tell you if he ever loved:
If he should swear to you he loves another—
'Tis very well, I trust it may be so;
If not, then be persuaded I speak truly.

Look where he comes so very seasonably,—
Withdraw awhile behind this tapestry,
And you shall hear what he will answer me.

Enter Lancelot.

My wife still speaks of you the same as ever,
And has alleged one fact against you now,
Which certainly gives rise to grave suspicion.
It is surprising—to speak plainly to you—
That such a young and gallant man as you are,
Has never paid your court to any lady,
But seem indifferent to the charms of all:
This makes me fear lest you may be inspired
With those bad sentiments of which she speaks,
And that from them you now derive such pleasure
As makes you blind to every other thought.
I fain would then intreat you, as a friend—
Nay! I command you, as your sovereign master,
To tell me truly if you ever loved?

Lanc. My lord, you place me in a strait indeed;
I hardly know how I should answer you,
Yet feel myself constrained to tell, your grace,
That I love one so very beautiful,—
Compared to whom, the beauty of, her grace,
And that of all the ladies of the court,
Is less than nothing in comparison;
But I beseech you—on my bended knee,
Not to exact the name of that fair lady,
Because it is agreed between us both,
That if I ever should disclose our love,
I then shall lose her favour, as the forfeit
Of my imprudence and disloyalty.

Duke. I shall not ask you, sir, to name the lady,
But am quite satisfied with what you state.
You now are free from further imputation,
And may retire,—with this assurance from me,
I love you, and shall trust you more than ever.

Exit Lancelot.

Well, wife, what think you now of this last story?

Duch. And are you then deceived by this device?
Thus impudently he would palm upon you?
Oh! be assured, my lord, the tale is false,
Or let him name his mistress, if 'tis true:
That is the only means indeed to test it!
If he refuses still to tell, your grace,
The lady's name, he deems so very fair,
You are the simplest prince in all the world,
To give your faith to such an idle statement.

Duke. I'll follow him, and he shall tell me now,
And either prove to me this tale is true,
Or else that your suspicions are well founded.
I am resolved to probe him to the quick;
For I am weary of these mysteries.

SCENE VI.—*Another Apartment in the Ducal Palace.*

Enter Duke and Lancelot.

Duke. I am embarrassed now much more than ever,
For fear the statement you have made to me,
Is but an idle tale, devised to cheat me,
And blind me to the truth I would discover;
Thus more than ever I'm disquieted,
And must beseech you in the strongest terms,
To tell me now the name of that fair lady,
Of whose attractions you are such a slave.

Lanc. I do intreat you, my most gracious lord,
Not to compel me thus to break my faith,
And prove so false unto a virtuous lady,
Who is far dearer to me than my life;
Think, what your grace has now demanded of me,
Would make me lose for ever, in a day,
What I've preserved for years inviolate.
Oh! I would rather die than tell, your grace,
And do this cruel wrong to one so faithful.

Duke. Look Lancelot—and choose of two things—one;
Declare to me the lady's name you love;
Or else, betake you to another soil,

SCENE VIII.—*The Outskirts of a Forest by Moonlight.*

Enter the Duke and Lancelot,

Lanc. Well my dear lord; I trust you're satisfied.

Duke. I am, indeed: you may command me ever
In all things possible my power can reach.
And fear not, though I know your secret,
That knowledge may of happiest augury prove
To Lancelot and to his virtuous love.
Auspicious as the light of yonder moon,
Which, breaking from the clouds upon the night,
With sudden beam the forest doth pervade,
And lights us to our steeds within the glade.

SCENE IX.—*An Apartment of the Ducal Palace.*

Duke and Duchess.

Duch. Oh! I suppose, he's told you some fine story,
Which you must needs believe since he has spoke it.

Duke. Look, madam! I prohibit you henceforth,
To speak to me again upon this business:
I know the truth, and am quite satisfied;
The person whom this gentleman doth love,
Beyond all question is a peerless dame;
I never looked upon a fairer lady.

Duch. And what am I then, in your grace's sight?
You said, that you were tired of mysteries:
And what a mystery is this you make?
Why treat with such despite your loyal wife?
To please a wicked and perfidious slave.
I thought that you and I, had but one soul,
But now see well how lightly you esteem me!
And treat me like an alien at the best,
Since you conceal your slightest secrets from me,
As if, indeed, I were your enemy.
Why should you hesitate to tell your lady,
Whatever may have been confided to you?

You have intrusted me with greater things,
And more important business than this secret,
Which I have ne'er betrayed by word or action;
And wherefore then begin to doubt me now?
Who can possess no other will than yours!
If you, indeed, are sworn to secrecy,
You do not break your oath in telling me;
Who form, in truth, a portion of yourself.
You reign the sovereign master of my heart,
I hold you now embraced within my arms,
And bear your unborn babe beneath my bosom,
Within whose life hereafter yours shall live;
And yet, my lord, I cannot have your love,
As you have mine; the more I prove my love,
The more indifferent you become to me:
Till your unkindness makes me wish this hour,
A sudden death may save your child and wife,
From such a husband, and from such a father!
I pray to heaven that such may be our fate!
Since you have more regard for one false traitor,
Than for your unborn child, and loyal lady!

Duke. Pray, moderate your grief, my dearest life,
For be assured you are so dear to me,
That there is nothing I can hide from you.
Yet, ere I tell the secret, which you ask,
Now hear me swear by all the oaths e'er ta'en,
Which ever bound the soul to secrecy,
If you should e'er disclose to any person,
The slightest syllable of what I speak,
Although I love you, better than my life,
You shall die by no other hand than mine.
I swear it, Margaret! though the blow I give,
Shall also slay with you, myself, and child.

Duch. I have no fear, at all, of that, my lord;
So you with confidence may tell your story.

Duke. Come with me then into my cabinet,
Where none can overhear the words I speak;
And I'll relate to you the strangest tale,
You ever heard the tongue of man repeat.

SCENE X.—*Grand State Room of the Ducal Palace.*

Wherein are assembled the Lords and Ladies of the Court, as for a Grand Festival.

Ladies and Gentlemen promenading—The Duchess seated on a Chair of State, on one side of the scene, surrounded by Laura and other Ladies of the Court.

Duch Fair Julia, do you think it possible
That there exists on earth a single lady
Who ne'er inspired or experienced love?

Julia. Oh, no! your grace, I'm sure there does not live
So strange a being now, as such a lady.

Duch. What says Bianca?

Bian. I think with Julia; may it please your grace.

Duch. And what does Laura think on such a theme?

Laura. I've no reply to make on such a subject,
'Tis one on which I'm inexperienced, madam.

Duch. What, fairest Laura! is it possible
Such charms as yours have never found a slave?
And are you then so innocent of love,
As never yet to have experienced it?
Ah! if you would confess the truth, my dear,
We perhaps should learn a very different story.

Laura. I've nothing to confess on such a subject;
May it please you, madam.

Duch. Ah! fair niece! fair niece!
There is no love so secret, but is known,
Or little dog e'er taught so carefully,
But there is some one that can hear its bark.

Laura. I do not understand enigmas, madam,
Which need to solve, much wiser heads than mine.

The first and great commandment of her Maker.
Oh! by His sacrifice whose worth exceeds
The sins of man, forgive me for a fault,
Which through excess of love I have committed!
For all my confidence I place in Him,
Who died for man, to bring him to Thy mercy.
Adieu! my friend! adieu eternally;
Thy truth accords not with the semblance of it:
And 'tis this cause alone my heart which breaketh!

She falls into a swoon.

Enter Lancelot hastily.

He runs up to her—tenderly embraces her—and supports her in his arms, while he exclaims—

What! have I sought you everywhere, my love,
To find thee thus, at last, my dearest life!
Oh! say what is the meaning of this grief?
What! would'st thou leave thy faithful Lancelot?
In what way has thy malady began?
Oh! what has caused this sudden sickness, lady?

She opens her eyes, regards him fixedly, and slowly exclaims, in faint and broken accents—

Thou hast betrayed my honor and my life,
And given my good name up to be the sport
Of barbarous calumny, and vulgar natures,
Which have reproached me with the love I bore thee.
I might have perhaps survived this, Lancelot!
But, oh! to find thee turned a traitor to me,
Thou! whom I deemed so good, to prove unworthy;
And give me back, to pay a love like mine!
The blow which by the Duchess, thou hast sent me;
Quenching a pure love, in a guilty passion,
Has brought me to my mortal agony,
And broken the heart which blesses and forgives thee!

(Dies.

Lanc. Eternal Sovereign, of this form of flesh!
Is such the meaning of this tragedy?
Oh! wicked, barbarous, and perfidious wretch!

That I have been unto the heart which loved me!
Why has the penalty of my villany
Not spared the innocent and struck the guilty?
Oh, why did heaven not crush me with its thunder,
The day my tongue betrayed our virtuous love?
Why did the earth not gape and swallow me,
The hour I brake my vow unto my lady?
Why was my tongue not punished as in hell?—
The tongue is now tormented of the rich man!
Base heart! which feared exile and death too much:
May vultures tear thee now perpetually,
As vultures once devoured Prometheus!
Alas! my love, the greatest ill of all
That e'er could happen, has befallen me!
And striving to preserve thee, I have lost thee!
I dreamt, my love, I should secure thy love
Through life, in honour and in happiness;
And I embrace the corse of her I cherished!
Who to her latest sigh has deemed me false,
And thought my heart and soul were both unworthy!
Oh! thou most loving heart which beat in woman!
I here pass condemnation on myself.
Who have been proved a most perfidious traitor:
I thought to win the goodwill of the Duke;
By speaking that which I confided to him,
I trusted to ensure our happy life.
Alas! and should I not have been quite certain
That none could keep my secret like myself?
The Duke had better cause to tell his lady,
Than I had to entrust thy life with him!
'Tis I, and I alone, that am to blame,
And I alone deserve the punishment
That should be given to such guilt as mine is!
I have with wicked tongue betrayed, my love,
Who rather ought to have preferred the death
With which but yesterday they menaced me;
Thou would'st be yet alive, my dearest love!
And my vile life had finished worthily,
Faithful unto the sovereign law of love!
But having broken it, I yet survive:
And thou art dead who hast obeyed it truly!
Thy purest, gentlest heart could not survive
The crime thou didst discover, love, in mine!

Oh! why was I created with a soul
And heart, so ignorant, feeble, and unworthy?
'Twere better I had been the little dog
Which e'er hath served my love so faithfully!
Alas! my little friend, what joy was mine
To hear thee bark; no more shall taste such pleasure!
Since I have been the all-unworthy cause
Of others than thy mistress hearing thee!
And yet, my love! indeed I loved thee well!
'Twas not the beauty of the wicked Duchess,
Or any other, made me false to thee:
In vain the wicked Duchess sought my love:
Yet ignorance has done what all her arts
Had ne'er effected, and I've lost thee, love,
Through what I hoped would make thee mine for ever!
But, spite of all, I'm not less culpable.
I have betrayed the secret of my lady,
And forfeited my word, and lost my honour;
My villany alone has caused thy death.
And shall death now be less unkind to me,
Than death has been to thee, my dearest love?
Bereft of life through having loved too well.
Oh, I believe that death disdains to touch
This perjured, wicked, miserable heart!
The honour which my act has forfeited,
And memory of thee my fault has ruined,
Is far more dreadful than ten thousand deaths!
If any one had slaughtered thee, my love,
Through error, or through malice, or misfortune,
I should have then avenged thee with my sword;
And 'tis not surely right or reasonable,
That I should pardon now the murderer,
Who by a viler deed has caused thy death
Than if he had assassinated thee.
Oh, if I knew a more unworthy villain
I would beseech him now to execute me!
I've ta'en thy life by not knowing how to love,
And love will not assist me as it aided
The soul which has obeyed its laws so well!
It were not just my life should end like thine.
And since I've bathed thy pale face in my tears,
And have repented of the wrong I've done thee,
My sword shall make my body, love, like thine!

He draws his sword.

And from my wicked flesh divorce my soul !
That death, my love, may wed my soul to thine !
Persuaded that a love so pure as ours
Shall finish not in this world or the next !

[*He falls upon his sword.*

Enter the Duke hastily.

Duke. Oh ! Lancelot, I've sought you through the palace,
To bring most happy tidings to your love ;
And have I sought you but to find you thus ?
Great heavens ! oh, say what is the cause of this ?

Lanc. My tongue and yours, my lord !
Which told you first what you have told your wife,
Who oft has sought me with a base intent ;
And not succeeding in her guilty love,
With wicked tongue has caused the death of mine.
Oh ! you have brought your happy news too late,
To be the punishment of this self murder ;
And now I fear me that the deed I've done,
Which frenzy and not reason has committed,
Has shut my spirit from the hope of mercy,
And I repent too late of this self-slaughter! (*Dies.*

The Duke throws himself in a transport of grief upon the dead bodies of the two lovers, and embraces them both with tears, exclaiming—

Unhappy lovers ! wedded now in death,
Forgive my fault ! I knew not what I did ;
And now I hasten to avenge you both,
And punish the vile cause of all this woe,
Who merits death, and soon shall feel its blow !

(*Exit.*

SCENE XI.—*The Grand State Room of the Ducal Palace, in which the Lords and Ladies of the Court are assembled as before, some dancing, amongst whom is the Duchess.*

Enter the Duke, who rushes up to the Duchess, and seizing her in the midst of the dance with one hand, stabs her to the heart with a Poignard in the other, exclaiming—

Woman! you took the secret on your life,
And on your life descends the penalty!

The Ladies shriek out, while some of the Gentlemen rush towards the Duke, Bonnivard exclaiming—

What is the meaning of this bloody business?

Duke. Fear not, my friends! she has deserved her fate;
As you'll acknowledge, when I tell you all
The saddest story mortal tongue can speak,
Which, in a moment, has dethroned your Duke,
Who to Alonso yields his government,
To live henceforth a life of privacy.
Take hence the body of that wicked woman,
And come with me into the western chamber,
Where Lancelot and Laura both lie dead,
Slain by the wickedness of her I've slaughtered,
Where I shall load your ears with such a tale,
Shall make you melt in grief to hear its sorrow.*

(Exeunt.

* "My Magazine" is of rather a more controversial character than I could have wished; the reason is, that circumstances have offered me scope to expatiate in that direction, and shut me in, instead of drawing me out in those more literary directions which I liked better. No man once loved literature more, and few men once liked controversy less than myself; and yet it has been my lot to deal more with controversy than literature. Nature and circumstances appear to like to play at cross purposes with each other. Yet, at the last moment, I have essayed to make this book more literary and less controversial, by writing in very brief, interrupted periods (how brief I should not like to state) most of the more literary effusions of this volume. Thus I have put into a dramatic form an original translation of an old-world story, when "My Magazine" was all but completed, just to add to its literary, and take away from its controversial character. I scarcely know how I ought to characterise this dramatic rendering of the old French story. I have translated it in a very free and easy and careless manner, often adhering pretty closely to the text, and then diverging widely from it,—altering and adapting—abridging and paraphrasing at my pleasure, yet generally seeking to do so in the spirit of the original story. The tale is generally found in a collection of stories well known to scholars, where this particular one shines like a jewel in clay. The little book from which I have derived the story which is here dramatized, is just 127 years old. I picked it up at an old book store, and I thought at first that it would be exactly what I wanted; but I judged on further considering the subject, that it was not precisely what I sought; for I should have liked something from a more unexceptional source, and with a better moral to it. But my means are very restricted, and the library to

JOHN BROWN.

THE grand old puritan sleeps in his grave,
O'er which a state uncivilized now bans
The memory of the martyr of the slave,
Victorious in God's way, and not in man's.
For not in vain does such a spirit die,
His slaughter speaks to heaven from earth's rank sod;
And Truth's majestic thunders back reply
Sublimely as the answer of the God,
Who, till th' Empyrean to its centre nod,
And nature's systems into ruin fall,
Shall scourge the oppressor with his self-made rod,
And save th' oppressed from Slavery's iron thrall,
By death like Brown's doing more to rend its chain,
Than if He had a state of tyrants slain!

THE NEGRO'S LAMENT.

THE heart from which affection sprung,
Like water springing free;
The breast to which affection clung,
Is torn away from me;

---

which I have access very limited, and the period which is now left to me to devote to this purpose would scarcely allow me time enough to dramatize a new story, supposing that after much fastidious searching I could find one more to my mind. I must either avail myself of the story which lies ready to my hand, or not avail myself of anything. I think I shall prefer the first alternative.—It would have been better for me if this book had been prepared during the preceding summer than during the winter; I should have had more unbroken leisure to have devoted to it, and should have made it more satisfactory to myself in every respect,—more correct and more literary: I should have avoided many short comings, and have rendered it more full and complete, for my time during the winter has been much broken into and limited by causes I need not trouble the reader with: I could have made longer and higher excursions into the regions of truth, and deeper dives into its ocean,—and have imparted to perhaps my last work more variety, poetry, and utility than I have been able to do under the circumstances in which it has been composed.—There has been, I am informed, an English translation given of the collection of stories from a half-copy of which the tale here dramatized was taken, but the quaint, simple style of the original story is better adapted to my purpose than any translation could be, supposing that I could obtain it, which I cannot. That purpose was to find some old-world story, comparatively little known to the general reader, to give here in a dramatic form with some of the picturesque gray of time

The leper-lord hath ta'en the bride,
Who did my bondage cheer;
And, banished from my Mary's side,
I'm banished to despair.
Oh! Thou who formed the Negro's frame!
How long wilt Thou permit, how long,
Black skins to be the badge of shame,
And white, the right to wrong?

In her fond arms, the slave despised
Found solace for his pains;
The charms he loved, the smiles he prized,
Made him forget his chains:
But nevermore those smiles shall grace,
This woe-wrung heart of mine;
Oh! nevermore thy fond embrace,
Around my form shall twine.
Oh! Thou who formed the Negro's frame!
How long wilt Thou permit, how long,
Black skins to be the badge of shame,
And white, the right to wrong?

The white, in devilish knowledge strong,
Oh! what regardeth he,
The Negro's right,—the Negro's wrong,—
The Negro's agony!
Yet runs my blood as red as thine,
And tower my thoughts as free;
And this dark bosom feelings shrine,
As great as thine can be!

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about it, as the romantic poetical gray of antiquity invests an old castle or cathedral with a charm more readily felt than described. I am not aware that the story has been given in a dramatic form before, possibly it may have been; but if so, it will not matter much, as it will be seen by competent judges that the present is an original rendering of it. If any lines in it should be found to bear any resemblance to those of the old English dramatists, they must have availed themselves of the tale before me, for I am sure that I have not borrowed from any of them that I know of.—Perhaps if this book should ever come to a second edition in my lifetime, I shall have found a better subject by that time to dramatize than the present one. Yet there are truth and nature, and pathos, in this story; and, altogether, there is such an air of vraisemblance about it, that it looks something like an embodiment of "an ower true tale" (whose truth is always stranger than fiction) of the gray and grim old feudal time.

Oh! Thou who formed the Negro's frame!
How long wilt Thou permit, how long,
Black skins to be the badge of shame,
And white, the right to wrong?

THE PRESENT AGE.—AN ORATION.

THE nineteenth century, which was ushered into birth amidst the storm of the first French revolution, whose causes and consequences have been, and still are, affecting mankind for evil and for good, more than any event since the reformation, will, without doubt, be recorded in history as one of the most revolutionary periods in the annals of mankind. It has already been distinguished by some of the greatest events,—the greatest discoveries,—the greatest characters,—and the greatest ideas that have ever arisen upon the stage of human existence. Yet as in the age of the crusades, or the civil wars of Cromwell's time, every event stands subordinate to the ideas which inspired those great outbreaks; so, in this nineteenth century, has all the current of its history been more or less influenced by that great moral earthquake known by the name of the first French revolution. The course of that revolution has not yet terminated, and whether it shall be finished by a reaction that shall bring Europe under more absolute government than that against which it revolted, or shall terminate in imparting to the nations of this quarter of the world a larger degree of freedom than any which they have hitherto enjoyed, it is still a fact, that all the events of this present time, and all the chapters of Europe's and Britain's most recent history, have been more or less modified by the causes and consequences of the great French revolution.—Our reform bill, for instance, was carried by the most sensible revolution which the French ever made, the revolution of 1830; and such a revolution as that of 1830 would have been impossible, if the first had not preceded it; the second, in fact, was the offspring of the first. If our reform bill had not been carried, neither would our corn laws have been peaceably repealed. So we see what important changes in English history, affecting for good or evil the destiny of England's future ages, have been influenced by great events in France. The shadow of the storm now is eclipsing our sunshine, and that the first French revolution has affected us with evil as well as with good, may be seen by a glance at our national debt, and just reflecting for an instant what immense damage the blood

shed so recklessly and profusely in it is doing at this present moment to the cause of rational liberty all over the world. But such great events as the first French revolution—in whose throes millions of men perished—do not arise without cause, or pass away without leaving lasting consequences behind them. Two principles, by whatever name we call them, appear steadily shining through all the uproar and confusion of the long struggle of the French revolution: the principle of political liberty, and the principle of social amelioration.

Now, though I think that the French people acted with characteristic rashness and impetuosity, in their first revolution, by sweeping away at one fell swoop all the links which united them to the past, and all the old landmarks of their society, and thus reduced themselves to a state in which they have been oscillating betwixt anarchy and despotism ever since without being able to find and keep the path of steady and rational liberty: though I believe they acted with the most reckless imprudence, when they sacrificed as they did, in the bloody sacrifice of 1848, what liberty they possessed at the shrine of a theory: though I don't believe that social science can be safely made, like chemistry, a science of experiment, but that its true principles can only be deduced by correct induction from long and world wide experience: though I believe that no lasting political and social good can be produced by arbitrary laws, but will be a growth, or development; the expansion of contracted laws and institutions to the dimensions of more liberal ideas: though I believe that if the French were to realize a most perfect state of liberty to-morrow, without the shedding of another drop of blood, that even in that case they would still have paid a thousand times too dear a price even for their liberty: yet I cannot help but seeing that the desire for political freedom and social amelioration remain two of the greatest facts of the age; facts which have more or less influenced and modified, and are now more or less modifying and influencing the current of its history. In fact, ours is an age of revolutionary ideas and events. We are all living under quite a different condition of society to that under which our grandfathers existed. New ideas and startling events succeed each other with the most astounding rapidity. As we can travel further in a day than our forefathers could travel in a month, so we witness more in ten years than our grandfathers saw in a hundred. There is scarcely a science that can be named but what has been completely revolutionized. All the former encyclopedias of human knowledge have been rendered obsolete by

the discoveries of our time. New sciences have been created, and old sciences turned into new. Geography and astronomy have been advanced. Chemistry has been revolutionized. Geology has been created. The engineer, with his steam engines,—the electrician, with his lightning rods,—the printer, with his press,—the mechanic, with his inventions,—the man of science, with his discoveries, are changing all the material, mental, and moral aspects of the world. Military science is revolutionized. The cannon and muskets of the wars of Napoleon and Wellington have become as obsolete as the bows and arrows and battering rams of Hannibal and Cæsar. Medical science is being revolutionized, many valuable truths will be comprised within its enlarging circle of practice to-morrow, which lie without its boundaries to-day. Physiology was never so profoundly studied or so well known. Law has been rendered cheaper, less uncertain, and more equitable. Theology has not remained unaffected by the spirit of the age; what change it will undergo no man can foresee, but that some change is imminent many believe. A spirit of philanthropy has been manifested to the poor, to the lunatic, and to the criminal that never was so generally evinced as now. Lunatics, treated by other ages like wild beasts, ours at least endeavours to treat like men, Endeavours have been made to reform the criminal, to ameliorate the condition of the poor, and to suppress drunkenness; and all these endeavours have effected great and lasting good. The principle of association has been applied more universally to effect greater undertakings than ever were before known or conceived. The principle of life assurance has become more generally diffused. A great movement has taken place among mankind without a parellel in history, save in the crusades, and irruption of the barbarians on the Roman empire,—and emigration remains one of the greatest facts of the time. By millions have men traversed the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, to seek in the new worlds the independence which they could not find in the old. I shall endeavour to cite a few more facts of the nineteenth century, in comparison with that period in history which appears to bear the most analogy to our own. If we contrast with the time of the Tudors, beginning with the reign of queen Elizabeth's grandfather down to the end of her reign, the period commencing with the termination of the American war, in the reign of the grandfather of queen Victoria, and ending with the present day; we shall be struck with the great and singular resemblance between the two periods. For instance, what were the great facts of the sixteenth century?

and what are the great facts of the nineteenth? adhering not pedantically to the strict letter of these questions, but the spirit of them?

Eight years before the commencement of the sixteenth century, Columbus, in his wind-wafted-bark, discovered, America. Twenty years ago, the Great Western, impelled by steam, reached the same continent. One year before the commencement of the sixteenth century, Sebastian Cabot discovered North America for Henry the Seventh, and the Pilgrim Fathers in 1628 laid the first foundations of New England. Victoria, beholds to-day four nascent empires—the Unites States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, founded and peopled by the British Race, rising to uncounted millions, and unimagined power, where the sixteeenth century beheld but a howling wilderness. In the sixteenth century, Sir Hugh Willoughby perished with all his men in a northern expedition. In the nineteenth century, Sir John Franklin's expedition was lost in a similar way. In the sixteenth century, Charles the Fifth reigned. In the nineteenth century Napoleon the First flourished. In the sixteenth century, the old original stocking-frame was invented. In the nineteenth century, the new roundabout, jacquard and twist machine. In the sixteenth century, tobacco and potatos were first brought to England. In the nineteenth century, gutta percha, dahlias, and many more new and valuable productions of nature, too numerous to mention. In the sixteenth century, coaches were first introduced into England. In the nineteenth century, the coach was superseded by the railway carriage. In the sixteenth century, cannon was first used in ships. In the nineteenth century, the age of rifles and revolvers; cannon are constructed, to cast a projectile five times further than before, and with twenty times more accuracy of projection. In the sixteenth century, occurred the first voyage round the world. In the nineteenth century the North West passage, which had been vainly sought for centuries was discovered, and a great antarctic continent was found. In the sixteenth century, occurred the unsuccessful attempt of the Great Spanish Armada to invade Britain. In the nineteenth century, occurred the greater and more disastrous invasion by Napoleon the First, of Russia. In the sixteenth century, the silver of Peru and Mexico was brought into Europe. In the ninteenth century, the gold of California, Australia, and British Columbia. In the sixteenth century, pins and knives were first made in England, and watches brought thither from Germany. In the nineteenth century, chronometers are made almost as exact as time,

and steel pens, gas lights, and lucifer matches have been invented. In the sixteenth century, the first work on Arithmetic was printed in England: from 1602 to 1628, the theory of decimal fractions was perfected, logarithms were invented, and the circulation of the blood discovered by Harvey. In the nineteenth century, Gall discovered the true anatomy of the brain, vaccination was introduced, the properties of chloroform discovered, photography invented, and Neptune by Le Verrier's calculation, found. In the sixteenth century, the first complete edition of the Bible was printed in English. In the nineteenth century, millions of Bibles, in 200 languages, have been printed in Great Britain, and sent to all parts of the earth. In 1608, Galileo constructed the telescope. In the nineteenth century, Rosse constructed the great reflector, which is the telescope improved, being to Galileo's glass, what Armstrong's cannon is to a pocket pistol. In the sixteenth century, the reformation shook like a moral earthquake all the nations of Europe. In the nineteenth century, the French Revolution similarly agitated all the nations of our quarter of the globe.

I have produced sufficient facts, I think, to establish my position, viz:—that betwixt the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries there exists a striking and singular analogy, more complete perhaps than between any other two great and stirring periods in the history of the world. Though the Tudorian age cannot boast the discovery of the printing press, and the mariner's compass, as the Victorian age boasts that of the steam engine and electric telegraph; yet we may say, though not discovered by it, both the press and the compass were discovered for it: discovered for that great and stirring period in human history, when a new world was discovered by Columbus,—a new method propounded by Bacon,—a new theology promulgated by Luther, Melancthon, Zuinglius, Calvin, and Knox,—and the drama of human life written by Shakspere.

You must not think, however, after rehearsing all this goodly catalogue, that I am blind to the evils of our age! no man is more sensible of them! but there is this to be said, that it is partly because that we have a greater degree of light, and more sympathy for humanity in this age, and test things generally by a higher standard of good, that the evils of the time impress us so sensibly. Yet, we must acknowledge too, that the amount of our taxation, pauperism, and lunacy, was never so great in any age, as it has been, and is, in this! a terrible fact, which certainly cries out from earth to heaven, for the amelioration of

the future. We are aware, that though this is an age of intelligence, it is an age of ignorance; the head of the nineteenth century may be in enlightened days, but the tail of it is left in the darkness of the middle ages. It is an age of faith, yet an age of scepticism; an age of toleration, yet an age of bigotry; an age of peace, yet an age of war; an age of philanthropy, yet an age of adulteration and poisoning: an age of poetry, yet a very material age; an age of luxury, yet scarcely an age of comfort; a philosophic age, yet rather an unnatural one; an age of great achievements, yet an age of as great crimes: an age of reason, yet an age of madness; a sanatory age, yet not a healthy one; an age of education, cheap postage, cheap periodicals, yet the wise are decidedly yet very much in the minority; the very light which constitutes its glory, reveals the darkness which constitutes the shame, which the more gloomy atmosphere of previous ages veiled from their view. In fine, it is an age of great thoughts, great characters, great events, striking discoveries, astonishing improvement, immense progress; and on the other hand, it is an age of reaction and evils, which have provoked civil war, in about every capital of Europe, and evoked anarchy in about every town. We have had European and Asiatic, African and American wars! We have had the Crimean campaign, the retreat of Moscow and Cabul, and the Indian Mutiny! the war in Italy, and the present state of uncertainty in Europe! We have had a host of wild, utopian doctrines, visionary philosophizing, impracticable projects, and impossible schemes, which always make their appearance in revolutionary periods, and accompany great advances of the human mind. We have had civil war in almost every capital in Europe! We have had the tenth of April in London, and the threat to Moscow England, the flames of Bristol, and burning of Nottingham Castle! We have had the Irish famine! We have had the cholera! We have got the terrible social evil! We have a suicide in England every six hours! We have had monetary crashes! wide-spread bankruptcy! misery! privation! starvation, and premature death, among masses of our fellow-countrymen! and we have discovered, that the long-drawn tissue of our prosperity, depends too much on a thread of American cotton! But the long and dreary catalogue of evil is not pleasant reciting, neither is it necessary that I should inflict it all upon myself and you. I will resume then with another branch of my subject.

In the political world of Europe, despotism stands opposed to constitutional freedom: in the social world, new ideas stand

opposed to old practice: and in the religious world, reason and the supremacy of individual conscience are preparing for a final conflict with authority. We need not feel surprised then at the clashing characteristics, and conflicting tendencies of our era, when we consider the great antagonistic principles now warring with each other. New ideas have shook, and are shaking old institutions: sensible men who don't believe in social science, being turned into a science of experiment, will oppose all mere theoretical changes, but the hopes of men's hearts are with progress, and not with retrogression. By the universal introduction of steam, as a motive power to manufactures, by its application to the purposes of locomotion on land and water: by the invention of new machinery, and improvement of old: by the enormous advance of science and the improvement and extension of art: by the increase of schools, and the cheapening of the products of the press: by the erection of so many additional places of worship: by the passing of our reform bills, and the adoption of free trade; by the founding of our mechanics' institutes, and the erection of intellectual places of resort: by the additions which we have made to our moral without taking away from our physical force: by the lightning rods of our science, and the electrifying rods of our literature—we, as a nation, have attained to such a material, mental, moral, and social standard, that it seems that we must inevitably rise to a more genial and general one; for it appears impossible that we can retrograde to a state more confined and contracted. The common business of life exacts, now, an amount of intelligence and mental discipine which the most difficult business of life scarcely required a century ago. True, we have not found a preventative for every evil, or a panacea for every disorder: true, we have not yet shaped the future philosophy of the world, or resolved the problem of the future earthly destinies of humanity: we are only acquiring and recording the experience which may guide our successors to better results than we could achieve. Mankind, in general, have not yet attained the lofty heights of political and religious freedom and social well being. The upheaving forces are only elevating the land out of the deluge. Light, to-day, reveals chaos; to-morrow, it may shine upon creation. In all the varied fields of human daring, intelligence, and enterprise, the future historian will write this age second to none—and perhaps superior to any past century in promoting the true civilization of the world and the advancement of mankind. The human mind, in this age of the world, has appeared expanding like a forest

above the more juvenile growth of the past. Such an immense crowd of ideas, characters, agencies, and events have been, and are at work, enlarging the horizon of human knowledge, and elevating the reason of man above the wisdom of his ancestors, that it is most difficult to delineate them upon our scrap of canvass into anything like a miniature portrait of the age. We have had generals whose achievements place them above all Greek or Roman fame,—admirals equal to our generals,—missionaries like Carey, Livingstone, Williams, and Moffatt,—writers like Scott and a host of others,—statesmen like Brougham and Peel, who, practical above all things, have yet possessed the conscience to sacrifice power to principle,—we have had chemists like Dalton, and Davy, and Liebeg,—poets like Byron, Moore, Wordsworth, &c., —dramatists like Westland Marston. We have a school of art in this country equal to any, only new pictures—like new wine—require time to mellow them. The Victorian age of literature need not fear being compared with our Augustan age, in the reign of queen Anne; nor even with the Elizabethan age: its quantity surpasses both; its quality is eclipsed by neither We boast discoverers like Watt, Herschell, Humboldt, Le Verrier, Daguerre, Faraday, and a host of others. In fine, it would be tedious to detail, and tiresome to enumerate one half of the great names, discoveries, achievements, ideas, events, minds, characters, and principles whereby this century will be rendered one of the most memorable ages in the annals of mankind. It has made the Thames tunnel, constructed the Britannia and Victorian bridges; it has built and furnished the crystal palace, and constructed the Great Eastern; it has covered the ocean with the steamers of its commerce, the land with the iron roads of its traffic, and the world with the produce of its manufactures; it has built new cities and remodelled old ones. The old British oak has thrown off nations to the west and to the south like Canada, New Zealand, Van Dieman's Land, and Australia, as an oak casts acorns to the ground. The constitution cannot be weak whence such strong offshoots have proceeded. Britain is peopling half the earth with her race, and filling the world with the sound of her language—and, in fine, turn where we will, if we see evil, we see good fighting, or preparing to combat it. By the progress which has been achieved—by the moral victories which have been won—by the heights to which the human mind has arisen above that cimmerian night of darkness, whose horrors the historian has delineated on the page of time, I do hope and believe that man will, and must, progress from the good he has

attained to that higher good for which he sighs, and not, despairing, sink from the heights he has reached, into the abyss out of which he has emerged. Struggle and conflict, and suffering, there must be, for such are the conditions of man's life; but that the good ship, progress, will triumph over the tempest, and not succumb to the storm, I cannot do otherwise than believe.

I will just add a few words more on the characteristic tendencies of our time. Agriculture is with us advancing from a business to a science. Manufactures and commerce have made equivalent advances; the workshops and warehouses of the first have expanded with the markets of the last. More schools, popular libraries, and places of worship have been built in the last fifty years than in the five hundred years before it. The Bible has been printed in 200 languages. Sabbath schools have been universally introduced. America has taken the initiative in law reform, as Britain has in free trade—and let us trust that our unwieldy chaos of precedent may ultimately be so reduced as to accord more with the simplicity of equity. Education has been, and is being, immensely extended Abolitionism, in America, is struggling with slavery—may God give it the victory! Russia is emancipating her serfs. Every truth seems to have to wait its appointed time, and every reform its appointed period. The temperance crusade has given a great check to what very much wanted checking, and must ultimately—whether it succeed or not in entirely suppressing the use of alcoholic drinks—effect great and lasting good in the same direction, by moderating the use of them. The progressive reforms which we have peaceably achieved in Great Britain are pledges that we can effectuate others as important as tranquilly,—not by fracturing men's skulls, but by enlightening the brains within them. Only let us be sure that it is improvement which we seek, and not do as the French have often done—make changes without improvement. Let us avoid extreme doctrines of all kinds, convinced that truth almost invariably lies between two extremes, though sometimes nearer to one end of the scale than the other; and very rarely,—identified with one end only. Progress runs like a stream, turning and twining through all the centuries of man's history: but it has rushed like an inundation over ours. Progress and improvement, the discovery and dissemination of useful knowledge is the motto of our century, despite all transitory reaction in different directions. Societies and nations are drawn closer and closer by new moral, mental, and social ties. It has been, and is, a century of unequalled mechanical invention

and discovery of new motive powers, which have added to the power of our own country more than all the strength of the ancient world. Christianity has made an irruption into Cathay, and appears destined to destroy and to supersede the monstrous paganism and revolting anti-progressive heathenism of the world. The stream of progress, like a winding stream, may seem to turn back for a time, but it is only to sweep on, on, on, on again, with increased volume and expanding majesty. The general issue of the cause of progress is not dubious, though a particular result may be doubtful. The permanent result is sure, though the temporary effect be uncertain. Nations which now stand in the van may drop into the rear, and nations now in the rear may get into the van. Great Britain, I am afraid, will find it more difficult to retain all her possessions than she found it to conquer or colonize them. But that mankind—as a race—can, or will, retrograde, appears an impossibility; unless some dire catastrophe should suddenly overwhelm all the civilized centres of man's intelligence, man's industry, and man's power, and leave nothing but barbarism without letters behind. As well may night attempt to turn back the dawning glories of the rising day, as ignorance to eclipse the noonday light of knowledge; as well attempt to chain the winds of heaven, as anarchy or despotism to arrest the advance of rational freedom; as well endeavour to sink Britain into the ocean, as for French armies or Russian hosts, or both combined, to overwhelm English liberty; as well, like Canute, attempt to coerce the ocean-tides, as for human efforts to arrest the march of free enquiry. No! come what may, Britain will adhere inflexibly to those great principles of civil and religious liberty (and the first is the offspring of the last) which have elevated little Britain into Great Britain, and exalted this empire above all others of ancient or modern times.

Till Britain's sunk beneath the wave,
And buried in the sea,
It shall the home be of the brave,
And Island of the Free!

Gentlemen, Rarey has taught us by his treatment of the horse, that for the right government, even of brutes, kindness, intelligence, and knowledge of their nature are indispensable. And can man, civilized man, be righly governed, by less than these? Will he, in that future which is approaching, submit to be controlled by less? Gentlemen, I will tell you why I think he won't.

Fifty years ago, lunatics were caged like wild beasts, chained like animals,—and shut up like criminals in darkness and despair, which said, like Dante's hell, to all who entered, leave hope behind. At the commencement of the present century, an enlightened mind made the first innovation on the old insensate, ignorant, brutal, and brutalizing system. He began his original treatment with one of the wildest and most dangerous lunatics: one who was thought to be more beast than man: he took off his chains, he led him out of his cage of darkness into daylight, and merely putting a strait jacket on him, restored him to comparative liberty. The success of this experiment was great and striking; so much so, that the example was generally followed with the happiest results. A second enlightened and humane mind afterwards took a second onward step in the same direction. He abolished in the asylum, with which he was connected, the use of strait jackets, hand-cuffs, hobblers, and all instruments of devilry and coercion whatever, and instituted, what is now known as the non-restraint system; that is, a system which, apart from confining the patient in an asylum, employs no other means of restraint or coercion. A system, under which, the per centage of cure is much greater, than under any system that employs mechanical restraints. A system, in fact, in which the per centage of cures amounts to about 70 per cent, where that of the first system, which I have described, amounted to about two or three. Other minds have taken practically another step, which I theoretically made some years ago, and that is, not to deprive the insane, except in the worst and exceptional cases of any of their liberty at all. Life only, we know is more precious than liberty. In fact, if the last be taken from us, the former is not worth retaining. In fact, confinement alone has deprived many and many a strong and healthy man of his reason. To make use of that confinement then to cure the insane, which often has made the reasonable mad, appears to be one of those mistakes which, as it progresses, the world is continually discovering, that it has committed. Indeed, I believe, that in the systems hitherto used, that the patients have recovered in spite certainly of such confinement, and not by means of it! They have benefitted by their walks out of the asylum, and have thus recovered in spite of their stopping in! Of course, under the most modified and mildest system, a greater per centage have recovered. Yet, I ask any intelligent, unprejudiced man, if confinement within the walls and grounds of even the best conducted asylum, where the patients are all treated with the great-

est kindness, yet where they see, as in all others, nothing but the insane face, of an insane world around them !—the continued sight of which would make many a mirthful and strong minded man mad ! is such a confinement, in such a scene. above all things calculated to cure desponding, melancholy minds, or to make them hopelessly insane for life ? We know that some of the greatest improvements of the present time have consisted in merely undoing what the immense stupidity of previous ages had done. Yet all this might be a figment of my fancy,—the theory of a visionary alone,—only there happens to be a fact as big as a country town to support the theory,—or else I should not have introduced it here.

It is a fact, then, according to the testimony of a few who appear to be among the number of the most advanced and enlightened of the faculty. that what is called the free air system, a system which is in operation at the colony of Gheel, in Belgium, is the best system of all. Instead of intensifying insanity into a focus,—which acts like the candle to the moth,— by imprisoning hundreds of poor creatures together in immense over-grown asylums like the London asylums, which horrify one to think of, where the patients see themselves deprived of liberty, irritated by always seeing the same wearying walls, and the same monotonous scenery, banished from the world of reason, and incessantly confronted with insane faces, and startled with the insane cries, whose long deep-drawn sounds seem at night to arise out of the bowels of the nether abyss ! instead of this, the patients are distributed by two's and three's, in the houses of the country people, (who are well paid for their surveillance) spread over a wide and healthy area, and where the patients are soothed by participation, in family life ; the gracious society of virtuous woman and innocent children ; the enjoyment of free air, perfect personal liberty, and all the soothing and innocent pleasures of country life and agricultural employment, with the happiest effects, as attested by the increased per centage of cure in their lamentable malady. Verily, by their fruits do we know them. A good tree cannot bring forth corrupt fruit ; neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. And now permit me to draw the moral of the above sketch of the progressive amelioration of the treatment of the insane. Will the sane world prove more cruel to the rational, and deal more unreasonably with each other, than to the insane? Have they taken off the strait jacket of these, to put it on themselves? Will the most christian and civilized portion of man-

kind, standing upon the elevated platform of the nineteenth century, return to the darkness of the middle ages? Shall enlightened judgment vote for a free atmosphere for the insane, and deny it to the reasonable? Shall the civilized world retrograde to despotism, darkness, and barbarism? or shall it advance to the political freedom required by the intelligence, the social ameliorations demanded by the humanity of this age? Shall we retrograde to a more confined atmosphere, and a more clouded day? or shall we go on! on! on! to the free and unfettered sunshine of truth, liberty, and God?

THE WISEST ADVICE TO THE RISING GENERATION

Come to the Band-of-Hope-Side of the Way!

MEN travel through life, on both sides of the way,
The safe and the dangerous, beware which you take!
For science declares that has made the survey,
That your welfare depends on the choice which you make!
For mischief and mantraps on one side abound,
Fraught with danger to all men, including my friend:
Then choose the safe side, where no snare can be found,
Which can possibly harm from beginning to end.
Yes! come to the Band-of-Hope-Side of the Way,
Where no draught can harm you whate'er be the weather;
Avoiding the side leading thousands astray,
And where millions have walked to destruction together!

Both may seem safe to you who don't see to the end,
But just be as wise now, as when you'll look back,
And rejoice as you will, if you take it my friend,
That you've taken the safe, not the dangerous track;
Experience's eyes see before and behind,
Where reason beholds but the part she's gone o'er;
To dangers now lurking before her quite blind,
She had better avoid, than rush on to deplore!
Then come to the Band-of-Hope-Side of the Way,
Where no draught can hurt you whate'er be the weather;
Avoiding the side leading wise men astray,
And where good men have walked to destruction together!

THE CRUSADES.—A SKETCH.

THE Hegira, or flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina .—from which the Mohammedans date their era—took place 622 years after the birth of Christ.

Mohammed died on the 8th June, 632, after having rendered himself the sovereign of the entire Arabian peninsula and increased his followers, from the five personal friends who first admitted his claims as a divine legislator, to a nation. When he performed his last pilgrimage to Mecca, his followers amounted to 100,000 warriors, independent of women and children. In 634, the followers of the new religion took Damascus: in 637, Jerusalem fell before their arms.

Abu Beker, the first khalif or vicar of God, was the first khalif after Mohammed: he only reigned two years. The second khalif was Omar—who, after a reign of only 10½ years, was assassinated by a slave. During his reign of 10½ years, the Saracens subdued Syria, Chaldea, Persia, and Egypt: they took 36,000 cities, towns, and strongholds; destroyed 4,000 churches, and fire and idol temples; and built 1400 mosques. In the face of such a sudden and wide-sweeping and devastating inroad as this, was it not time for the christian nations to begin to look about them? Was not such an enemy animated with all the fervour and fire of a new religion, and who, in a dozen years from the death of its founder, had effected all the above destruction, calculated to arrest their attention, and awaken their solicitude for their common safety?

Sixty-seven years after the death of their second khalif, the Saracens made their appearance in Spain, and conquered it. Only 22 years after they had first set foot in Spain, the Saracens crossed the Pyrenees, and overrun France, as far as the river Loire. Their avowed design, in doing this, was first to conquer France, then Italy and Germany, and then, descending the Danube, to exterminate the Greek empire, whose capital they had twice assaulted. Surely here was cause enough to arouse the most lethargic christian nation to the vivid sense of a common and most imminent danger—which threatened to overwhelm and subjugate all Christendom beneath the yoke of an alien race and a false religion. If ever the nations of Europe were justified in combining in a common league—against a common enemy,—surely they were justified here The Mohammedans aimed at nothing less than the extermination of Christianity from the earth. They threatened it with the same sword before which Arabia, Syria, Chaldea, Persia,

Egypt, Rhodes, Cyprus, and, last of all, Spain had fallen. The menace was sufficient, indeed, to arouse the christian nations of that day from their divisions, and unite them all in a common league, against not only so dangerous but so successful an adversary. The Mohammedans were animated with more than the animus of a common conqueror. He generally respects the religion and, in some degree, the laws of the country which he subjugates. But everything which is dearest to man the Mohammedans threatened. They menaced not only the freedom of the christian states, but their religion, and the freedom and salvation of their posterity. In 732—in a battle which lasted seven days—Charles Martel, on the banks of the Loire, rescued Christendom from the Mohammedan yoke, and the Crescent paled its fires before the Cross; still the Mohammedans retained Spain, and conquered Portugal. From the period of the defeat of the Mohammedans by Charles Martel, the battle of the Cross and the Crescent was maintained without intermission till the broaching of the first crusade. Under the government of the Saracens, the Christian pilgrims, in their pilgrimages to Jerusalem, were protected in their property and their lives; a small tribute being paid by them. Under the rule of the Seljukian Turks—who had rendered themselves masters of Jerusalem—the Christians were exposed to a savage persecution, to which we can only find a parallel in the worst persecutions of the Pagan Roman Emperors. The horrible and revolting cruelties, in fact, perpetrated by the savage Turks upon the unfortunate pilgrims, kindled a general flame of indignation throughout Europe against them. Surely we—who have been horrified at the atrocities of the Indian mutiny—cannot blame the Christians of that day for feeling indignation at atrocities to which even that of Cawnpore was a cipher. The Greek emperor—the last bulwark of Christendom in the east, contending against the Mohammedan power which every day gained ground upon it, applied, like Turkey lately, invoking the aid of France and England against Russia, for assistance against the barbarians. Evidently on the ground of self-interest, policy, and expediency, which ever proximately determine the last action of governments, as well as upon much higher grounds, the nations of Europe were bound to assist the Greek emperor against the common enemy of Europe and Christianity. Now, for my part—though believing that all war whatever is opposed to the spirit of Christianity, inasmuch as Christianity is opposed to all moral evil, and war is the worst of moral evils, or rather the sum of them—yet taking men as they were

and are,—I am afraid, to use the words of an ancient writer, that "peace is the dream of the wise, and that war is the condition of mankind," who, if they ever attain to a higher moral state, it will be more towards the end of their history—than either the middle or beginning. Immediately after the requisition of the Greek emperor, pope Gregory VII. held a council at Placentia, where the assembly was so large, that no church could hold them, and, consequently, they had to meet in the open air, where the pope proposed to them that all the Christian nations of Europe should combine to assist the Greek Emperor, and drive the common enemy beyond the Euphrates. From 1095 to 1270, from the first crusade to the eighth and last, 2,000,000 of Christian soldiers perished in these wars. This immense loss of life on the Christian side demonstrates the greatness of the danger, and of the force that menaced the very existence of Europe and Christianity. If, by the loss of 100,000 men, in the late drawn battle with the Russian Czar, the Turkish empire has been upholden and the equilibrium of power in Europe preserved—how much greater were the power and the danger which threatened the Europe of that day, which the sacrifice of two million men could only check, without conquering. Immense as that sacrifice was it failed in sustaining the Greek empire, and keeping the Turks out of Constantinople. In point of policy, the Crusades did throw back the advancing Mohammedan power, which, if it had not been encountered in Asia, would ultimately have had to have been fought with at a disadvantage in Europe. The Crusades not only kept up and deferred the fall of the Byzantine empire: but they established another bulwark against the Mohammedan in the shape of a Christian kingdom. The Crusaders also erected and maintained a new citadel against the Mohammedans from 1099, the date of their capture of Jerusalem, until 1291, a period of nearly 200 years, when Acre, the last stronghold of the Crusaders in the east, fell into the hands of the Mohammedans. What are we to think, then, after such a story, of the historians who regard the Crusades as a mere outbreak of vulgar fanaticism, and treat this great movement which was the salvation of our laws, our language, our liberty, and our religion, with anything but the judgment which is its due. The Crusades were the climax of the struggle betwixt Mohammedanism and Christianity, as to which should rule the world: the result divided it betwixt them: half to Isaac, the rightful heir; and half to Ishmael, the son of the bondwoman. It was a common sense of imminent and universal danger, that aroused up and impelled the

Christian nations of Europe to arise and march forth to battle for their liberty, their laws, their religion, and their posterity. It is a shallow philosophy to dismiss this great movement of millions off the stage of history with a sneer at vulgar fanaticism. Such a great series of events could only be originated by great causes; these causes are to be sought and found in the deepest sentiments of our common nature. The Crusaders succeeded in their major idea; that was:—the maintenance of their religion against a religion more inferior to Christianity than Mohammedanism was superior to the Arabic worship which it superseded. The Crusades preserved Christianity to Europe,—so inestimable a boon, that if in the Crusades had perished 20,000,000, instead of 2,000,000, the cause would have justified the sacrifice. Not only did the Crusaders succeed in their main design—the maintenance of the ascendency of Christianity,—but other important, though inferior, advantages resulted from them. "The great boroughs date their existence from the Crusades, which created and confirmed municipal freedom." *

A GENERAL REFLECTION ON THE FUTURE OF NOTTINGHAM.

WHAT is to be the future destiny of Nottingham? Shall it prosper or decay? shall it flourish or shall it fall? shall its sun of prosperity set on its uprising generation, never more to brighten and to bless its future line? or shall it burst forth in expanded majesty, from the clouds which have long eclipsed it, to cheer alike the white palaces of the Park and the unstuccoed edifices of the town? Two staple manufactures have elevated this once little borough into a great city; shall levers, then, which have been powerful enough to lift us from obscurity to importance suffer us to fall from riches into poverty? Though the men of the present day have to endure a much larger amount of foreign competition than had the men of a past age, yet fresh markets are now opening to the grandsons, whose gates were closed to the grandfathers; the sails of British commerce now whiten

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I wrote the foregoing a pretty good time ago, and I have entirely forgotten (not having made a note of the circumstance at the time) the names of the authorities to whom I am indebted for the historical facts of this paper, and perhaps, for a few of its expressions. Guizot was one, I think—at any rate, the last sentence of all is taken from him: and another was one of the volumes, I think, rom the "British-Empire-Educating-Press," of W. & R. Chambers.

seas beyond the limited circle of its past operations; the spirit of its present enterprising speculation spurns all limits but those of the world, a segment of whose sphere enriched our predecessors. Never were our mechanics so skilled,—our capitalists so enlightened; surely in fields where a comparatively unenlightened age could garner wealth, the extended knowledge of a superior generation shall enable it to obtain riches.

What were the pursuits and pleasures of the workmen of a by-gone age? Cock fighting, bull-baiting, pugilism, badger drawing, &c.; nothing that could tend to the elevation of the mind; everything that could contribute to the debasement of a people. If men who could only work with their hands could procure the material necessaries of life, shall not those who can work with both hand and head secure them, with the addition, too, of the refined enjoyments which those of a grosser age were too ignorant to obtain, and too barbarous to have enjoyed if they had obtained them? How improved is the moral atmosphere of English society to what it was formerly! Hundreds of Mechanics' Institutes and Public Libraries are pouring the light of knowledge on the people,—millions of newspapers and cheap periodicals are imparting sound instruction to the masses—Schools of Design are training thousands up in an art powerfully promotive of the wealth of nations,—railroads, netting the land, and steamers cutting through the seas, are imparting an activity to commerce, it never knew before; and science, with wonderful rapidity, is daily making fresh discoveries to benefit our trades and to bless our people. If those who sow the wind must reap the whirlwind, a generation which sows the seeds of knowledge shall reap the fruit of instruction, in harvests of plenty, and treasures of true glory.

It is not in the present day that those evils have originated which now embarras our statesmen, and harrass those they govern—no, those difficulties which now hamper the energies of our empire, and causes distress amongst our people, are the bitter results of the reckless misgovernment of preceding ages; if the generation of a past day had been as enlightened as this generation, never would the tide of lavish extravagance have been permitted to have borne the vessel of the state so near to those rocks of danger which menace with destruction our country's greatness. But, with the blessing of God, we trust the ship—Great Britain,—shall not thus be wrecked upon a lee shore; the skill and science with which a superior civilization has manned it will never suffer it to become the sport of the storms of

anarchy, or, a toy in the hands of a class to trifle with its safety.

If Nottingham could flourish when half the markets of the world were closed to its industry, can it decline when those of almost the entire world are opening to its enterprise? Cobden, in one of his speeches here, stated, "that of all the trades and towns likely to be most benefitted by the abrogation of the Corn Laws, and the carrying out of the principles of Free Trade, the lace and hosiery were the manufactures, and Nottingham was the town.

It is said that we have lost one golden chance in not having an empire's railroads centred in Nottingham, which, if fixed here, would, undoubtedly, have powerfully promoted our future prosperity. Still, despite this unlucky miss, there is wealth in Nottingham, to constitute a powerful magnet, capable of attracting more gold dust hither. It is an observation of Dr. Johnson's, that capital, once accumulated on a spot, is not easily dispersed from the district where it is accumulated: that if a profitable outlet is not ready made for its beneficial action, it will speedily make one, and go sweeping round and round, like some huge whirlpool, carrying all which touches its circumference to its centre. Thus, if the surplus capital of Nottingham cannot readily find a profitable investment in the staple trades of the town, it will employ its energies in other undertakings to enrich both itself and the district where it is treasured.

By the late extensive enclosure we should imagine that land well adapted for the sites of manufactories is to be purchased here much cheaper than in the environs of most large towns, certainly much cheaper than it could be purchased in the same place before any part of the fields or meadows was enclosed; it is not too much to say that there is as much difference between the price of building land about the borough now, as compared with what it was formerly, as there is between the value of silver and gold. We can remember, a few years ago, when building land at Snenton was selling for £1 sterling per yard, and we have been told of some being lately disposed of, in the fields, for building purposes, at 1s. per yard. Now it is very easy to see that a person will readily give £20 for a foundation, and build a good house with a garden to it, at a total cost of £400, who would never dream of building in the same place if he had to pay £400 before he could put a brick into the ground,—as with houses, so with factories.

The natural advantages of Nottingham are not poor; they

will bear and gain by comparison with those of most towns in England. May we not expect, then, to see establishments brought hither, attracted by that cheapness which is the most tempting bait with which man can fish to catch a capitalist. If the former dearness of land, and the difficulty in obtaining it about Nottingham, possessed repulsive power strong enough to drive large establishments thence (as witness Morley's large concern at Derby, but one instance out of numberless others driven hence solely and wholly by these causes,) shall cheapness and facility possess no attractive power to draw fresh establishments here to benefit those that come, and the town they come to?

We are disposed to think, therefore, that, so far from Nottingham, having obtained the summit of its prosperity, it has not got to the top of the hill by any means,—"a better time's coming boys!" The spirit of this age is far more mild, far more intelligent, and far more philanthropic than that of any age which in this island has preceded it. We hope that the superior knowledge, science, and philanthropy of the present age shall yet elevate the masses of our countrymen to that position to which their industry and intelligence fairly entitle them. We may confidently anticipate better legislation, since we may look forward to possessing an improved and extended suffrage; economy should be more and more practised in our finances, and commerce will be extended by more enlightened legislation: a great impulse will be given to the home trade by the abrogation and lightening of taxation, and comfort imparted to the people in proportion as the sources of it are cleared from those obstructions which impede its genial flow. Those who live to see the next thirty years, will live to see Nottingham go-a-head, and the general state of the empire greatly improved. As the successive strata of the globe were deposited amid the convulsions which disturbed the primal seas, till the law of progression had covered the once bare and barren ribs of the earth with the beauty which we see, and the life which we enjoy, so, amidst the storms of barbarism, has man slowly but steadily progressed, from the savage, who was the sport of the elements, to the being who has enslaved them to his will,—and so shall society (doubt it not) continue to progress, till it attains the noble civilization which God has destined it to reach,—a civilization beside the sunshine of which even all the brightness of this age shall look like a November day beside the glories of unclouded June.*

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A VISIT TO A LUNATIC ASYLUM,

With a Glance at some of the Worst Cases, and a Sermon from a Philosopher confined therein.

THE first object that impinged upon our optic nerve, on passing from the sane to the insane world, was a very harmless individual, looking like the most ferocious murderer in a wax-work collection. He held a lighted taper in his hand, wherewith he was amusing himself by singeing the hair off his occiput, grinning like a bear sitting on a blister every time he applied the light, and howling like a wolf baying at the moon every time he took it away. On our stopping a moment to regard him, he immediately extinguished his light by putting it into his mouth, and then staring at us as straight as a squinting man could do, he chanted the following—

Folks arn't such fools as some folks style 'em,
For spite of any yarn they spin;
There are bigger fools out of this asylum,
Than ever there are, sir, in!

"Who's that?" we inquired of our guide, pointing to a queer little man, who came strutting like a peacock with its tail up just before us, with an air of immense self-importance, stretching out his limbs, and spreading out his arms, as though he had the cramp in the calves of his legs and the ticdoloreux in his fingers. "That," replied my companion, "is a gentleman with a confused idea of things in general, who fancies everything is *his'n* that *isn't*. He walks about the house holding imaginary conversations with his son John, and a host of people known and unknown, visible and invisible. I've seen him talking to the drawing room door, squeezing it by the handle, and mistaking it for a lady for hours together. Anything he sees lying about belonging to anybody he pockets if he can, or puts under his coat or into his inexpressibles if he can't, and marches off incontinent with his booty, feeling as gratified, and looking as intensely happy as a man who has just perpetrated a virtuous action." We were much amused the other day by a scene which occurred betwixt him and yon pale little shrimp of a man, who lost his heart about twenty years ago, and was such a simpleton as to let his head go after it This latter was just getting into bed one fine summer evening about five o'clock p.m., imagining it to be midnight, (we

let them go to bed here when they please); when the gentleman who imagines the solar system to be his private property, happening to come strutting by the open door, he immediately laid hold of the skirt of the other's shirt, swearing he was getting into his bed, and taking heaven to witness, he would not have his property so trespassed on. "This man's getting into my bed," said he. "Come out. You've no business here, you know you hav'nt" he sputtered, tugging at the other's body-linen like a ringer at a bell-rope. The other party, who suffers much from the persecutions of an imaginary female named Miss Stanger, who, as he often states is always teasing him, feeling something holding on tight, and howling away behind him, began to kick and plunge about ever so madly, and finally exploded like an infernal machine in a shower of awful interjections and thundering thwacks, and on entering the room half a dozen of us had much ado to separate them, so tightly did they hing and cling to each other, howling and growling like a couple of buffalos chanting a duet in a cane-brake."

We here entered a room where about a dozen of the patients were sitting round a square table dining together. "Well, Mr. East," exclaimed my companion, addressing one of them, a short stout good looking gentleman with a whiskerless face, "How do you like your dinner to-day, sir?" "Like it!" exclaimed the party addressed, turning up his nose with an air of infinite disgust—"Like it! bull beef to-day, bull beef to-morrow, and bull beef yesterday; why, it's enough to poison a bull dog!" "What d'ye call that bull beef you are now eating?" enquired the attendant. "Certainly," returned the other. "Why look, sir," rejoined my companion, "if it isn't as good a calf's head as ever was boiled." "I know what I know," replied the other. "When I was at home, I dined on nothing but game cocks, and female hens, roasted turkey, and boiled chickens; but since I came here, I've nothing to digest but bull beef, and tup mutton! See how thin I'm getting," said he, looking like a man of sixteen stone, "look how pallid I'm becoming," turning towards us a visage as florid as a pickled cabbage, "I shall soon be in a galloping consumption,—I shall," he continued, looking as jolly as the fattest alderman in the most corpulent corporation. "This man looks with diseased eyes upon all the food that is set before him," whispered my attendant; "his toast is always toasted too brown, and his meat roasted too black. We gave him a duck and green peas one day to try him. He ate them all up, and then sai the duck was hatched from a rotten egg, and the peas grown in a cabbage bed!"

"Who's that?" we enquired as a consumptive looking individual passed by us, as tall as a short lamp post, and about as fat as a long one. He doesn't look to me like a man who has lost his senses, but more like one who has never found them. "You're quite right, sir," said my guide; "that man is like a certain popular author's style—hazy often, but only crazy sometim s."

"Pop! goes the weasel!" shouted a voice close at our ears. We turned round quickly, rather startled by the sudden exclamation, and beheld a short bald headed corpulent gentleman, executing a *pas de seul* with considerable agility, twisting his legs and arms about in all kinds of forms and attitudes. "Have you seen my essay on the cholera morbus?" he exclaimed, suddenly making a *pas volant*, and alighting just before us balancing himself on one foot while he flourished about the other as if it didn't belong to him. "No," we exclaimed, "Have you had it printed?" "See you hanged first!" said he, bringing down his leg with a tremendous stamp, and executing the double shuffle with amazing rapidity accompanying himself with his thumbs and fingers like a pair of castanets. "A droll subject that," said my guide, as the person alluded to flew off to play his pranks and cut his capers in another part of the establishment. The gravity of that man's business, (an undertaker's) has proved too much for his natural gaiety. His profession imposed upon him the necessity of looking so supernaturally solemn while feeling so audaciously lively that under these circumstances of grave restraint and gay impulse, his spirits have suddenly effervesced like pop from a bottle too tightly compressed, and he has passed from the most sedate self-control to the wildest harum scarum. In fact, nothing but one of the straitest of strait jackets (a coffin) would ever sober him down to perfect quietude. 'Tis a great pity he was not put to a more congenial occupation, for a more excellent hearted fellow does not exist in or out of the asylum than he. "There he goes again," the attendant exclaimed, as a whistling like a wood of canaries burst upon our ears, followed by a cock crowing that almost split our tympanum, while the ceiling shook above us as if a bullock were dancing the buffalo-polka at the top of the building, thumping with its hoofs on the floor like drumsticks on a drum, with its tail twisted into a corkscrew, as wild as a mop a twirling.

"Take your infernal skulls away," here exclaimed a voice from the corner of the room we had just entered, emanating from a gentleman amusing himself by sitting by the fireside, and

contemplating his toes which were turned up towards his nose. "Don't you see I am the lord of the isles," said he, "and Col. Macdonald and the Duke of Argyle are coming to blow the blue bells of Scotland to the d—l? It's the lord of the isles I tell you, and he'll telegraph round a thousand Europes, and blow all your heads and tails to pyclets and pincushions," said he, "and we shall get our dinners and teas and suppers along with my grandfather Neptune, and an eye like Mars to threaten and command in a bower of convulsions, with a Spanish hat and a robe of silver and gold.—Take your skulls away, I tell you, or I'll telegraph round a thousand Europes." Here he began to sing the following song, which I took down as it issued from his lips:—

Tobacco-pipes, I'll telegraph,
And twist fire round an iceberg tree,
And all the candlesticks shall laugh,
At milestones on a mulberry tree;
In leap-frog, pitchforks, I'll convey,
My mouth shall be a dumpling small!
The bullfrog shall in comets play,
And elephants from windmills fall!

All moonshine shall from gravy flow,
In sixpences I'll put all peas:
The bugles shall the blisters row,
Church steeples whistle till they freeze!
Nine-pins shall sneeze when apples fall,
The tinderboxes split the grave;
And snowballs swoon when crabtrees call,
While chanticleer the moon shall shave!

Here, a rather desponding looking personage came up to us, and with a prefatory and portentous shake of his head said,—(addressing my guide) "Those villains yonder mean doing me yet; they're conspiring against me as usual, and I know that they mean to murder me before night!" "Nonsense! Mr. Arran," rejoined my guide, you have now been here six months, and every day since you came, you have told us the same story. But nobody has injured you yet, and nobody will. "Oh! don't talk to me," replied the other, "you are as bad as the rest; you are all plotting against me together, and you'll finish by doing me after all," said he, with another portentous shake of his

head, as he stalked solemnly away. This man is always fancying that some one is plotting against him, with the intention of inflicting upon him some deadly injury'" said my guide,' which hallucination of his constitutes a common delusion of insanity.''

Our attention was next attracted by a lady rather gaudily dressed coming close up to one of the windows smirking, and grimacing like a tragedy queen on the boards of Old Drury,—and declaiming with intense earnestness and volubility, in language to which though we listened intently, we could attach no meaning. "That is the style she goes on with from morning till night," observed my guide, always declaiming, grimacing and singing. In fact, she is the maddest subject here, as mad as all Bedlam, and strange to say, I've seen letters written by her at her worst, full of the most coherent sense, and pregnant with the finest feeling. In fact, there is no defining where reason ends and madness begins, for there is so much sense mixed up with the one, and nonsense with the other, that the most sagacious doctor is frequently puzzled to define which is which,—to say, who is a fool, in fact, and who isn't.

"Is that a baby, yon lunatic young lady is nursing so carefully, we enquired, as a comely female passed the window, with something in her arms, which she appeared to be nursing, with the greatest solicitude?" "Baby!" replied the attendant! oh, dear no! sir; we darn't trust babies with people like her. Miss Henrietta, he shouted, we thought rather inconsistently with his words; here is a gentleman wishes to have a peep at your beautiful boy. Up the young lady addressed came, running immediately to the window, which my cicerone opened, and lifting up the corner of her shawl, disclosed not a baby, but a bolster, dressed exactly like one, with cap and hat, and feather, all complete. "Isn't he like his father?" exclaimed the young lady, as we stood staring at this unexpected apparition. "Hush! you'll waken him, the dear little creature, if I don't mind," she continued, without giving us time to reply, and running off in another direction, with her precious little darling.

But we'll now walk into the grounds, continued my communicative philosophising friend, and I'll point out to you some more cases. Passing through a door in front we emerged upon the recreation grounds attached to the institution. "You seem to have a fine prospect here," we exclaimed addressing one of the patients, "yes, very on a fine day," said he. But see, he continued, as a vivid flash of lightning flashed from a large heavy cloud to the right, passing on the wind miles away, "what a big

fire the angels are kindling up above. They must be going to have a deal of company to-day to dinner, I should say."

"Holloa!" exclaimed one of the attendants close to my elbow, "there's that confounded Jackson throwing his shirt over the wall again," running up at the same time to an individual who had just parted with all his body linen, by pitching it over the brickwork, and then relaxing into his apparent usual state of stolidity. "Is that his usual mode of manifesting his aversion to clean linen," we enquired of a little old man close by. "Yes, sir, it is," said he. "That man is a nephew of Tom Hoods orator; you know, he who vindicated the great principles of liberty by leaving off the use of soap, in order to ruin the government by breaking the excise."

"Yon individual holding an imaginary conversation with all the bricks in yon corner of the wall," remarked my guide, "is a curious case of mental aberration; we cannot do better than listen a moment to his monologue, if you desire to hear what a little genuine raving is. Listen—said the attendant, as the lunatic alluded to—poured out a torrent of words, as far as I could follow him, something in this style:—"You know, Sarah, as I told you, how can you give me the key. The house is all on fire, and you're in the midst of the flame, therefore it's evident I should singe my whiskers off and scorch my shadow from my body if I attempted to get to you, though you know I only just gave the man a tap on the head with my forefinger, and up it went through his brains like a tenpenny nail, till all his ribs stuck out like a row of palisades. Of course I saw him when with doubled fist and foot stuck on the church weathercock he struck at the nose of Jupiter and smashed a mouth out of the tooth of Mars, and he struck and he struck and he struck till he punched the head of the man in the moon." "Yon poor little fresh-colored old man with eyes that with no speculation glare withal," said my guide, diverting my attention from the unfinished harangue, "is perhaps one of the saddest cases in the place. Yet he, who cannot even recognize himself has his accesses of merriment. When we get up a dance; sometimes he joins us, and hops and bounces about like a kangaroo playing at leap-frog with its own shadow, till you'd imagine him the liveliest person in the place. Yon poor old fellow with a nose like Punch and a hat like Marshal Blucher, is a character in his way, as amiable as benevolence when he can have his own way, but swearing and cursing horribly when he can't."

"But look!" he exclaimed; "there is our philosopher, pre-

paring to commence the oration he promised us. He has been confined here about ten months. No one would suppose, to hear his conversation, but he was as sane as either you or me—sometimes we have thought that he was sane, then again we have imagined he was mad; we have thought occasionally that he was both at once, and then again we have thought he was neither. He has given us several speeches, and the only sign of lunacy about them has been that sometimes—after speaking very sensibly—he has broken off in the midst of them into mysterious episodes (which prove the existence of his malady) that appeared to have neither head nor tail to them, and that nobody could make out to their satisfaction—and when asked for an explanahis only answer has been:—Ah! if you don't understand me, somebody else will, or who shall offend any of these little ones who believe in me. See how the patients are now flocking round him on the green; but now, mark beforehand—if while speaking very reasonably he does not diverge into something so mysterious, that you will not be able to know what he means;—something with the show of good sense, but in which, puzzle at it as you may, you will not discover the meaning. Come along," he continued, walking off, followed by myself, to a part of the grounds where the person he had pointed out was beginning to address the patients in something like the following terms:—

"I wish to address an oration on insanity and suicide to you mad folks in this asylum—hoping that through you it may reach the equally insane people out. There is no doubt but that we are both mad; it is only a question of degree, which shall be patients and which shall be keepers: with this short preface, I'll proceed to business.

"The frequent occurrence of suicide, together with the large amount of insanity existing in this country, assuredly demonstrates the fact that there is something in our civilization which requires common sense analysis and christian amelioration. It is a humiliating thing for the Anglo-Saxon race—who are so proud of the results of their industry, their intelligence, and their freedom—to contrast the statistics of the insanity and suicide of either Britain or America, with the amount of both in countries like Russia or Spain; and to note how comparatively lightly life's worst evils afflict these last, and how heavily they fall on countries so much more advanced than they. We have no less than 50,000 to 60,000 lunatics in Great Britain and Ireland, and the number of suicides, in England alone, amounts to 1 every six hours—4 every day—28 every week—112 every month

—1,400 every year—14,000 every ten years—or 140,000 in the century.

"In this age of great cities and crowded populations, men's energies are tasked and their mind and nature tried as they never were before. Whilst the high-pressure motive forces of society are impelling us faster and sending us further than any preceding ages ever went; the consequent strain upon men's energies and mental powers is daily incapacitating many from supporting the unceasing wear and tear of life. Many of us living in a crowd, in whose close precincts everything is brought to a focus—those whose nervous system do not enable them to bear up against the continued heat and pressure and incessant struggle, eventually succumb to what their strength has become too weakened to endure, and sink into the various forms of insanity, or by suicide relieve themselves of a life which has become a burden. When any unpleasantness arises now-a-days, betwixt man and man, it is rendered trebly harmful by the closer proximity in which the minds and bodies of men are placed in this country of great cities and dense populations. We can't move without treading on somebody's toes, nor scarcely speak without hurting some one's feelings. A civil war in Britain, now, would be more rife with horrors than all our previous civil and foreign conflicts put together; simply because there are so many of us so closely packed together, in such comparatively contracted limits. The flurry and worry of our peace harrass men's minds and spirits infinitely more than ever they did before, for precisely the same reason. Since we cannot escape from each other's influence, then; we ought to be cautious in our behaviour, and courteous in our demeanour; otherwise, there is no calculating what an amount of unseen but certain mischief we may unwittingly cause. Day after day, week after week, year after year, we must now-a-days meet, at the closest quarters, the influence which—to our benefit or to our bane—our fellow-men will infallibly exercise upon our individual being. To hear some people talk, and judge others—we might imagine that there was nothing that could be more readily measured and comprehended than the mind and nature of man; whereas, all the literature and science of men put together only most superficially and most pedantically express a fraction of its experience, its nature, and its life. A man's mind may be reduced to almost as bad a state of insanity as it can possibly fall into, and yet nobody about him has the remotest perception of his real state: in the generality of cases, the man himself has no suspicion of the truth; he feels

that he is haunted by morbid, odd feelings, and painful strange thoughts, and he cannot think what is the matter with himself; if he appeals to his common-sense friends,—possessing only a perception of material facts and blind to everything less palpable, they will reply, "how full of fancies you are,—you're one of heaven's unaccountables,—you're like nobody, and nobody's like you,"—when the man is completely overwhelmed and struggling with all his sinking energy as men only can struggle when drowning, or in some such desperate emergency, with the evil which will first strain his strength and finally overwhelm him; He will be abused and thought harshly of at a time when—of all others—sympathy and kindness are most essential to him. The very wrong estimates that will be formed of him, and the unkind *de travers* treatment which he will receive, coupled with his disorder, will at last most likely drive him utterly frantic. I really think this judicial blindness of humanity to its worst evil is the worst fact in insanity. It places a man utterly beyond the reach and perception and sense of human sympathy, in a horrible solitary wilderness, where, like Prometheus chained to his lonely rock, the lunatic must suffer, far away from all his fellows whatever pangs he may be destined to undergo. It has caused men to be put to the torture—to which, that which the Indian inflicts on his victim is a trifle—for the very things for which their fellows should have pitied them most profoundly. Most men; I myself have met men, who were walking the very day I met them on their way to commit suicide, and yet I had no suspicion whatever that such was the fact—and others, like me, have had none in similarcases.—I remembered when it was committed, I could then recollect that their manner of talking appeared rather excited at the time I met them, that was all. The little ripple on the surface did not, however, disclose the immense convulsion of the centre. The human mind is a *terra incognita* to itself; it may well be so to others: it is like a complicated machine in health; out of gear, who then shall understand it?

"A great national struggle with any other nation outside ourselves, could not by the horrors of war even inflict such injuries upon hundreds of thousands of sensitive and delicate natures, as the jarring discords of our peace are now inflicting. at this moment. The appalling, kind, and amount of untold suffering which many poor, down-trodden souls, trodden down in the crowd have endured, which at last breaks out like the fire from a volcano, in insanity or suicide, neither I, nor any other hu-

man being can realise. And amongst the causes which I have seen assigned, as being productive of suicide and insanity, I never saw the unkindness of man to man—the inhumanity of man to man—the cruelty of man to man—the brutality of man to man—assigned, which I am thoroughly persuaded cause at least half of the increasing amount of the suicide and madness which, as a nation, we have such just reason for deploring.

Half the oppressions of life, indeed, would be removed, if men would meet each other with reason, kind feeling, and respect, where they now encounter each other with ignorance, hatred, and hostility. Though necessity may compel us to cut down the enemies of all progress on the field of war, surely that is only an additional reason that we should not cut each other up as we do in the paths of peace. If the world generally could only become imbued with a more refined and humane spirit, with the spirit of Christ, in fact, half the worst evils of life would be prevented; for it is true, indeed, that at least that amount of them is induced by the unkind action, the brutal action, the destructive action of man upon his fellow creatures. Ignorance wears away the nerves and spirits of refinement. The coarse feeling of the many neutralizes the fine feeling of the few. We are quick to exact and slow to exonerate. We are harsh when we should be kind, and indifferent when we should be sympathetic. We are often too just to be generous, and too righteous to be merciful; and so the godlike principles of Christianity which are "Love one another; do good to them that hate you; be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," are read only to be admired, and remembered only to be considered as too Utopian to be carried out by this very enlightened, practical, business world. Thus it often happens that our tender mercies to each other are most cruel, and society leaves the most complete, because voiceless despair, without a hope; and the most abject, because most helpless misery, without a refuge In our wonderful worldly wisdom, we say "God helps those who help themselves." So He does. But for those who cannot help themselves, He will ask an account of those who might have assisted, but did not aid them. "I was cold and hungered, athirst, and sick, and in prison, and ye did not visit me." The charity of many noble spirits has founded many institutions for the benefit of humanity. We should like to see colonies established for the prevention of insanity and suicide—where minds weakened in the conflicts of life might find a refuge—where agricultural employment might rebrace the unstrung nerves of

sedentary suffering, and impart renewed strength to the broken spirit—where insanity, in its incipient state, might be arrested and ameliorated before it became desperation;—where the unhappy might, if necessary, find a home for life;—where the weak-hearted might be taken in and comforted, and the down-trodden raised up again. Such a colony is not an impossibility; would to heaven we could see such an one established! one whose oasis should open wide to speechless suffering, and shut all noisy whining imposture out.

Much indeed has been done for the curing of insanity; would that half as much were done for its prevention. There are means, indeed, of rendering sedentary work almost as healthy as out-of-door labour,—and I think that the masses are beginning to have some perception of them, and will ultimately find them. Our short observation of life has proved to us, that several people whom we have known commit suicide, if they could have attained another week's fortitude to have borne up against their troubles, would at this hour have been living, happy and honoured members of society. But the impatience of their misery prevented them ever enjoying the happier days that were approaching, and so in a moment of rashness they have flung to the dust the glorious gift that none but God can give, the glorious gift that none but He should take away. We wish to say to the unhappy, in the spirit of a friend, and with the fervour of a brother, never despair of the secret but benignant power who created reason, who created all the beauty you ever saw, all the kindness you ever experienced, all the happiness man ever can hope for. Never despair of the power who created the morning, whose radiant face smiles from heaven like a God upon this glorious world. We sin more through want of faith than through any other want. To despair is to worship evil for your god, is to become the sport of fear, accident, or passion,—is to renounce reason and become mad. Be sure you're mad if you've lost all hope, and pray to be restored to reason.

The position of a man is often, indeed, an unfortunate one, who has once been insane; on his becoming convalescent, the odds frequently are, that simply by the position in which he is placed, such a disturbance will be excited in his individual being as is anything but couducive to his mental and moral health. The past will disturb his mind; and without superhuman efforts on his part, and the special mercy of God, to sustain him, he will feel himself sinking again into the abyss out of which he has just got his head. If not so unfortunate, he will be very lucky indeed if he

do not stumble into one or two false steps, which—like a man staggering under a load, and jostled and jeered by a crowd—he can scarcely avoid falling into.

I lately was reading a letter writen by a man who had been insane, which illustrates the truth of these observations;—and as I cut it out of the newspaper, and have it here, I will just read that portion of it which illustrates the truth of my observations. He says:—Is it at all right to reproach a man in the day of his reason for what he may have said or written when his mind was temporarily eclipsed? or to judge his character by the mistakes he may have fallen into when in a state of such depression, excitement, weakness, and morbid disease, as rendered him like a leaf tossed at the pleasure of any breeze? Is dealing with such a man in such a manner calculated to prevent evil or to cause it? Will its tendency be to make him better or worse? Or rather by the false light in which he is conscious that it causes him to be regarded, by the shadow that it casts over his path, and the stumbling block that it places before his feet, will not such treatment have a strong tendency to cause mischief that might otherwise have been prevented, and to bring evil upon such a man, which otherwise he might have escaped.

I know by experience that such treatment will so affect such a man. But is it just to reap up the mistakes from the past of such a man, and try to cast them across his brighter future? Mistakes, too, made by a mind placed in such circumstances, and reduced to such a condition, that the wonder is not that it took the false steps that it did take, but that it had such an amount of self command left in circumstances and conditions where most men would have lost it altogether—as to avoid taking those which would have been fatal and irretrievable.

Do not let us have one kind of justice for this man and another for that, but let us have the same justice for all, and so reduce society, not to a mutual improvement society, but to a society to destroy the improvement which has been made. Have you never taken any false steps that you regret? I speak not to one but to many. Is there nothing to be found in the first editions of your lives that you would gladly correct, if a second edition were permitted? I might say all this to you, or I might not. But if the truth itself were to speak for me, it would certainly force the conviction upon the most reluctant and prejudiced mind, that if it had been bound in the position, chained by the conditions, imprisoned in the circumstances, and stretched for the long weary course of helpless and despairing years upon the rack of suffering that I was stretched upon, there are few men

that would have a ray of reason left at this moment to reflect or understand any reasoning, and most men at this instant would be, not on the sod, but under it.

In stating my case, I have always prejudiced and crippled it from this cause alone—that I never would state anything that might injure or prejudice others. I've preferred damaging my own cause, rather than to damage anyone else. My life was sunk to what appeared to be a pain without an end, by adhering, through a mistaken sense of duty, and at a cost of suffering that would make any one shudder, if they could only realize one-tenth of it, to that which I ought to have ran away from, and which, if I had had a quarter of the sense that I have now, I never would have gone to at all. A stirring business would have suited me, but a monotonous, sedentary one, I cannot tell you what that and its accompaniments did for me.

We are, indeed, as unable to enter into the experience, to appreciate the position, to realize the feelings, and attain a true knowledge of the character of a person, different from our individual one, as we are to enter into the planet Jupiter Even the doctor may sometimes err, who feels the pulse and knows the patient; and if the doctor err, any one else may well distrust their judgment, unless they make it in the spirit of their Master. Before that secret tribunal of the mind, before which we are all compelled occasionally to stand, and where the unveiled truth that we cannot escape from forces upon us, through all the mists of self delusion, the knowledge of what we really are; how different, how very different is the reality, and are the reminiscences which that truth presents to my soul, to the delineations which have been given of me by those who should have known better.

I cannot answer every one who may take pleasure in the injury or destruction of their fellow creatures. I'm afraid the task would be an endless one. I leave such people to the correction of their own lives, and to the chastisement of their own memories; which will be sure, sooner or later, to give them a far severer punishment than I should like to inflict on any one: but when beings of a different order, imposed upon by their insinuations, apparently countenance them in a style which transcends beauty but does not equal the truth, it is time to say something in vindication of the life, honour, character, and memory of one who in the sight of true judgment may rank even higher than those who deem themselves so immeasurably above him. How have I been misjudged! I should have expected a different verdict from generous and exalted minds. But the truth gives it! and I *care very little now* for what man may either say of me or do at me!

There would long ago have been a very different history to this out, if the case had been at all like what some may have possibly imagined. He has paid to the truth the homage of an honest heart, too sincere to deceive or betray in the least iota, and too conscientious knowingly to injure any of his fellow creatures: truth has nothing to reproach him with for the past, but much to congratulate him for in the present: and he has no reason to fear the truth of the future, let it bring what it may. I have no doubt but that many a poor, forlorn, downtrodden spirit, weaker than water, and as poverty-stricken and as powerless as paupers, or, as my friend, have died mad or broken-hearted in analogical circumstances, gibbetted by the blind, obtuse, and unequal justice of this world, which works on the principle that every one who may assume the function can play the judge, and fathom and comprehend the human mind which baffles even a philosopher to understand indeed. I have no doubt but that many poor downcast, downhearted creatures, with their strength trampled into weakness, and everything which should have been held sacred outraged in the grossest manner, have perished most miserably without the power of expressing their truth, too broken-down in spirit and in fortune—to vindicate either their life or their memory from the unjust judgment passed upon both. The more they have striven to get right, the more have they got wrong; the more they have struggled in the net of circumstances, the more hopelessly and inextricably have they become involved in its meshes Depressed unnaturally, by the long and desperate struggle, in the course of which they have been humiliated and treated more ignominiously than slaves, their spirit has become as broken as their fortune: they have lost all confidence in their own ideas and the truth which was in them, till they darn't even think, much less have they been hardy enough to assert that their soul was their own. Intimidated, at last, in their weak and helpless poverty-stricken state, out of all self-possession; involved in an imbroglio of miserable circumstances which has gathered around them in spite of all their best efforts, and which they have been as unable to explain as to dissipate, they have succumbed helplessly at last, to a terrorism as real, obtuse, and ruthless—and more calamitous in its consequences —than that in which the victims of Carrier perished, which has so interfered with their internal individual life, and so disturbed and oppressed all the springs of their nature, that, at last, it has made of them just whatever it pleased. They have floundered on, struggling with their weakness, which has made it a burden

even to carry themselves, till, at last, they have sunk helplessly to the ground; and in this powerless state have been trampled and twisted into all the distorted, unnatural, and monstrous shapes into which ever poor, wretched, helpless souls like them were trampled and distorted, by men who do not know themselves and are as ignorant of their fellow-creatures. Not the wickedest, but the weakest of English kings have lived most unhappily, and perished most miserably amid the brutal barbarians that surrounded them: and vulgar judgment always deem and describes both things and persons as much worse than they are; when enlightened judgment knows that, generally, they are better than they seem. "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

It is an awful function indeed, which we assume, when we go to sit in judgment upon our fellow-man, who may be a better man, perhaps, than ourself only placed in worse circumstances for showing it: wisely, and wonderfully wisely, said our blessed Saviour, "Judge not that ye be not judged; for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged." Philosophers will tell us what mischief unchristian and inhuman judgments have caused; they will tell us, not unseldom, when men like ships had got blown wrong, under conditions in which no man could have kept right, they have snatched from their despairing souls their only chance just while they were in the very act of righting again; they will tell us, that these kind of judgments, by driving men to desperation, have caused many a suicide and many a crime; they will tell us, that such judgments have raised up some of its most formidable enemies against society, who have left wounds upon its body from which it still bleeds; they will tell us, that the only people who delight in them are those who, of all others, have the most reason to deprecate such judgments being applied to themselves; they will tell us, that they have driven sane men mad, and prevented others from ever becoming sane; they will tell us, that they have, not unseldom, caused the very evil which they have imputed, and which would never have occurred had it not been so imputed; they will tell us, that they often impute faults where they do not exist, and always most grossly exaggerate them where they do; they will tell us that such judgments have often crushed strong men into weak men, and weak men into less than men; that they have never made any man better, but have often made many men much worse; they will tell us that if we could see the centre as clearly as we see the surface, and could only know ourselves, as well as we think we know our neighbours, we should

never make such infernal judgments on them as have carried misery and madness, and calamitous death into families, which, but for the bewilderment and confusion of their oppression, would have been living in peace and happiness at this very day! They will tell us to be cautious in judging human mind, character, and conduct, for they will tell us that they are the most difficult and complicated things to judge rightly, of anything, for they will inform us that the general common-place ideas by which we try and test all things, fall as much below the life, the mobility, and the unsuspected movements of the ever-changing and unlimited truth, as the monotonous, mechanical motion of wooden puppets sink beneath the reality of the life and nature of the things which they are intended to represent! Yet, we must not regard with any vindictive feelings any people who may thus in ignorance, perhaps, more than malice, cast the fire of their wordly wisdom upon the raw and bleeding wounds which are aching for the precious balm of christian love. No! we must not hate them, though in the darkness of their prejudices, and the density of their obtuseness, they would show us no mercy; but we must pity them, and love them, and pray for them, and strive to enlighten them, in the spirit of our blessed Lord and Master; and there are a great many generous spirits extant in English society now-a-days, thank heaven! who will kindly assist to do so.

I intended to have adverted to some other matters, but time warns me to conclude. I wish, however, just to say to the stricken spirits of this and after times; something you can do, and do it. Lay your hand upon your heart in the moment of your deepest anguish, and try to say, thank God, for this present evil, as for that perished good. I pray, to rejoice in this affliction, and not to murmur, for it is for some good and wise purpose, if unknown to man, yet known to God!—that will impart to my individual life, even more good in the end, than ever it is causing me evil in the beginning. Yes! if we have an unfortunate lot in this world (and many of us have not a happy one) we can only support our trials with true magnanimity by the invocation of a mightier power than ourselves, and the faith of a better world than this. Religion alone can brighten the gloomy night of calamity, make the soul rise superior to all earthly ill, and breathe through our being a strength and sublimity of feeling that no language has ever shown. There is, indeed, a power that will be, and ought to be, reverenced and adored in our evil fortune, as in our good; in man's night

of anguish, as in the day of pleasure; and if he bows not to it in all humility, it will break him in his pride. Some people will indeed tell you that it is religion itself which drives men mad. Ah! my friends! it is for want of religion alone that the world is thinking and acting like an insane world at this hour! For one person to whom you can point, and say, religion made this man mad! I will show you a thousand, the facts of whose cases prove beyond all question, to have been made hopelessly insane for life, for the want of religion only. Therefore, to calamity we say, there is only one thing by which man can possibly live in the hour of poverty, sickness, danger, battle, insanity, and tribulation,—belief in a God, faith in a merciful Providence, that counts every atom as it controls every world; by whom the very hairs of our heads are numbered, and without whose permission neither prosperity can exalt us nor adversity destroy. So, have courage yet a little while, to support with a resigned spirit the inevitable evils of our lot.

"The storms of wintry time shall quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all."

For myself, I say this in the presence of the God, who knows me that if the choice were now offered me—I should prefer being burnt alive in the cause of truth and humanity, to the riches of Rothschild, the power of Napoleon, and the pleasures of Lucullus. My estimate of all things is changed:—I can feel something at times stirring within me, that is better than anything that ever came out of me, or ever will. I was cast by affliction, which none save He who formed me, can either measure or appreciate, below the dust; and now that I have been raised up, from that unnatural and unimaginable state of depression, into something like the health of my natural state, and the life of my normal character, I understand things better than I did. What is the praise of man worth, which is so often given to the unworthy? given to sham, and trickery, and hypocrisy, and denied to honesty? How much ought man's censure to be feared, when our own conscience gives the lie all along to his miserable and nice and neat denunciation? What weight is there in the one-sided, unequal justice of this world? whose judgment, in my own case, my sense of right informs me, has been so outrageously unjust, that it must be, nay, already is, reversed in a better. What fate can we fear, when we know that God and God's truth are certainly with us, come what may, and that through their strength, our weakness can confidently

brave all things. Numbers may crush us—through want of nerve or means we may be gibbeted;—but while our bodies lie prostrate, and bleeding beneath the hoofs of the insensate barbarism, whose malevolent influence alone caused the mischief, for which it would still further mangle us:—we feel that we are more than conquerors in the sight of Him who alone judges rightly. There is a height of truth above us, of which we have no idea: a glory of goodness around us, to which we are quite blind: a depth of tenderness embracing all things, of which we cannot dream! I can perceive that the fiery path of truth which the glorious army of martyrs trod, led them to something infinitely better, wiser, grander, lovelier, than all we see; led them to heights of sublimity, where they could hear the notes of the harmonies sounding, to which the tears of our best affections are hard, and cold, and dry; and from whose eternal horizon of all-perfect beauty and uncreated light, they have looked down to behold far beneath them the black barbarism of earth, raging like a storm which has past away, the great men of this world sitting in all their miserable littleness, and the wisest philosophy of man flitting about like a blind bat in its cave. It it better for us to die such a death, than for us to live the happiest life which earth can give us. God only gives such a death to those He loves best, and He knows what is best for his children. By great suffering and sore tribulation, are their souls perfected. Tyrants and oppressors of the earth, who believe that no better world than this awaits us, are right as far as themselves are concerned;—and they are only permitted to live in this world to elicit the virtues of their victims which elevate them to a better. For there is a better, where the sorrows of this world shall no more trouble us, and where the justice of this world shall no more wrong; where the laugh of its ourang-ridicule shall no more be heard, and the vileness of its tainted atmosphere shall not contaminate again,—but where the hopes of our innocence shall appear before us, and the good which faith so oft has wept to see; where we shall learn the reason of all our sufferings, and behold the truth at last, for which they sigh!

MECHANICS' INSTITUTES

Much has been written and spoken about the supposed failure of "Mechanics' Institutes" generally. If to do an immense deal of good in a very short time, and standing with their doors open to effect a vast deal more in a longer period; if enlightening the

intellects of thousands with the knowledge of all climes, and elevating the little minds of this age by bringing them into spiritual communion with the grand spirits of all time, be to have failed in effecting the purposes for which Mechanics' Institutes were erected, why then their failure has been complete and decided. But we know that if they have not effected the universal good some expected, they certainly have accomplished more than could be readily estimated; while other institutions have arisen and are springing up by their side to supply their shortcomings; and there they all stand, hundreds of them! scattered all over the land, rising like lighthouses above the storm, guiding ignorance to knowledge, inspiring new life into the genius, brightening the aspect of Britain. Batteries of knowledge whence the electric lightnings of truth silently run along the land in vitalizing streams. Temples of progress, which if never erected, blank and cheerless indeed would seem the aspect of our country to what it appears now, and to what it promises to become. They constitute along with the establishment of more schools, chapels and churches, free libraries, people's colleges, parks, &c., the most grateful though the least noisy part of this age, and the best promise of the better time.

MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS IN NOTTINGHAM.

It is truly surprising in the present day, to behold the massive character and magnificent proportions that the edifices of business in this town are assuming, rivalling castles in size, and cathedrals apparently in durability. We have no doubt, in fact, that many of the warehouses, manufactories, and business-edifices lately erected, and being erected in Nottingham, will endure as long as the old churches, so solid appears their structure, and so promising their appearance of durability. A factory or warehouse 500 years old will be something quite picturesque and romantic, something the poets of the future will apostrophize, and the antiquaries of their age admire. There is something great in the aspect of a building with more windows in it than there are days in the year, and a chimney towering above it taller than a church steeple; and though "the picturesque" of the present day may not be enhanced, or "the romantic" heightened by such erections, it is certain "the useful" is very considerably promoted by their construction. In fact, we live in an age and

in a country wherein neither rich nor poor can afford to do without them. Our manufacturing system, vast as it was, has expanded into something greater. We should all soon have reason to regret, if the buildings wherein Britain's business is transacted were to dwindle and dwindle down into smaller and narrower proportions, and therefore we imagine that we have all reason to rejoice to see them assuming wider and grander dimensions. The places where the manufactures of Britain are carried on, and where her business is transacted, are the pillars of our country's greatness, the supports of her civilization, and the props of her glory! Borrowing the words of Charles Wildbore, we may say—

"Where would Britannia's ships, her glory be,
Her power, her all, oh! commerce, but for thee?"

The spirit of this age seeks to develope little things into greater; not to diminish great things into less. We build our houses more commodiously, lay out our streets on a more spacious scale; our places of business, learning, and pleasure enlarge with the extension of the time, and let us hope, we think we may believe, that as all these things become enlarged, our hearts and minds will partake of the general spirit of expansion.*

A GLANCE AT THE WORLD FROM A GARDEN ON THE CASTLE ROCK.

NOTTINGHAM with its tall chimneys, its spires, and its towers; its 20,000 houses, and 100,000 souls lies beneath us, sending up the smoke of its industry to heaven. The meadows spread out like a giant bowling-green below. The noble castle of Belvoir soars proudly from his throne in the east. Pretty Wilford, with its sunny hill, and Clifton Grove, with its sombre shade, arise up lovely before us. Beyond them we behold the giant wave-like outline of the Leicestershire hills; to the west the country opens like a glade of Eden; while to the north the noble park of Nottingham, with its hanging gardens and fair buildings, arises like a fairy lawn, yet romantic as a Derbyshire dell. Gentle reader, you have heard af the roses of Damascus, her delightful gardens, her beautiful terraces, her fair fountains, and falling cascades;

* First printed in 1854.

you have heard of the rivers for ever bright, and the roses that do not fade; and can Nottingham, proudly throned upon her rock of ages, with her bright meadows and beautiful river, her noble park and historical rock, her romantic walks and enchanting scenery, her majestic mart, beautiful arboretum, and ten thousand gardens, not boast of scenes as fair as those watered by the rivers of Damascus? How often from this spot have we surveyed the glorious panorama of the valley of the Trent through the telescope with which we are now contemplating it. Beginning at the far east, we sweep the wide horizon from Belvoir castle up nearly to Wollaton hall. What varied scenes are those which meet our vision! Homesteads and villages, haystacks and windmills, hamlets and churches, woods and plantations, gardens and orchards, halls and castles, hillsides and valleys, highways and byeways, rivers and railroads, pedestrians, and equestrians, boats and bridges, pasture fields and corn fields, reapers and gleaners, leaders and stackers and thatchers all busily harvesting an empire's plenty; sheep quietly grazing on the slope of the far-off hills; cattle lying lazily down by the side of the silver stream; youths and maidens wandering arm in arm as fifty ages before them have done, absorbed in love's communion; the broad Meadows lying calm as peace in the August sun; the royal road running across from the town to Wilford's ferry, crowded with throngs of honest Englishmen and charming Englishwomen, every one of whom, as Goldsmith says, is a beauty: ourself sitting like a god on our green throne above, in this sweet little garden, contemplating the ceaseless stir of the complete epitome of the world below, and sometimes like a storm blowing a cloud over it all.*

MUSING BY A RIVER.

Musing by a river,
I heard the rolling clang
Of bells the peal deliver
A bridal welcome rang.

And o'er the water glancing,
Beheld a party gay;

* From "Walkings and Talkings about Home," by the Author of "My Magazine."

With azure banner dancing
In heaven's declining ray.

On came a carriage rolling,
Outburst repeated cheers;
A royal welcome trolling
To the occupants it bears.

The clarion played out loudly,
Struck up the booming drum;
On went the horsemen proudly,
The bride escorting home.

There came a sudden flushing
Of pleasure through my soul,
As o'er the river rushing,
That bridal welcome stole.

I thought this is the spirit,
Wherein to meet each other,
To honour every merit,
And hail each honest brother.

But the world gives but to wealth,
What man should give to man;
'Twill boast no social health,
Till it boast a better plan.

ROLL THOU BRIGHT RIVER.—A SONG.

Roll thou bright river for ever and ever!
Roll thou bright river for ever away!
Blushing and flushing,
And gushing and rushing,
Through the darkness of night, and the brightness of day.

Roll thou fair river for ever and ever!
Roll thou fair river for ever away!
Gleaming and beaming,
And dreaming and streaming,
Through the snows of December, and sunshine of May.

Roll thou bright river for ever and ever!
Roll thou bright river for ever away!
Turning and twining,
And singing and shining,
From the past to the present, and future alway!

OH! DOS'T THOU REMEMBER, MY DEAREST?

Oh! dost thou remember, my dearest,
The day that thou wandered with me?
The sweetest, the brightest, the fairest,
My life ever saw or shall see!
When all seemed as happy around us,
As the rapture which brightened my breast;
And repeating the vows which had bound us,
My life with its darling was blest:
Oh! dost thou remember, my dearest,
The day that thou wandered with me?
The sweetest, the brightest, the fairest,
My life ever saw or can see!

Like the sunshine that gladdened creation,
Thy virtue, love! hallowed my life;
By the light of whose fair revelation,
I hailed thee; I blessed thee, my wife!
Where flowers beneath us were springing,
And slowly we passed on our way,
While birds all around us were singing,
The grace and the glory of day;
Oh! dost thou remember, my dearest,
The day that thou wandered with me?
The sweetest, the brightest, the fairest,
My life ever saw or can see!

SONG.

She's frank and she's fair, and her black satin hair,
Flows soft round the brow that awakens my ditty;
If I could I would speak now, the blush of her cheek, now,
But its smile can alone tell the beauty of pity.

She's a glorious girl, she's a beautiful pearl,
A white lily steeped in the rose of the dawning;
Through her modest young face, and her maidenly grace,
Her beautiful spirit now shines like the morning!

Erect as a queen, she moves over the green,
With footstep as free, as the deer of the mountains;
As graceful she glides as a swan onward rides,
To seek out his fair on the flow of the fountains.

She's a classical lip, it were pleasure to sip,
It kisses as bees sip the spring-bloom of roses;
By the throat we behold, is the loveliness told,
Of the bosom concealed underneath that reposes.

Like the star of the sky, beams her beautiful eye,
The light of its love, will be day to the lover,
Of the soul she entrances with her loving glances
Of affection, as true as the star to the rover.

WHEN I DIE.

When I die, one visit pay,
To my grave, and come alone;
Breathe no sigh above my clay,
Drop no tear upon my stone,
For my dust despair would move,
Should my angel weep above!

Blessings on my gentle maid,
With her music-breathing voice;
Blessings on the soul which bade
E'en this grief-worn heart rejoice:
O'er my tomb, love! breathe a prayer,
Let me feel my angel near!

Blessings on that happy bosom,
With its young angelic heart;
I beheld them, but to lose them!
I adored thee, but to part!
O'er my tomb, love! breathe a prayer,
Let me know my angel near!

GENIAL Leigh Hunt, in one of his beautiful volumes, says, in terms tantamount to these, speaking of Dante and Tasso, that they were the most religious poets among their contemporaries, and the most miserable of any. But it was not because they were religious that they became miserable, but through being miserable that they became religious. Any man passing through such suffering as Dante's, and especially such as Tasso's, must be more brutish than a brute, and more insensible than a stone, or more mad than Ajax Telamon in his wildest fury,—if, after undergoing or passing through such an ordeal, they could remain altogether insensible to the only power which can lessen the weight of anguish, and turn calamity into good. No man, after undergoing such terrible trials, can issue out of them with the light fantastical spirit of the light-headed children of this world. How can they? how ought they? who have been compelled by destiny to look beneath the appearances of this vain and deceitful world, "into the dark foundations on which our being rests?" I thought this expression needed this comment, stampt as it is, with the name of a good man and true.

A SONG.

I NEVER saw a scene so fair,
As that which meets my view;
Expanding round us far and near,
Beneath the heaven so blue!
It smiles before me like a land,
I never saw before;
Yet rich as memory's vernal strand,
Where bloom'd the hopes of yore!

Thou beautiful and brilliant stream,
With happiness I sigh,
To see thy silver waters gleam,
Again before mine eye!
To view thy flood, its light display,
Among the woods so green;
And watch thee winding far away,
Along the splendid scene!

Fair landscape! where all charms combine,
I fain the scene would sing;

Where woods, and wilds, and waters shine,
Beneath the smile of spring;
While purple hills afar arise,
Encircling your array,
Until beneath the cloudless skies,
They melt in heaven away!

I never saw a scene so fair,
As that which meets my view;
Expanding round us far and near,
Beneath the heavens so blue!
It spreads before me like a land,
I never saw before;
Yet rich as memory's vernal strand,
Where bloomed the hopes of yore!

"Blessed is the man that hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

Ever bright as the blush of thy youth,
May the morning of earth shine on thee;
May sweet as the smile of thy truth,
All the years of thy destiny be;
Serene as the day-star of light,
Thy spirit first dawned upon mine,
Returns like the love-star of night,
Evermore on my being to shine,
Ever sweet! what can fortune give sweeter than this?
The smile of thy love, and the joy of thy kiss!

CHRISTMAS.

Black, the biting bitter breezes,
Blow across the weary wold;
Fierce the blast of Christmas freezes,
White upon the wintry mould;
Sah!—ah!—ah!—'tis bitter cold,
Wending on the dreary wold!

White the slanting snow is sleeting,
Arrowy icicles so keen;

Fiercely in our faces meeting,
Turn which way we will I ween;
Sah!—ah!—ah!—'tis bitter keen,
Travelling through the wintry scene!

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

INSTINCT—The magnetic needle which points to a law of nature.

A DRINKING people will never be a thinking people; and a thinking people will never be a drinking people.

THE greatest mercy this world shows, 'tis true,
Is oft the worst—that its worst men can do.

THE greatest fact in life is—Death!

REASON can only put down what is objectionable in society by putting up something perfectly unexceptionable.

THE wisdom of Woman's loving heart discovered the fate of Franklin, which the great and mighty British Government with all its immense resources of wealth and wisdom could not find; the wisdom of Woman's loving heart would have saved Franklin and all his men, if it had only possessed a thousandth part of the resources of the country which could only lose them.

SCIENCE,—the experience of the past: Faith,—the prophecy of the future.

HEART,—with some people a mere mechanical muscle.

To play a natural part, as the world goes, is simply to play the part of a natural.

WHATEVER country our nose we poke in,
We find all nations take delight in smoking.

THE revolutions of the physical world are from west to east: of the moral world from east to west.

A GOOD poem is one which transcends competition, and defies imitation.

WITHOUT the blunders of the past, could we have had the wisdom of the present?

Is not the man who believes in a false religion nearer to the truth, than the man who believes in none?

GOD created truth: man invented fiction.

THE prose of marriage is sweeter than the poetry of courtship.

THE TYPHOON.

ROLLING, pitching, plunging,
Through the rocking seas;
Shivering, quivering, lunging,
In the lashing breeze;
Water-mountains dashing,
On our vessel's beams;
Through the thunder-crashing,
And the lightning-streams.

Rising, falling, wheeling,
On the fighting waves;
Like a drunkard reeling
Over opening graves;
Ocean's wrath without us,
Nature's fear within,
Wrapp'd the gloom about us,
Nature's typhoons spin.

On the ship goes, sweeping
O'er the watery plain;
On the ship goes, leaping
Through the roaring main!
Skill and courage steering,
Safely through the storm;
What can skill and daring
Blended—not perform?

THE OPENING OF THE ARBORETUM.

WHOE'ER can forget that is here to survey,
The opening of our Arboretum to day!
What a sight round its amphitheatre displayed!
On the hills, in the hollows, are thousands arrayed!
A mass of life moved like an outspreading ocean,
When the tides of the morn set its billows in motion.
'Tis grand o'er the water to gaze on the green,
And view the vast circle now crowding the scene,
While the songs of the singers rise sweet from the ground,
And the music breathes joy from musicians around;
All hearts seem unclouded, tho' clouded the sun,
And every soul eagerly joins in the fun:—
Some playing at kissing, some dancing, some courting,
Some smoking, some joking, some laughing, all sporting;
While the pretty girls smile, the soul-beam of whose eyes
Flashes light on the dull, and delight on the wise;
And, despite of the dust and the threatening weather,
Ten thousands of souls all feel happy together.
Thank heaven, here's one ground all sects can combine in,
A reunion all parties with pleasure can join in,
Where, throwing off gladly the fetters they hate,
Social spirits can join in fraternity's *fête*;
The future will think of this opening we see,
As the present thinks now of that future to be.
Posterity, may you all prosper, huzza!
When we shall be silent as you are to-day;
A beam from your day on our darkness shall fall,
When the deep night of death shall our ashes enpall;
Tho' you may clasp beauty our eyes shall ne'er see,
We're entranced with the charms that shall smile not on y
When these trees have grown up, as ye sit in their shade,
Ye will think of that age which your paradise made—
Whose soul o'er the Eden floats light as a feather,
Where millions of souls shall feel happy together!

CHANSON.

I am so happy,
And so well;
I've naught to sing
And naught to tell:

My life's a poem
  Of delight,
And cannot now
  A poem write.

How strange it is,
  When we're at peace,
The soul's poetic
  Fire should cease!
And have no wish
  To sing a song,
Except when sighing
  All day long!

SONNET TO THE EXCHANGE PUMP.

Oh, wooden good 'un! to our population;
  Oh, square outside; with inside like a candle!
Thou hard, uncommon theme for inspiration!
  Though half the town hath handled perhaps thy han-
Yea! *musselmen* do oft' their *muscles* tug, [dle!
  In *raising waterfalls* for *christians' mussels;*
Their *soles* and *eels* with *waterspouts* oft' drug,
  While *Cheapside* round thy *cheapest slop shop* bustles;
A river hath flown through that mouth of thine,
  Thy years are measured out by yards of water;
Thou hast raised water to be turned to wine,
  And wash away the stains of crimson slaughter:
Oh! parellelogram spouting to our dizziness,
A joiner's best job is a wooden business!

SONNET TO THE PUMP FOR ALL THE TOWN: OR, TOWN-HALL PUMP.

The men who cast thy long pipe,—is theirs hushed?
  The hands that cut thee out,—where are they cut?
The brush which brush'd thy coat of paint is *brushed!*
  But they who put thee down,—are they down put?
Hath death nailed them at last who here nailed thee?
  The bucket have all kicked thy bucket makers?
We'll drink a *mugfull* to their memory,
  If *under*taken are thy undertakers;

Honor to the defunct—if dust they be,
Oh, may they ne'er be short of *dust*, if living;
But in thy latitude long look on thee,
Giving thy bounties well when e'en *miss*-giving:
Raising hogsheads for pigtail masticators,
Oh! peerless *pump* for *bootless* agitators!

Reflections of a traveller standing on the spot where a Roman Army waded from the shores of Canarvon, across the Menai Straits to the Isle of Anglesea, (the ancient Mona)—defeating an Army of ancient Britons posted to oppose them; storming the last stronghold of the Druids, and putting all they could find to the sword.

HERE, the Romans fought and bled!
There, the Britons fought and fled;
Here, the Romans cut and won!
There, the Britons cut and run!

LADIES CIRCULARS.

WHAT man of taste would point his wit
Against the ladies' present fashion?
By far the most becoming fit
E'er maid or matron spent their cash on;
For surely it was hard to bear,
What long they've borne above their shoulders;
But place them in their natural *sphere*,
They charm unprejudiced beholders.

More useful, it will save expense,
(Such wealth of shade the brim discloses)
Abolishing the poor pretence
Of parasols to screen their noses:
Would men but seize the auspicious hour,
And bid Parisian hatters sell us,
As brimming tiles which in a shower
Would do as well for umbrellas.

Think how such bounteous brims would do
To promenade in with a cousin!
With shelter under her's for two!
And under both for half a dozen!
Oh! may their shadows ne'er be less
Than are the ladies' at the present!
For sure good taste selects the dress,
In which they look so very pleasant!

THE NOTTINGHAM ENIGMA.

A nice Christmas Puzzle for all nice little Boys and Girls

RIDDLE our ree, come listen to *we*,
And when we have uttered our story,
'Twill put some about to unriddle us out,
But the harder the answer, the greater the glory.
We won't utter all—we shall tell but a part
Of all that our "total" encloses:
Should we all if so be, our enigma you'd see
Like a palpable pumpkin as plain as your noses.
Dashing, and flashing, and crashing, and smashing,
We move at a wonderful pace, O!
At our rapidest speed, most surprising indeed,
Remain ever in the same place, O!
When moving we make a nice noise to be sure,
'Tis true as great's bigger than small, O!
We've kicked up a riot, by being kept quiet,
That is by not moving at all, O!
We've rods and wheels, and lines and hooks,
With all the tackle required in netting;
And it really would fill a good many books,
All the draws we have caught down-setting.
Such tumblers as ours were never seen
At Astley's or Ducrow's, O!
We play brazen tricks, with two sleight-in-hand sticks,
As conjuring can't disclose, O!
Our hands they actually move upon feet—
We've feet in the midst of our body;
So many queer joints, and so many good points,
As to number would puzzle a noddy.

Altho' on our neck no head-piece shelf,
We've teeth that oft bite one another;
Our body is just about half ourself;
If we've a father, he's also our mother.
If any one look at our calveless legs,
And think we look rather lanky,
We don't value their judgment, three chickenless eggs,
For we're deaf, and blind, and rather cranky.
A tree of liberty we displayed
Before the late French revolution;
But by experience more perfect made,
'Tis banished now from our constitution.
We possess more combs than a lady's maid,
More buttons than any jack dandy;
Such studs on his dicky were never displayed—
We've pins as strong as a bottle of brandy;
We've carriages running by day and night,
Over wooden or iron rails, O!
Guides we employ to guide us right,
Then jog along wagging our tails, O!
We boast a decent share of brass—
To finish at once our story,
Every night we toil for a lass,
When we're often stopt short by a tory!

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

How pleasant 'tis to sit enthroned upon some grassy seat, O!
While sweet the birds within the woods to one another call,
To watch your float go bobbing up and down the silver sheet, O!
And feel as happy as you can, and think of naught at all.

Reclining on your couch of green beneath the heaven so blue, O!
To feel the sunshine on your soul, like Nature's blessing fall;
To watch the fish sport in the stream in scales of glittering hue, O!
And feel as happy as you can, without a care at all.

To feel the heart just like a room whose shutters back you spin, O!
While cheerily the radiant smiles of summer on you fall,
And while you pull a spanker out, or while he pulls you in, O!
To feel as happy as you can, and care for naught at all.

And when within your empty heart no joy at all is springing, O!
And care, confound it, comes to try your spirit to enthrall, [O!
Fly! seize your rod! hie to the stream, and in your tackle flinging,
Just feel as happy as you can, and think of naught at all!

SPRING.

Upon thy green
The violet grows,
Around thy scene
The cowslip blows,
The primrose pale
And hyacinth blue,
Adorn thy dale
With their beauty too.

Oh! beauteous spring!
How fresh and fair
Are the flowers you bring
To the virgin year:
Haste hither! I sigh
Thy sweets to inhale,
To behold thy sky,
And to breathe thy gale.

Drive winter hence,
To the stormy pole;
Shine on my sense,
And sun my soul;
Come with thy blooms,
Come with thy beams,
With thy perfumes,
And sparkling streams.

Thy music floats,
On thy glittering breeze,
Like heavenly notes,
O'er stormless seas;
To life restore,
Thy smile of bliss;
Thrill nature's core
With thy fragrant kiss!

SONNET TO MR. SAMUEL WILKINSON, THE LATE WILFORD FERRYMAN.

FAREWELL, my worthy! wherever you wander,
We wish you good luck, lad! and lots of it too.
When far, far away, we dare say you'll oft ponder
On the vessel whereof you were captain and crew;
On that boat, my boy! where you were steady and true,
As the chain that you pulled at, the pillar it plied.
Your revolver, unlike Colt's, to give it its due
Ne'er revolved but for good, and that can't be denied.
So farewell, my worthy! whate'er us betide;
Good fortune attend you wherever you go:
You're a man every inch, and it can't be denied,
Who has thrice preserved life, as your annals can show.
May you pull, boy! through life as you pulled o'er the ferry,
And ne'er want a friend, nor the heart to be merry!

CHORUS OF COCK SPARROWS.

WE are jolly birds,
And lead pretty lives, O,
Yes, upon our word,
With our chatty wives, O.
Chow, row, row, row, row,
Row, row, row, row, chowdy!
Arow, chowrow, rowchow,
Chow, chow, chow, chow, rowdy!

We are wide awake
When you are all asleep O,
And a concert make
As morn begins to peep O!
Chow, row, &c.

Tho' sometimes a cat
Walks off a son or daughter,
We don't repine at that
Over population slaughter.
Chow, row, &c.

We preen each pretty wing,
Together wag our tails O,
Egad! we gaily sing
Sans workhouses or jails O.
Chow, row, &c.

We're cuter than Cock Robin,
Our nose is made for bitin'—
We'll back ourselves 'gainst Bob, in
Anything but fightin'!
Chow, row, &c.

Now when comes winter hoar,
That worst of wheezy dodgers,
Don't forget your poor
Little outside lodgers.
Chow, row, row, row, row,
Row, row, row, row, chowdy!
A row, a row, a row,
Rowchow, chowrow, rowdy!

NOT A BAD GUESS!

A Prophecy from the data of the past to the event of the future. First printed in "Bunny's Time Table," February, 1851.—Three Months before the Opening of the Great Exhibition.

Two millions of persons passed through the Thames Tunnel the first year it was opened; hence we may infer that more than treble the same number (upwards of six millions) will pass through the Palace of Industry, at the same charge, for the same period. This is the true philosophy of history, anticipating the future by the analogy of the past.*

* The above prediction, that there would be upwards of six millions of visitors to the Great Exhibition, appeared in a Nottingham publication three months before the Great Exhibition was opened. The number of actual visitors amounted to 6,063,986; so that the prediction was verified to the letter—quite right in the major fact, though wrong in some of the minor assumptions. I do not think that anybody else could have come nearer to the truth of so great a future fact. It is only one instance out of several in which the writer has done as much in other cases.

THE TOMB OF CHESTERFIELD.

We are beyond Radcliff (with its church dedicated to St. Mary, and its 1800 acres of fertile land) mounting the Malkin-hills. The prospect to our right is very pleasing. The many colored fields all combine to form one rich picture of plenty. One might imagine the scene to be a gigantic natural-coloured map of England, every different field representing a different county. Passing the plantation to the left, curtaining the valley of the Trent from our vision, a glorious view all at once bursts upon us. What a magnificent scene! an immense expanse of country, equalling about the area of Old Sherwood Forest, lies spread beneath us. Across the sunny valley, and up the sunny valley, and down the sunny valley, the country looks white for the harvest Far and near, here and there, and everywhere, great corn fields whiten the slopes of the hills, and brighten the spreading surface of the immense oval plain below. Shelford's ancient pile, surrounded by the village, sits like an antique queen, encircled by her handmaidens in the centre of the scene.

Descending this long barley field, and crossing over this sheep close, we stand in ancient Shelford's field of the dead. The worthy and intelligent clerk, Mr. Fisher, will courteously show us round the shrine we come to see. Down this dark, cavernous-looking vault, which time has labelled 1677, with its padlocked door, opening from the churchyard, lie the remains of the man who, better than the Bolingbroke to whom he applied it, merited the epithet of all-accomplished The brilliant wit, the graceful writer, the astute diplomatist, the firm sagacious statesman, possesses no wider domain in the kingdom of "All-bones" than the poorest peasant on his estate—a little corner in an obscure country churchyard—that is all which the English nobleman and the Irish viceroy now claim—

> "The parks, the walks, the manors that he had,
> Have long forsook him; and of all his lands
> Is nothing left him but his body's length.
> Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
> And, live we how we can, yet die we must!"

The envied of the men and the admired of the ladies, there he lies, shut up in this dark hole, without a monument, without an epitaph. "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" Chesterfield and his age are gone, gone to death's dayless chasm: this generation is following; another is arriving but to

depart; with every breath we draw is a mortal born; with every breath we give out another dies.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded by a sleep:"

Let us go.

Crossing Stoke ferry and leaving Cupit's house standing so pleasantly hard by the Trent, looking out on the surrounding plantations; keeping close to the river, we will ascend up its bank on our way home. How picturesquely yon cottage stands in the midst of the river-overhanging wood. The growing trees, you perceive, have nearly hidden it from observation; nothing but a patch of red roof and chimney visible. We never pass it, without thinking of

Dans ma chaumine pres d'un bois;
L'amour et Rosa sont a moi;
Rosa toujours belle et bonne,
Me charme avec ses chansons.

The shades of evening are beginning to fall. The far blue hills are beginning to be obscured by dim white mists, and the woods turn solemn in the deepening gloom. How still the landscape lies. The herds are all mute. Nothing is heard, save the occasional plash of some fish in the stream. Now we are passing under Radcliffe Bridge, looking as strong as an Egyptian pyramid, with its immense iron beams, let into the granite-looking masonry; yet beautiful as frost-work, with its light graceful curve, and delicate looking tracery; constituting altogether a work of sublime simplicity, over which will thunder the trains of a thousand years.

Before quitting the bright rolling river, and plunging beneath the umbrageous boughs of Colwick wood, give us a song, while the stars are shooting above us from the depths of space, like eternal thoughts from the mind of Deity.*

* From "Walkings and Talkings about Home," by the Author of "My Magazine."

HOW FAR IS THAT STAR?

Oh! could I in a moment reach the spheres,
Whose light to reach us takes a million years;
Travelling 200,000 miles, each breath
That man is taking, on his way to death!
Oh! could I in a moment pass that space,
And so for countless ages run my race;
Doubling each instant as I onward fled,
The distance the preceding moment sped,
Unreached by that immeasurable flight,
Would ever-lengthening systems greet my sight;
And far beyond its furthest point would be,
The unpassed threshold of infinity!

DEATH'S SOLILOQUY.

When the form's in dust decaying,
And the worm is on us preying,
Suppose the soul could back be sent,
To dwell in its clay tenement!
Just to think a year or so
On the life it lived below;
Can you tell me what would be,
Then the soul's soliloquy?

Short our days, and few our pleasures;
Fewer, briefer still we made them;
Dash'd from life and love the treasures,
Wherewith nature, God, arrayed them:
Oh! the frenzy of our madness,
Darkened all our days with sadness;
How the treasures scorned we'd prize,
Could we from the grave arise!
Pity all beneath the doom,
Born on such a shore to lie;
Jail'd by death's tremendous gloom,
In a grave without a sky.

Never could we hate again,
Whilst we looked upon the skies;

Nothing e'er should give us pain,
  Could we from this dungeon rise;
How we'd seize on every minute,
  Drink the life that lay within it;
Were we from this dungeon free,
  What a life our life should be!
Every pulse should beat a prayer;
  Every breath should hymn a bliss;
Never horror bring despair,
  Could we but arise from this!

Where are all our quarrels now?
  All the evil life rehearses?
Blanching brows with blistering care?
  Blighting joys, and planting curses?
Breaking hearts, and murdering minds?
  Blasting our peace and mankind's!
Alas! alas! alas! my brother,
  Better had we blest each other!

J. AND H. CLARKE, PRINTERS, CLUMBER STREET, NOTTINGHAM.

Notes to "My Magazine."

NOTE A.

Since the "Essay on the Immortality of the Soul" was printed, (page 14,) I have seen a notice of Sir James Emerson Tennent's valuable work on Ceylon. I hope to see the original work soon; in the meantime, I may state—that in the notice which I have read of it—reference is made to a singular tribe of men existing in Ceylon, called "The Rock Veddahs;" whom Sir James describes as seemingly possessing no religious sentiment whatever:—"they have no idea of a future state, no prayers to idols, and no idols to pray to; and their mental is on a par with their moral state." They are described as having "no idea of time or distance, no names for days, hours, and years, and they can hardly count beyond 5 on their fingers." We have a tribe, and a large tribe, certainly, in England, who match them in these last mental characteristics;—that is, the tribe of idiots.—Yet the Rock Veddahs are also described "as acknowledging the moral obligations of family life, and the idea of duty in acknowledging the obligations of parents to maintain their offspring." Here, at least, is an indication, if a faint one, of the existence of a moral sense, even in this wild tribe. They also "make use of a charm against thunder and lightning. They have a devil dance to drive away sickness, by virtue of inspired prescription bellowed out by the dancers. They abstain, also, from the flesh of the bear, elephant, and buffalo," through a scruple of superstition, I presume,—and most likely, more time and research will bring to light the existence of other ideas and practices, to demonstrate more completely that they are not destitute of the primary moral instincts of humanity:—as the case stands, with our present knowledge of them, I do not see that their case at all militates against the principles enunciated in the "Essay on the Immortality of the Soul," page 14, but rather contrariwise, if anything.

NOTE Z.

I wish to state that the Essay on the question. "Is Reason Confined to Man?" the "Essay on the Immortality of the Soul;" and the Oration on "The Present Age," contained in this book, were all read at the People's Hall, Nottingham, a year or two ago.

MY MAGAZINE ADVERTISER.

A few copies of 'Ethel's Hope,'

TO BE HAD OF

JOHN FLINTOFF, LISTER GATE, NOTTINGHAM.

Extracts from notices of "Ethel's Hope."

"We are very glad to see another volume of poems from the pen of Mr. Hind. His former publication, consisting of smaller pieces, met with considerable success, and deservedly so; for in it were poems which evinced talent of a high order. Sydney Smith said it was a bad plan to read a book which one was about to review, as it tends to prejudice the reader. We opened the volume in this spirit, with the intention of skimming through it; but we found our attention riveted; and, despite our habits as a professional reviewer, we read the book through from beginning to end, almost without laying it down. Were we to write columns in its praise, we could not say more than this. We cordially recommend it to the public, assured that they will find both amusement and instruction in its pages. As a specimen of the songs, we give the following; which is both musical to the ear, and poetical to the taste.—From the larger poems, we select the following quotation; which is quite Dantesque in its spirit of affectionate devotion, without the terrific fierceness which deteriorates from the beauty of the mighty Italian."—*Lincolnshire, Boston, and Spalding Free Press.*

"Edward Hind is already well known to our readers as the author of many beautiful poems, remarkable alike for their originality, brilliancy, and fervour; and we have sincere pleasure in giving welcome to another volume from his eloquent pen. There is this to be said in favor of "Ethel's Hope," that it contains much for almost every possible mood of mind: and no reader can glance it through, without feeling assured that it is an emanation from a soul well tried in the school of experience; rich in philosophy, feeling, and fancy; gifted with noble aspirations towards God, and a warm love for the welfare of all mankind. Although "Ethel's Hope" has a grand moral and spiritual purpose, it abounds with light lyrical episodes, and opens with two stanzas so beautifully descriptive, that we cannot pass without copying them."—*Derby and Chesterfield Reporter.*

"The sons of Nottinghamshire have long been famous in song and story. What a galaxy of poets has the town of Nottingham itself produced or nurtured! Edward Hind, the author of the beautiful volume before us, is certainly one of the most original, fresh, vigorous, and pleasing. It seems but yesterday that we introduced to our readers his pamphlet in answer to the question—"If a man die, shall he live again?" a production worthy alike the man and his theme, and which has been widely circulated, with very good effect. No one can rise from the perusal of "Ethel's Hope" without being deeply interested in the originality and brilliancy of many of the ideas, the richness of the imagery, and the evidence throughout of a very earnest and very noble purpose. The poem,

though dramatic and in blank verse, is relieved by lyric interspersions, full of beauty and melody. It is an excellent book for a village library, and we are glad to hear that nearly the whole of the first edition is disposed of."—*Derbyshire Advertiser and Journal.*

"This is the work of a new poet, and it brings with it the promise of future distinction. It is a book full of striking and earnest thought; of elevating—of ennobling tendency; and breathing in every page the spirit of true poetry. The songs, tales, and ballads are in every variety of subject and treatment, and are in every way worthy of the hand of a master. If our readers want earnest thought, sublime poetry, and beautiful imagery, let them procure "Ethel's Hope." Its commencement will interest them; and, so great is the variety of subjects and styles, that they will scarcely feel inclined to lay it aside until they have concluded the perusal of the last page. Many parts will be read and re-read, and will leave a salutary, an ennobling impression on the mind."—*Blairgowrie Advertiser.*

"The author of "Ethel's Hope" is a true poet. He has written down thoughts, and has given expression to sentiments which, if properly pondered, will benefit his readers more than those contained in many books having world-known names upon their title-pages."—*Falkirk Herald.*

"In this volume there are pages for all sorts of readers.—There are scenes of mirth and jollity, as well as of earnest thought. In the social circle, jest and laugh go round; tale and song, and ballad, come one after another in quick succession. We could have wished to lay before our readers an outline of the poem, and many passages which we had marked for extract; but there are few passages brief enough for our purpose, and to divide them would be to mutilate their beauties. We content ourselves, therefore, with saying, that it is a book which will stand the test of frequent perusal;—one which, in our estimation, will improve the more it is read and studied."—*Kelso Mail.*

"If a Man Die, Shall he Live Again?"

AN ADDRESS, DELIVERED AT THE PEOPLE'S HALL, NOTTINGHAM,

BY EDWARD HIND,

J. FLINTOFF, LISTER GATE; WHEATLEY, ST. PETER'S GATE, NOTTINGHAM.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

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